

Scott, Southey, Campbell
Landor, Moore, and Byron



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ANTHOLOGY OF ROMANTICISM AND
GUIDE THROUGH THE ROMANTIC
MOVEMENT

VOLUME FOUR

ANTHOLOGY OF ROMANTICISM AND
GUIDE THROUGH THE ROMANTIC
MOVEMENT

IN FIVE VOLUMES

By

ERNEST BERNBAUM

*Professor of English
University of Illinois*

ANTHOLOGY OF ROMANTICISM

VOLUME FOUR

SCOTT, SOUTHEY, CAMPBELL
LANDOR, MOORE AND
BYRON

Selected and Edited by

ERNEST BERNBAUM

*Professor of English
University of Illinois*

Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged



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SIR WALTER SCOTT

*Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim:
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth a world without a name!*

—Thomas Osborne Mordaunt

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WILLIAM AND HELEN

FROM heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red :
'Alas, my love, thou tarriest long !
O art thou false or dead ?'

With gallant Frederick's princely power 5
He sought the bold Crusade,
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

With Paynim and with Saracen 10
At length a truce was made,
And every knight returned to dry
The tears his love had shed.

Our gallant host was homeward bound
With many a song of joy ;
Green waved the laurel in each plume, 15
The badge of victory.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts and mirth and melody,
The debt of love to pay. 20

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobbed in his embrace,
And fluttering joy in tears and smiles
Arrayed full many a face.

Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad,
She sought the host in vain;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless or if slain.

25

The martial band is past and gone;
She rends her raven hair,
And in distraction's bitter mood
She weeps with wild despair.

30

'O, rise, my child,' her mother said,
'Nor sorrow thus in vain;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again.'

35

'O mother, what is gone is gone,
What's lost forever lorn:
Death, death alone can comfort me;
O had I ne'er been born!

40

'O, break, my heart, O, break at once!
Drink my life-blood, Despair!
No joy remains on earth for me,
For me in heaven no share.'

'O, enter not in judgment, Lord!
The pious mother prays;
'Impute not guilt to thy frail child!
She knows not what she says.

45

'O, say thy pater-noster, child!
O, turn to God and grace!
His will, that turned thy bliss to bale,
Can change thy bale to bliss.'

50

'O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?

WILLIAM AND HELEN

13

My William's love was heaven on earth,
Without it earth is hell.

55

'Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven,
Since my loved William's slain?
I only prayed for William's sake,
And all my prayers were vain.'

60

'O, take the sacrament, my child,
And check these tears that flow;
By resignation's humble prayer,
O, hallowed be thy woe!'

'No sacrament can quench this fire,
Or slake this scorching pain;
No sacrament can bid the dead
Arise and live again.

65

'O, break, my heart, O, break at once!
Be thou my god, Despair!
Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me,
And vain each fruitless prayer.'

70

'O, enter not in judgment, Lord,
With thy frail child of clay!
She knows not what her tongue has spoke;
Impute it not, I pray!

75

'Forbear, my child, this desperate woe,
And turn to God and grace;
Well can devotion's heavenly glow
Convert thy bale to bliss.'

80

'O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?'

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids each sacred power,
Till, spent, she sought her silent room,
All in the lonely tower.

85

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands,
Till sun and day were o'er,
And through the glimmering lattice shone
The twinkling of the star.

90

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards
The hoof of courser rung.

95

The clank of echoing steel was heard
As off the rider bounded;
And slowly on the winding stair
A heavy footstep sounded.

100

And hark! and hark! a knock—tap! tap!
A rustling stifled noise;—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ring;—
At length a whispering voice.

'Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or weep'st?
Hast thought on me, my fair?'

105

'My love! my love!—so late by night!—
I waked, I wept for thee:
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, couldst thou be?'

110

'We saddle late—from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;

And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin-bell.' 115

'O, rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind:—
My love is deadly cold.' 120

'Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day.

'Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st behind 125
Upon my black barb steed:
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed.'

'To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—
O dearest William, stay! 130
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!
O, wait, my love, till day!'

'Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—
Full fast I ween we ride;
Mount and away! for ere the day 135
We reach our bridal bed.

'The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee.' 140

Strong love prevailed: she busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode, 145
As fast as fast might be;
Spurned from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

And on the right and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view, 150
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot and castle flew.

'Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!
Fear'st thou?'—'O no!' she faintly said; 155
'But why so stern and cold?

'What yonder rings? what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet gray?'
''T is death-bells' clang, 't is funeral song,
The body to the clay. 160

'With song and clang at morrow's dawn
Ye may inter the dead:
To-night I ride with my young bride
To deck our bridal bed.

'Come with thy choir, thou coffined guest, 165
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;
The shrouded corpse arose: 170
And hurry! hurry! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

And forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;

Thick pants the rider's laboring breath,
As headlong on they speed. 175

'O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?'
'T is distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid.' 180

'No room for me?'—'Enough for both;—
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!'
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,
He drove the furious horse.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode, 185
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower! 190
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower!

'Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
Dost fear to ride with me?—
Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!— 195
'O William, let them be!—

'See there, see there! What yonder swings
And creaks mid whistling rain?'—
'Gibbet and steel, the accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain.— 200

'Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride.'

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash! 205
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea; 210
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

How fled what moonshine faintly showed!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet, 215
The heaven above their head!

'Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,
And well the dead can ride;
Dost faithful Helen fear for them?'—
'O leave in peace the dead!'— 220

'Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock;
The sand will soon be run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is well-nigh done.'

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode, 225
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

'Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come; 230
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home.'

Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,

And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower. 235

With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight scared ;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallowed ghosts were heard. 240

O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
He spurred the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He checked the wondrous course.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein, 245
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mouldering flesh the bone, 250
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

The furious barb snorts fire and foam,
And with a fearful bound
Dissolves at once in empty air, 255
And leaves her on the ground.

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl the funeral song ; 260

'E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft
Revere the doom of Heaven,
Her soul is from her body reft ;
Her spirit be forgiven !'

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch 5
His banner broad to rear ;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced and his helmet was
laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore ; 10
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour ;
And weary was his courser's pace 15
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood ;
Where the Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood. 20

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage, 25
He held him close and still ;

THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN

21

And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

‘Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee; 30
Though thou art young and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

‘Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho’me tower have been, 35
What did thy lady do?’

‘My lady, each night, sought the lonely light
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For from height to height the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told. 40

‘The bittern clamored from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

‘I watched her steps, and silent came 45
Where she sat her on a stone;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burnèd all alone.

‘The second night I kept her in sight
Till to the fire she came, 50
And, by Mary’s might! an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

‘And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast and loud blew the blast, 55
And I heard not what they were.

'The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

60

'And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, "Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true
On the eve of good Saint John."

65

"I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of Saint John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be."

70

"Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet
Is worth the whole summer's day.

75

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder
shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone and by holy Saint John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!"

80

"Though the blood-hound be mute and the rush
beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know."

“O, fear not the priest who sleepeth to the east, 85
 For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
 And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
 For the soul of a knight that is slayne.”

‘He turned him around and grimly he frowned;
 Then he laughed right scornfully— 90
 “He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that
 knight
 May as well say mass for me:

“At the lone midnight hour when bad spirits have
 power
 In thy chamber will I be.”—
 With that he was gone and my lady left alone, 95
 And no more did I see.’

Then changed, I trow, was that bold baron’s brow
 From the dark to the blood-red high;
 ‘Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
 For, by Mary, he shall die!’ 100

‘His arms shone full bright in the beacon’s red light;
 His plume it was scarlet and blue;
 On his shield was a hound in a silver leash bound,
 And his crest was a branch of the yew.’

‘Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page, 105
 Loud dost thou lie to me!
 For that knight is cold and low laid in the mould,
 All under the Eildon-tree.’

‘Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
 For I heard her name his name; 110
 And that lady bright, she called the knight
 Sir Richard of Coldinghame.’

The bold baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
'The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff
and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

115

'Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago by some secret foe
That gay gallant was slain.

120

'The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring and the white monks
do sing
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!'

He passed the court-gate and he oped the tower-
gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair
To the bartizan-seat where, with maids that on her
wait,
He found his lady fair.

125

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

130

'Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!
'Now hail, thou baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?'

135

'The Ancram moor is red with gore,
For many a Southern fell;

And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well.'

140

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said :
Nor added the baron a word :
Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the baron tossed and
turned, 145
And oft to himself he said,—
'The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave
is deep—
It cannot give up the dead !'

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done, 150
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,
On the eve of good Saint John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame ;
And she was aware of a knight stood there— 155
Sir Richard of Coldinghame !

'Alas ! away, away !' she cried,
'For the holy Virgin's sake !'
'Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side ;
But, lady, he will not awake. 160

'By Eildon-tree for long nights three
In bloody grave have I lain ;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

'By the baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand, 165
Most foully slain I fell ;

And my restless sprite on the beacon's height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

'At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro; 170
But I had not had power to come to thy bower
Hadst thou not conjured me so.'

Love mastered fear—her brow she crossed;
'How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved or art thou lost?' 175
The vision shook his head!

'Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.' 180

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four 185
Remains on that board impressed;
And forevermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun; 190
There is a monk in Melrose tower
He speaketh word to none.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay, 195
That monk the bold baron.

FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

INTRODUCTION

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old;
 His withered cheek and tresses gray
 Seemed to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry;
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead; 10
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them and at rest.
 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carolled, light as lark at morn;
 No longer courted and caressed, 15
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone;
 A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne; 20
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear, 25
 The harp a king had loved to hear.
 He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —
 No humbler resting-place was nigh. 30
 With hesitating step at last
 The embattled portal arch he passed,

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door 35
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell
That they should tend the old man well : 40
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied, 45
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride ;
And he began to talk anon
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him God ! 50
A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
And how full many a tale he knew
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain, 55
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ; 60
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state
Where she with all her ladies sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried, 65
His trembling hand had lost the ease

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL 29

Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain. 70

The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain 75
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.

It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good 80
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made, 85
And oft he shook his hoary head.

But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy! 90

In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
Cold diffidence and age's frost 95

In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'T was thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung. 100

[MY NATIVE LAND]

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned 5

 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,— 10
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung, 15
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood, 20
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been, 25
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray, 30
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;

LAMENT FOR ROSABELLE

31

Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

35

1805

[LAMENT FOR ROSABELLE]

O, LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

‘Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

5

‘The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

10

‘Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?’

15

‘’T is not because Lord Lindesay’s heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

20

‘’T is not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If ’t is not filled by Rosabelle.’

O'er Roslin all that dreary night 25
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'T was broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen; 30
'T was seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud, 35
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail. 40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold 45
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell; 50
But the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O, LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love in life's extremity
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower, 5
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decayed by pining, 10
Till through her wasted hand at night
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek were flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew, 15
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seemed in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked his ear,
She heard her lover's riding; 20
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he passed—an heedless gaze, 25
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken, 30

Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

1806

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling, 5
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray, 10
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay, 15
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size; 20
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chant the lay, 25
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;

MARMION

35

Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

30

1808

FROM MARMION

[NELSON, PITT, AND FOX]

(INTRODUCTION, CANTO I)

To MUTE and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise,
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor steel?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine,
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!

5

10

15

Deep graved in every British heart,
Oh, never let those names depart!
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave
Who victor died on Gadite wave!
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given;
Where'er his country's foes were found,

20

Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

25

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Alas! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave!
His worth who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride, he would not crush, restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's
laws.

30

35

40

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

50

55

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood, 60
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains 65
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray; 70
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,
He who preserved them, PITT, lies here.

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh
Because his rival slumbers nigh, 75
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb;
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound, 80
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,
They sleep with him who sleeps below: 85
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things 90
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,

Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song, 95
As if some angel spoke again,
'All peace on earth, good-will to men;'
If ever from an English heart,
Oh, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside, 100
Record that Fox a Briton died!

When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave, 105
Even then dishonor's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colors to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave 110
A portion in this honored grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd! 115
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand, 120
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave, 125
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.

These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
 The wine of life is on the lees,
 Genius and taste and talent gone, 130
 Forever tombed beneath the stone,
 Where—taming thought to human pride!—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
 'T will trickle to his rival's bier; 135
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,—
 'Here let their discord with them die.
 Speak not for those a separate doom 140
 Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb;
 But search the land, of living men,
 Where wilt thou find their like again?'

Rest, ardent spirits, till the cries
 Of dying nature bid you rise! 145
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse;
 Then, oh, how impotent and vain
 This grateful tributary strain!
 Though not unmarked from northern clime, 150
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme:
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
 The Bard you deigned to praise, your deathless
 names has sung.

1808

SONG: WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

(CANTO III)

SONG

WHERE shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever

From his true maiden's breast,
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high, 5
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

CHORUS

Eleu loro, etc. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day, 10
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever, 15
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

CHORUS

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never!

XI

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver, 20
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle 25
With groans of the dying.

MARMION

41

CHORUS

Eleu loro, etc. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap, 30
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never ! 35

CHORUS

Eleu loro, etc. Never, O never !

1808

LOCHINVAR

(CANTO V)

OH ! YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war, 5
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late : 10
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword,—

15

For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
'Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'—

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide— 20
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up, 25
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to
sigh,

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume;

And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better
by far 35
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loch-
invar.'

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;

MARMION

43

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 40
 'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
 clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
 they ran:
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, 45
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?
 1808

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

(CANTO VI)

THEN at the altar Wilton kneels,
 And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;
 And think what next he must have felt
 At buckling of the falchion belt!
 And judge how Clara changed her hue 5
 While fastening to her lover's side
 A friend, which, though in danger tried,
 He once had found untrue!
 Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
 'Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid, 10
 I dub thee knight.
 Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
 For king, for church, for lady fair,
 See that thou fight.'
 And Bishop Gawain, as he rose, 15

Said: 'Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble;
For He who honor best bestows
May give thee double.'

De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must:

20

'Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother!'

'Nay, nay,' old Angus said, 'not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.'

25

I have two sons in yonder field;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst,
And foul fall him that blenches first!

Not far advanced was morning day

30

When Marmion did his troop array

To Surrey's camp to ride;

He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide.

35

The ancient earl with stately grace

Would Clara on her palfrey place,

And whispered in an undertone,

'Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.'

The train from out the castle drew,

40

But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:

'Though something I might plain,' he said,

'Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by your king's behest,

While in Tantallion's towers I stayed,

45

Part we in friendship from your land,

And, noble earl, receive my hand.'—

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,

Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—

'My manors, halls, and bowers shall still

50

Be open at my sovereign's will

To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.'

55

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—'This to me!' he said,
'An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

60

To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

65

Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,—
Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,—

70

I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,

75

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—'And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

80

The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall.'—

85

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.

90

The steed along the drawbridge flies
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
'Horse! horse!' the Douglas cried, 'and chase!'
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
'A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first in heart it liked me ill
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line;
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'T is pity of him too,' he cried:
'Bold can he speak and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried.'
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

95

100

105

110

115

120

FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO I. THE CHASE

HARP of the north! that moldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,— 5
O minstrel harp, still must thine accents sleep?
'Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high! 15
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was knighthood's dauntless deed, and beauty's
matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray; 20
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway, 25
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made 30
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way, 35
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste 40
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste,
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky; 45
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared, 50
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back; 55
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out, 60
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,

No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe;
The falcon, from her cairn on high, 65
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its failing din 70
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var, 75
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce, 80
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried. 85

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er 90
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray, 95
And mingled with the pine-trees blue

On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race, 100
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambusmore:
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air; 105
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far, 110
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel; 115
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed, 120
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch; 125
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take. 130

The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize, 135
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew ;—
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared, 140
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock ;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook 145
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain, 150
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game ;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell. 155
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;
Then, touched with pity and remorse, 160
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse :
“I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed ! 165

Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace, 170
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note. 175
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way, 180
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way; 185
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid, 190
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass, 195
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set 200

With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair ; 205
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes, 210
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ; 215
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain 220
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ; 225
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced, 230
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream. 235

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering, 240
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made. 245
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still 250
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken. 255
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won, 260
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay, 265
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue 270
Down to the lake in masses threw

Crags, knolls, and mountains, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar, 275
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, "What a scene were here," he cried, 280
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray; 285
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And, when the midnight moon should lave 290
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone, 295
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall. 300

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be, 305
Some rustling oak my canopy.

Yet pass we that ; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place ;—
A summer night, in greenwood spent,
Were but tomorrow's merriment :
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found ;
To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.
I am alone ;—my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train ;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried."

310

315

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twigg to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

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340

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form, or lovelier face! 345
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown;
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show 350
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace;
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew; 355
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue;
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear, 360
The listener held his breath to hear!

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid 365
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care, 370
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more true and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue, 375
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed

The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name?

380

385

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
“Father!” she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
Awhile she paused, no answer came;
“Malcolm, was thine the blast?” the name
Less resolutely uttered fell;
The echoes could not catch the swell.
“A stranger I,” the huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

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On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;

410

Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire, 415
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
And weaponless, except his blade, 420
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armor trode the shore.
Slighting the petty need he showed, 425
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command. 430

Awhile the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come 435
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pulled for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled, 440
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer."
"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred," he said;
"No right have I to claim, misplaced, 445
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,

I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand
I found a fay in fairy land!" 450

"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,
"I well believe that ne'er before 455
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-Bane foretold your plight,—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent. 460
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tasselled horn so gaily gilt, 465
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree; 470
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

The stranger smiled: "Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come, 475
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprise
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me, first, the task to guide 480
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom sure, if e'er before,

His noble hand had grasped an oar : 485
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew
And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break 490
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

The stranger viewed the shore around ;
'Twas all so close with copseweed bound, 495
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen 500
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower. 505

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device ;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found ;
Lopped off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared, 510
And by the hatchet rudely squared.
To give the walls their destined height
The sturdy oak and ash unite ;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind. 515
The lighter pine-trees, over-head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green, 520

A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idaean vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she staid,
And gaily to the stranger said,
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

525

530

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He crossed the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung,
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,

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555

In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

The wondering stranger round him gazed, 560
And next the fallen weapon raised:
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length;
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
“I never knew but one,” he said, 565
“Whose stalwart arms might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field.”
She sighed, then smiled and took the word:
“You see the guardian champion’s sword;
As light it trembles in his hand, 570
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire’s tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart;
But in the absent giant’s hold
Are women now, and menials old.” 575

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court;
To whom, though more than kindred knew, 580
Young Ellen gave a mother’s due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unmasked his birth and name. 585
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman’s door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o’er.
At length his rank the stranger names, 590
“The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage
Which his brave sires, from age to age,

By their good swords have held with toil;
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil, 595
 And he, God wot, was forced to stand
 Oft for his right with blade in hand.
 This morning, with Lord Moray's train,
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
 Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer, 600
 Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

Fain would the Knight in turn require
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.
 Well showed the elder lady's mien,
 That courts and cities she had seen; 605
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed
 The simple grace of silvan maid,
 In speech and gesture, form and face,
 Showed she was come of gentle race.
 'Twere strange, in ruder rank to find 610
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdown gave,
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,
 Turned all inquiry light away— 615
 "Weird women we! by dale and down
 We dwell, afar from tower and town.
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
 On wandering knights our spells we cast;
 While viewless minstrels touch the string, 620
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
 She sung, and still a harp unseen
 Filled up the symphony between.

SOLDIER, REST!

(CANTO II)

'SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking; 625

Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall, 630
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking. 635

'No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang of war-steed champng,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come 640
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here, 645
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champng,
Shouting clans or squadrons stampng.'

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong 650
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came:—

'Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye, 655
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen 660
How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.'

665

The hall was cleared—the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heathers spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again returned the scenes of youth,
On confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view—
O were his senses false or true?
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

670

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690

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk, and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.

695

He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex had changed and gone, 700
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore. 705
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all 710
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
'Mid those the stranger fixed his eye,
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along 715
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.
The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm, 720
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse:
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray! 725
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:
"Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain-maiden spy, 730
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme? 735

I'll dream no more ; by manly mind
 Not even in sleep is will resigned.
 My midnight orisons said o'er,
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
 His midnight orisons he told,
 A prayer with every bead of gold,
 Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
 And sunk in undisturbed repose ;
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
 And morning dawned on Benvenue.

740

745

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

(CANTO II)

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !
 Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine !
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

5

10

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !'

15

20

THE LADY OF THE LAKE 69

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen-Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the rest of Loch Lomond lie dead on her
side.

Widow and Saxon maid 25
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !' 30

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine !

O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
O that some seedling gem, 35
Worthy such noble stem

Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow !
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !' 40

CORONACH

(CANTO III)

HE IS gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing, 5
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary, 10
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing, 15
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber! 20
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and forever.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

(CANTO III)

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
 Listen to a maiden's prayer!
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,
 Thou canst save amid despair.
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care, 5
 Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
 Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
 Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled! 10
 The flinty couch we now must share
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,
 If thy protection hover there.

THE VIOLET

71

The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled; 15
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air, 20
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer, 25
And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

1810

THE VIOLET

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue, 5
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry
Ere yet the day be past its morrow, 10
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

1813

FROM ROKEBY

BRIGNALL BANKS

(CANTO III)

O, BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
 Beneath the turrets high,
 A maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily,—

5

CHORUS

‘O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
 I’d rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen.’
 ‘If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,
 Thou first must guess what life lead we
 That dwell by dale and down?
 And if thou canst that riddle read,
 As read full well you may,
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
 As blithe as Queen of May.’

10

15

20

CHORUS

Yet sung she, ‘Brignall banks are fair,
 And Greta woods are green;

I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

'I read you, by your bugle horn, 25
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood.'
'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 't is at peep of light; 30
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.'

CHORUS

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there, 35
To reign his Queen of May!

'With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.' 40
'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS

'And O, though Brignall banks be fair, 45
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die; 50

The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I!
 And when I'm with my comrades met
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.

55

CHORUS

'Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen.'

60

1813

THE ROVER'S FAREWELL

'A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine!
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine!
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
 No more of me you knew,
My love!
 No more of me you knew.

5

10

'This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again.'
 He turned his charger as he spake
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, 'Adieu for evermore,
My love!
 And adieu for evermore.'

15

20

1813

ALLEN-A-DALE

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale! 5
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild and the park for the tame; 10
Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp and his blade be as
bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord, 15
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home: 20
'Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the
hill,
My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shows gallanter still;
'T is the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so
pale
And with all its bright spangles!' said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel and the mother was stone; 25
They lifted the latch and they bade him be gone;
But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry:

He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-dale! 30

1813

FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
 But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
 A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
 It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust, 5
 The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
 On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
 It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
 Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse! 10
 Be mute every string and be hushed every tone
 That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown!

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
 The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
 Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays, 15
 And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the
 blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—
 In the blush of the dawning the *Standard* uprear!
 Wide, wide to the winds of the north let it fly,
 Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh! 20

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall
 break,
 Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
 That dawn never beamed on your forefather's eye,

FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG 77

But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or
die.

O, sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state, 25
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of
snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy
steel! 30
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free, 35
Remember Glenlivet, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has
given
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley and stretch to the oar! 40

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall
display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered
Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar, 45
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Neil of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake! 50
 'T is the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
 'T is the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the
 hall.

'T is the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and
 heath;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe, 55
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents
 of fire!
 Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
 Or die like your sires, and endure it no more! 60

1813

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

'WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride:
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie, 5
 Sae comely to be seen'—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington 10
 And lord of Langley-dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen'—

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

79

But aye she loot the tears down fa' 15
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair; 20
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen.'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide, 25
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen! 30
She's o'er the Border and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

1816

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away, 5
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky, 10
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade and
 Strong hand that bears one. 15

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterred,
 The bride at the altar; 20
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
 Forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come when
 Navies are stranded:
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster, 30
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather. 35
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset! 40

1816

‘WHY SIT’ST THOU BY THAT RUINED
 HALL’

‘WHY sit’st thou by that ruined hall,
 Thou aged carle so stern and gray?

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL 81

Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?

‘Know’st thou not me?’ the Deep Voice cried: 5
‘So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!

‘Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away! 10
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

‘Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief, 15
When Time and thou shalt part forever!’

1816

‘AND WHAT THOUGH WINTER WILL PINCH SEVERE’

AND what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of gray and a cloak that’s old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade, 5
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow.

1816

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill
In Ettrick’s vale is sinking sweet;

The westland wind is hush and still,
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye 5
 Bears those bright hues that once it bore,
 Though evening with her richest dye
 Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain
 I see Tweed's silver current glide, 10
 And coldly mark the holy fane
 Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
 Are they still such as once they were, 15
 Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warped and broken board,
 How can it bear the painter's dye?
 The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
 How to the minstrel's skill reply? 20
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
 To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

1817

PROUD MAISIE

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early;
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?'—

5

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR

83

'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?'— 10
'The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

'The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing, 15
"Welcome, proud lady."'

1818

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR

I'LL give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till
you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career, 5
And is brought home at even-song pricked through
with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

Your monarch!—Pshaw! many a prince has been
known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown, 10
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a friar?

The Friar has walked out, and where'er he has gone
The land and its fatness is marked for his own;

He can roam where he lists, he can stop where he
tires,

15

For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair or the porridge of
plums:

For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

20

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale and they fill the black
pot;

And the good-wife would wish the good-man in the
mire,

Ere he lacked a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,

25

The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope!

For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,

Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

1819

REBECCA'S HYMN

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands

5

The cloudy pillar glided slow;

By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands

Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,

And trump and timbrel answered keen,

10

COUNTY GUY

85

And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways, 15
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray! 20
 And O, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams, 25
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams I will not prize; 30
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

1819

COUNTY GUY

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea.
 The lark his lay who thrilled all day 5
 Sits hushed his partner nigh;
 Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
 Her shepherd's suit to hear; 10
 To beauty shy by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier.
 The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
 And high and low the influence know— 15
 But where is County Guy?

1823

GLEE FOR KING CHARLES

BRING the bowl which you boast,
 Fill it up to the brim;
 'T is to him we love most,
 And to all who love him.
 Brave gallants, stand up, 5
 And avault ye, base carles!
 Were there death in the cup,
 Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
 Unaided, unknown, 10
 Dependent on strangers,
 Estranged from his own;
 Though 't is under our breath
 Amidst forfeits and perils,
 Here's to honor and faith, 15
 And a health to King Charles!

Let such honors abound
 As the time can afford,
 The knee on the ground,
 And the hand on the sword; 20
 But the time shall come round
 When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,

BONNY DUNDEE

87

The loud trumpet shall sound,
Here' a health to King Charles!

1826

BONNY DUNDEE

To THE Lords of Convention 't was Claver'se who
spoke,

'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
to be broke;

So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, 5
Come saddle your horses and call up your
men;

Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are 10
beat;

But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him
be,

The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow; 15
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and
slee,

Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
crammed

As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged; 20

There was spite in each look, there was fear in each
e'e,

As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers; 25

But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway was
free,

At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke; 30

'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,

For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'
Come fill up my cup, etc.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose! 35

Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond
Forth,

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the
North; 40

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three,

Who cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, etc.

'There's brass on the target of barked bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside; 45

The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash
free,

At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, etc.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—

Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox; 50

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!

Come fill up my cup, etc.

He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were
blown,

The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on, 55

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee

Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,

Come saddle the horses and call up the men;

Come open your gates and let me gae free, 60

For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

1830

THE GYPSY'S CURSE

FROM GUY MANNERING

LITTLE HARRY BERTRAM, one of the hardiest and most lively children that ever made a sword and grenadier's cap of rushes, now approached his fifth revolving birthday. A hardihood of disposition, which early developed itself, made him already a little wanderer; he was well acquainted with every patch of lea ground and dingle around Ellangowan, and could tell in his broken language upon what "baulks" grew the bonniest flowers, and what copse had the ripest nuts. He repeatedly terrified his attendants by clambering about the ruins of the old 5 10

castle, and had more than once made a stolen excursion as far as the gypsy hamlet.

On these occasions he was generally brought back by Meg Merrilies, who, though she could not be prevailed upon to enter the Place of Ellangowan after her nephew had been given up to the pressgang, did not apparently extend her resentment to the child. On the contrary, she often contrived to waylay him in his walks, sing him a gypsy song, give him a ride upon her jackass, and thrust into his pocket a piece of gingerbread or red-cheeked apple. This woman's ancient attachment to the family, repelled and checked in every other direction, seemed to rejoice in having some object on which it could yet repose and expand itself. She prophesied a hundred times, "that young Mr. Harry would be the pride o' the family, and there hadna been sic a sprout frae the auld aik since the death of Arthur Mac-Dingawaie, that was killed in the battle o' the Bloody Bay; as for the present stick, it was good for naething but fire-wood." On one occasion, when the child was ill, she lay all night below the window, chanting a rhyme which she believed sovereign as a febrifuge, and could neither be prevailed upon to enter the house, nor to leave the station she had chosen, till she was informed that the crisis was over.

The affection of this woman became matter of suspicion, not indeed to the laird, who was never hasty in suspecting evil, but to his wife, who had indifferent health and poor spirits. She was now far advanced in a second pregnancy, and, as she could not walk abroad herself, and the woman who attended upon Harry was young and thoughtless, she prayed Dominie Sampson to undertake the task of watching the boy in his rambles, when he should not be otherwise accompanied. The Dominie loved his young charge, and was enraptured with his own

success, in having already brought him so far in his learning as to spell words of three syllables. The idea of this early prodigy of erudition being carried off by the gipsies, like a second Adam Smith, was not to be tolerated; and accordingly, though the charge was contrary to all his habits of life, he readily undertook it, and might be seen stalking about with a mathematical problem in his head, and his eye upon a child of five years old, whose rambles led him into a hundred awkward situations. Twice was the Dominie chased by a cross-grained cow, once he fell into the brook crossing at the stepping-stones, and another time was bogged up to the middle in the slough of Lochend, in attempting to gather a water-lily for the young laird. It was the opinion of the village matrons who relieved Sampson on the latter occasion, "that the laird might as weel trust the care o' his bairn to a potato bogle"; but the good Dominie bore all his disasters with gravity and serenity equally imperturbable. "Pro-di-gi-ous!" was the only ejaculation they ever extorted from the much-enduring man.

The laird had by this time determined to make root-and-branch work with the Maroons of Derncleugh. The old servants shook their heads at his proposal, and even Dominie Sampson ventured upon an indirect remonstrance. As, however, it was couched, in the oracular phrase: "*Ne moveas Cemerinam*," neither the allusion, nor the language in which it was expressed was calculated for Mr. Bertram's edification, and matters proceeded against the gypsies in form of law. Every door in the hamlet was chalked by the ground-officer, in token of a formal warning to remove at next term. Still, however, they showed no symptoms either of submission or of compliance. At length the term-day, the fatal Martinmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection

were resorted to. A strong posse of peace-officers, sufficient to render all resistance vain, charged the inhabitants to depart by noon; and, as they did not obey, the officers, in terms of their warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched doors and windows,—a summary and effectual mode of ejection, still practiced in some remote parts of Scotland, when a tenant proves refractory. The gypsies, for a time, beheld the work of destruction in sullen silence and inactivity; then set about saddling and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. These were soon accomplished, where all had the habits of wandering Tartars; and they set forth on their journey to seek new settlements, where their patrons should neither be of the quorum, nor *custos rotulorum*.

Certain qualms of feeling had deterred Ellangowan from attending in person to see his tenants expelled. He left the executive part of the business to the officers of the law, under the immediate direction of Frank Kennedy, a supervisor, or riding-officer, belonging to the excise, who had of late become intimate at the Place, and of whom we shall have more to say in the next chapter. Mr. Bertram himself chose that day to make a visit to a friend at some distance. But it so happened, notwithstanding his precautions, that he could not avoid meeting his late tenants during their retreat from his property.

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent, upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gypsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great-coats, that hid their tall, slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broadsword without a sheath, and all had the

Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts, or "tumblers,"¹²⁵ as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepit and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies,¹³⁰ had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to the drivers to allow free passage to their¹³⁵ betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the laird to pass."

"He shall have his share of the road," answered¹⁴⁰ a male gypsy from under his slouched and large-brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have nae mair; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding."

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing,¹⁴⁵ Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, on such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the¹⁵⁰ want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed him without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition,—“Giles Baillie,” he said, “have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?” (The question respected the young¹⁵⁵ man who had been pressed.)

“If I had heard otherwise,” said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, “you should have heard of it too.” And he plodded

on his way, tarrying no further question. When the laird had pressed on with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, but in which he now only read hatred and contempt, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavored to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now, than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependants of his family; and ought the mere circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance, which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merri-
lilies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high, pre-

cipitous banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit park!"—The laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gypsy, "ride your ways, laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlor burn the blyther for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld

wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, ²³⁵ to sleep with the tod and the blackcock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up: not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's ²⁴⁰ yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father!—And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods ²⁴⁵ of Ellangowan."

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with ²⁵⁰ a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find a half-crown; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan. ²⁵⁵

Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved; he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that "if ²⁶⁰ ever the Devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merrilies that blessed day."

1815

JEANIE DEANS AND QUEEN CAROLINE

FROM THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

THE Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances, which were too long accus-

tomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced toward her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and eke besought "her Ledyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

"Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone, "and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your countryfolk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours?"

"If your Ledyship pleases," answered Jeanie, "there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood."

It must be observed, that the disputes between George the Second, and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She colored highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie, and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the Duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, My unlucky protégée has, with this luckless answer, shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.

Lady Suffolk, good-humoredly and skilfully, interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country."

"Some thinks it's the Kirk-Session—that is—it's

the—it's the cutty-stool, if your Laddyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down, and curtsying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your Laddyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command." Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself: there goes another shot—and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the Duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of "her good Suffolk." She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "the Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked, how she travelled up from Scotland.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot?—How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five and twenty miles and a bittock." 80

"And a what?" said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

"And about five miles more," replied the Duke.

"I thought I was a good walker," replied the Queen, "but this shames me sadly." 85

"May your Liddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs!" said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the Duke; it's the first thing she has said to the purpose. 90

"And I didna just a'thegither walk the haille way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign 95 he had fixed upon.

"With all these accommodations," answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do 100 her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite."

She will sink herself now outright, thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had 105 touched in this delicate conversation lay under ground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking 110 compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

"His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance," said the Queen; "but, I suppose, my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes

of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and 115
who spared?"

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even 120
then with cautious reluctance."

"Well, my Lord," said her Majesty, "all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favor to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very 125
disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such 130
a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?"

135

"No, madam," answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

"But I suppose," continued the Queen, "if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it 140
matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?"

"I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam," answered Jeanie.

"Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations," replied her Majesty.

145

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though 150
it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is

dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered!—She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merry ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Liddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours—Oh, my Liddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued,

addressing herself to Jeanie, "I cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline." 195

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the Duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more. 200

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good morning." 205

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trode with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep. 210

1818

THE SIEGE OF TORQUILSTONE

FROM IVANHOE

A MOMENT of peril is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard by the general agitation of our feelings, and betray the intensity of those which, at more tranquil periods, our prudence at least conceals, if it cannot altogether suppress them. In finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Re- 5

becca was astonished at the keen sensation of pleasure which she experienced, even at a time when all around them both was danger, if not despair. As she felt his pulse, and inquired after his health, there was a softness in her touch and in her accents, implying a kinder interest than she would herself have been pleased to have voluntarily expressed. Her voice faltered and her hand trembled, and it was only the cold question of Ivanhoe, "Is it you, gentle maiden?" which recalled her to herself, and reminded her the sensations which she felt were not and could not be mutual. A sigh escaped, but it was scarce audible; and the questions which she asked the knight concerning his state of health were put in the tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself; "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now dispatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what informa-

tion she could; but it amounted only to this, that 45
the Templar Bois-Guilbert and the Baron Front-de-
Bœuf were commanders within the castle; that it
was beleaguered from without, but by whom she
knew not. She added, that there was a Christian
priest within the castle, who might be possessed 50
of more information.

“A Christian priest!” said the knight joyfully;
“fetch him hither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick
man desires his ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt,
but bring him—something I must do or attempt, 55
but how can I determine until I know how matters
stand without?”

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivan
hoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the
wounded knight’s chamber, which was defeated as 60
we have already seen by the interference of Urfried,
who had been also on the watch to intercept the
supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to
Ivanhoe the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure 65
of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what
means it might be supplied; for the noise within
the castle, occasioned by the defensive prepara-
tions, which had been considerable for some time,
now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The 70
heavy yet hasty step of the men-at-arms traversed
the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and
winding passages and stairs which led to the various
bartizans and points of defence. The voices of the
knights were heard, animating their followers, or 75
directing means of defence, while their commands
were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or
the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed.
Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more
terrible from the awful event which they presaged, 80
there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Re-

becca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, "The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!" 85

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—if I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain—it is in vain; I am alike nerveless and weaponless!" 95

"Fret not thyself, noble Knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden; it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest nought of it," said Wilfred impatiently. "This dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury.—Could I but reach yonder window!" 105

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble Knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers. Some random shaft ——" 115

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as

with firm pace she ascended two or three steps which led to the window of which they spoke. 120

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime. Do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be." 125

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, 130 with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed, the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favorable 135 for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was 140 an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in 145 case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sally port corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong 150 palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and, from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no 155

less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced 160 from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to 165 advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from 170 head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a pad- 175 lock painted blue on the black shield." *

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe. "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own.—Canst thou not see the motto?" 180

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious enquirer. 185

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold

* The author has been here upbraided with false heraldry, as having charged metal upon metal. It should be remembered, however, that heraldry had only its first rude origin during the crusades, and that all the minutiae of its fantastic science were the work of time, and introduced at a much later period. Those who think otherwise must suppose that the Goddess of *Armoirers*, like the Goddess of Arms, sprung into the world completely equipped in all the gaudy trappings of the department she presides over (con't., p. 108 n.)

from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance.—God of Zion, protect us!—what a dreadful sight! Those 190 who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures Thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by 195 the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in 200 notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "*En avant De Bracy!—Beauscant! Beau-* 205 *scant!—Front-de-Bauf à la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not, however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the

In corroboration of what is above stated, it may be observed, that the arms, which were assumed by Godfrey of Boulogne himself, after the conquest of Jerusalem, was a cross counter patent cantoned with four little crosses or, upon a field azure, displaying thus metal upon metal. The heralds have tried to explain this undeniable fact in different modes; but Ferne gallantly contends that a prince of Godfrey's qualities should not be bound by the ordinary rules. The Scottish Nisbet, and the same Ferne, insist that the chiefs of the crusade must have assigned to Godfrey this extraordinary and unwonted coat-of-arms, in order to induce those who should behold them to make inquiries; and hence give them the name of *arma inquirenda*. But with reverence to these grave authorities, it seems unlikely that the assembled princes of Europe should have adjudged to Godfrey a coat armorial so much contrary to the general rule, if such rule had then existed; at any rate, it proves that metal upon metal, now accounted a solecism in heraldry, was admitted in other cases similar to that in the text. See Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, p. 238. Edition 1586. Nisbet's *Heraldry*, vol. i, p. 113. Second Edition.

assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence 210
on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained
by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use
of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase
of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at
which a defender could show the least part of his 215
person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy
discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as
hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its
individual aim, and flew by scores together against
each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well 220
as at every window where a defender either occa-
sionally had post, or might be suspected to be sta-
tioned,—by this sustained discharge, two or three
of the garrison were slain, and several others
wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, 225
and in the cover which their situation afforded, the
followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed
an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of
the attack, and replied with the discharge of their
large cross-bows, as well as their long-bows, slings, 230
and other missile weapons, to the close and con-
tinued shower of arrows, and, as the assailants
were necessarily but indifferently protected, did con-
siderably more damage than they received at their
hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on 235
both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which
arose when either side inflicted or sustained some
notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk,"
exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me 240
freedom or death is played out by the hand of
others!—Look from the window once again, kind
maiden—but beware that you are not marked by the
archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if
they yet advance to the storm." 245

With patient courage, strengthened by the inter-

val which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

250

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

255

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe. "If they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

260

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

265

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.*—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press.—They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man.—God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

275

* Every Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer walls, a fortification composed of palisades, called the barriers, which were often the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must necessarily be carried before the walls themselves could be approached. Many of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chivalrous pages of Froissart took place at the barriers of besieged places.

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable 280
longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again, there is now less 285
danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who 290
watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear 295
Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen!"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness, "But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there 300
were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!" 305

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls." 310

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, 315
and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each

other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault.—Great God! hast Thou given men thine ³²⁰ own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!”

“Think not of that,” said Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield—who push their way?” ³²⁵

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering; “the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better.”

“Saint George strike for us!” exclaimed the ³³⁰ knight; “do the false yeomen give way?”

“No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the ³³⁵ din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers!”

“By Saint John of Acre,” said Ivanhoe, raising ³⁴⁰ himself joyfully on his couch, “methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!”

“The postern gate shakes,” continued Rebecca—“it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won.—Oh, God!—they hurl ³⁴⁵ the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat.—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!”

“The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?” exclaimed ³⁵⁰ Ivanhoe.

“No,” replied Rebecca; “the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of

the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others.—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.” 355

“What do they now, maiden?” said Ivanhoe. “Look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed.” 360

“It is over for the time,” answered Rebecca. “Our friends strengthen themselves within the out-work which they have mastered; and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen’s shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them.” 365

“Our friends,” said Wilfred, “will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart of oak and bars of iron.—Singular,” he again muttered to himself, “if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*! * A fetterlock and a shacklebolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—Seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?” 370 375

“Nothing,” said the Jewess; “all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further; but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how 380 385

* *Derring-do*—desperate courage.

the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

390

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero. Surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, 395 no yielding up a gallant emprise, since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's 400 side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weak- 405 ness, will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry 410 to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are 415 victorious and renowned. Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant Knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a 420 demon of vainglory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the 425

strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe. "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

420

"Glory?" continued Rebecca. "Alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these 435 sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness are so 440 wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward," replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest 445 not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honor; raises us victorious over pain, 450 toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. 455 Chivalry!—why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection; the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant. Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance 460 and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race

whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for His chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war.”

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honor, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honor and generosity.

“How little he knows this bosom,” she said, “to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to Heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God’s chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!”

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

“He sleeps,” she said; “nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I

should look upon him, when it may be for the last 500
time?—when yet but a short space, and those fair
features will be no longer animated by the bold and
buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in
sleep!—when the nostril shall be distended, the
mouth agape, the eyes fixed and bloodshot; and when 505
the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by
the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not
when the heel is lifted up against him! And my
father!—oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter,
when his grey hairs are not remembered because 510
of the golden locks of youth! What know I but that
these evils are the messengers of Jehovah's wrath
to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's
captivity before a parent's? who forgets the desola-
tion of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a 515
Gentile and a stranger? But I will tear this folly
from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend
it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat
down at a distance from the couch of the wounded 520
knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying
or endeavoring to fortify her mind, not only against
the impending evils from without, but also against
those treacherous feelings which assailed her from
within.

525

1819

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE

FROM REDGAUNTLET

YE MAUN have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet
of that Ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear
years. The country will lang mind him, and our
fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard
him named. He was out wi' the Hielandmen in 5

Montrose's time; and again he was in the hills wi' Glencairn in the saxteen hundred and fifty-twa; and sae when King Charles the Second came in, wha was in sic favor as the Laird of Redgauntlet? He was knighted at Lonon court, wi' the King's ain sword; and being a redhot prelatist, he came down here, rampaung like a lion, with commissions of lieutenancy (and of lunacy, for what I ken), to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire the other. Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand, and his name is kend as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalyell's. Glen, nor dargle, nor mountain, nor cave could hide the puir hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and bloodhound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And troth, when they fand them, they didna mak muckle mair ceremony than a Hieland-man wi' a roebuck. It was just, "Will ye tak the test?"—if not, "Make ready—present—fire!"—and there lay the recusant.

Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had a direct compact with Satan; that he was proof against steel, and that bullets happed aff his buff-coat like hailstones from a hearth; that he had a mear that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifra Gawns; * and muckle to the same purpose, of whilk mair anon. The best blessing they wared on him was, "Deil scowp wi' Redgauntlet!" He wasna a bad master to his ain folk though, and was weel aneugh liked by his tenants; and as for the lackeys and troopers that raid out wi' him to the persecutions, as the Whigs ca'd those killing times, they wad hae drunken themsells blind to his health at ony time.

* A precipitous side of a mountain in Moffatdale.

Now you are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's grund—they ca' the place Primrose-Knowe. We had lived on the grund, and under the Redgauntlets, since the riding days, and lang before. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callerer and fresher there than ony where else in the country. It's a' deserted now; and I sat on the broken door-cheek three days since, and was glad I couldna see the plight the place was in—but that's a' wide o' the mark. There dwelt my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, a rambling, rattling chiel he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes; he was famous at "Hoopers and Girders;" a' Cumberland couldna touch him at "Jockie Lattin;" and he had the finest finger for the back lilt between Berwick and Carlisle. The like o' Steenie wasna the sort that they made Whigs o'. And so he became a Tory, as they ca' it, which we now ca' Jacobites, just out of a kind of needcessity, that he might belong to some side or other. He had nae ill-will to the Whig bodies, and liked little to see the blude rin, though, being obliged to follow Sir Robert in hunting and hosting, watching and warding, he saw muckle mischief, and maybe did some that he couldna avoid.

Now Steenie was a kind of favorite with his master, and kend a' the folks about the castle, and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were at their merriment. Auld Dougal MacCallum, the butler, that had followed Sir Robert through gude and ill, thick and thin, pool and stream, was specially fond of the pipes, and aye gae my gudesire his gude word wi' the Laird; for Dougal could turn his master round his finger.

Weel, round came the Revolution, and it had like to have broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not a'thegether sae

great as they feared and other folk thought for. The Whigs made an unco crawling what they wad do 89
 with their auld enemies, and in special wi' Sir Robert Redgauntlet. But there were ower mony great
 folks dipped in the same doings to make a spick and span new warld. So Parliament passed it a'
 ower easy; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held 85
 to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was. His revel was as loud, and
 his hall as weel lighted, as ever it had been, though maybe he lacked the fines of the non-conformists,
 that used to come to stock his larder and cellar; for 90
 it is certain he began to be keener about the rents than his tenants used to find him before, and they
 behoved to be prompt to the rent-day, or else the Laird wasna pleased. And he was sic an awsome
 body that naebody cared to anger him; for the oaths 95
 he swore, and the rage that he used to get into, and the looks that he put on, made men sometimes think him a devil incarnate.*

Weel, my gudesire was nae manager—no that he was a very great misguider, but he hadna the 100
 saving gift—and he got twa terms' rent in arrear. He got the first brash at Whitsunday put ower wi' fair word and piping; but when Martinmas came, there was a summons from the grund-officer to come wi' the rent on a day preceese, or else Steenie behoved 105
 to flit. Sair wark he had to get the siller; but he was weel-freended, and at last he got the hail scraped thegither—a thousand merks—the maist of it was from a neighbor they ca'd Laurie Lapraik—a sly

* The caution and moderation of King William III., and his principles of unlimited toleration, deprived the Cameronians of the opportunity they ardently desired, to retaliate the injuries which they had received during the reign of Prelacy, and purify the land, as they called it, from the pollution of blood. They esteemed the Revolution, therefore, only a half measure, which neither comprehended the rebuilding the Kirk in its full splendor, nor the revenge of the death of the saints on their persecutors.

tod. Laurie had walth o' gear—could hunt wi' the 110
hound and rin wi' the hare, and be Whig or Tory,
saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a pro-
fessor in this Revolution warld; but he liked an
orra sough of this warld, and a tune on the pipes
weel aneugh at a bytime; and abune a', he thought 115
he had gude security for the siller he lent my gude-
sire ower the stocking at Primrose-Knowe.

Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle wi'
a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of
the Laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned 120
at the Castle was that Sir Robert had fretted himsel'
into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear
before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegether for sake
of the money, Dougal thought, but because he didna
like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal 125
was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the
great oak parlor, and there sat the Laird his lee-
some lane, excepting that he had beside him a great,
ill-favored jackanape, that was a special pet of his;
a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured 130
trick it played—ill to please it was, and easily an-
gered—ran about the haill castle, chattering and
yowling, and pinching and biting folk, specially
before ill weather or disturbances in the state. Sir
Robert ca'd it Major Weir, after the warlock that 135
was burnt; * and few folk liked either the name or
the conditions of the creature—they thought there
was something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire
was not just easy in his mind when the door shut on
him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naebody 140
but the Laird, Dougal MacCallum, and the Major,
a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great
armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet

* A celebrated wizard, executed at Edinburgh for sorcery and other crimes.

on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and 145
his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major
Weir sat opposite to him, in a red laced coat, and
the Laird's wig on his head; and aye as Sir Robert
girn'd wi' pain, the jackanape girn'd too, like a
sheep's-head between a pair of tangs—an ill-faur'd, 150
fearsome couple they were. The Laird's buff-coat
was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword
and his pistols within reach; for he keepit up the
auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a
horse saddled day and night, just as he used to 155
do when he was able to loup on horseback and away
after ony of the hill-folk he could get speerings
of. Some said it was for fear of the Whigs taking
vengeance; but I judge it was just his auld custom—
he wasna gien to fear onything. The rental-book, wi' 160
its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him;
and a book of sculduddery sangs was put betwixt the
leaves, to keep it open at the place where it bore
evidence against the Goodman of Primrose-Knowe,
as behind the hand with his mails and duties. Sir 165
Robert gave my gudesire a look, as if he would have
withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he
had a way of bending his brows that men saw the
visible mark of a horseshoe in his forehead, deep-
dinted, as if it had been stamped there. 170

“Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom
whistle?” said Sir Robert. “Zounds! if you are
——”

My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he
could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of 175
money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does
something clever. The Laird drew it to him hastily—
“Is it all here, Steenie, man?”

“Your honor will find it right,” said my gudesire,

“Here, Dougal,” said the Laird, “gie Steenie a 180

tass of brandy downstairs, till I count the siller and write the receipt."

But they werena weel out of the room, when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that garred the castle rock. Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell on 185 yell gied the Laird, ilk ane mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlor, where a' was gaun hirdy-girdy—naebody to say "come in" or "gae out." Terribly the Laird roared for cauld water to his feet 190 and wine to cool his throat; and hell, hell, hell, and its flames, was aye the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swollen feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning; and folk said that it *did* bubble and sparkle 195 like a seething cauldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head, and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy; and, sure aneugh, the lass washed clotted blood aff the carpet the neist day. The jackanape they ca'd Major Weir, it jibbered and 200 cried as if it was mocking its master. My gudesire's head was like to turn; he forgot baith siller and receipt, and downstairs he banged. But as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan; and word gaed 205 through the castle that the Laird was dead.

Weel, away came my gudesire, wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was that Dougal had seen the money-bag, and heard the Laird speak of writing the receipt. The young Laird, now Sir 210 John, came from Edinburgh to see things put to rights. Sir John and his father never gree'd weel. Sir John had been bred an advocate, and afterwards sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union, having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the 215 compensations. If his father could have come out of his grave, he would have brained him for it on

his awn hearthstane. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough Knight than the fair-spoken young ane—but mair of that anon 220

Dougal MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor graned, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a' the order of the grand funeral. Now, Dougal looked aye waur and waur when night was coming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk was in a little round just opposite the chamber of dais, whilk his master occupied while he was living, and where he now lay in state, as they ca'd it, weel-a-day! The night before the funeral, Dougal could keep his awn counsel nae longer; he came down with his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took ae tass of brandy to himsel', and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsel', he wasna lang for this world; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said that, being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower (for naebody cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet, like another corpse), he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; for, "though death breaks service," said MacCallum, "it shall never break my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon." 225 230 240

Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch. So down the carles sat ower a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chapter of the 250

Bible; but Dougal would hear naething but a blaud 255
of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet
as the grave, sure enough the silver whistle sounded
as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it,
and up got the twa auld serving-men, and tottered 260
into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon
saw aneugh at the first glance; for there were
torches in the room, which showed him the foul
fiend, in his ain shape, sitting on the Laird's coffin!
Ower he cowped as if he had been dead. He could 265
not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but
when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbor,
and getting nae answer, raised the house, when
Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of
the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for 270
the whistle, it was gane anes and aye; but mony a
time was it heard at the top of the house on the
bartizan, and amang the auld chimneys and turrets,
where the howlets have their nests. Sir John hushed
the matter up, and the funeral passed over without 275
mair bogle-wark.

But when a' was ower, and the Laird was begin-
ning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up
for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum
that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, 280
away he trots to the Castle to tell his story, and there
he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's
chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging
cravat, and a small walking rapier by his side, in-
stead of the auld broadsword that had a hundred- 285
weight of steel about it, what with blade, chape,
and basket-hilt. I have heard their communing so
otten tauld ower that I almost think I was there my-
sell, though I couldna be born at the time. (In fact,
Alan, my companion mimicked, with a good deal of 290
humor, the flattering, conciliating tone of the ten-

ant's address, and the hypocritical melancholy of the Laird's reply. His grandfather, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring 295 up and bite him.)

"I wuss ye joy, sir, of the head seat, and the white loaf, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I suld 300 say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were muils when he had the gout."

"Ay, Steenie," quoth the laird, sighing deeply, and putting his napkin to his een, "his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country; no time 305 to set his house in order—weel prepared Godward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter, but left us behind a tangled hesp to wind, Steenie.—Hem! hem! We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do, and little time to do it in." 310

Here he opened the fatal volume. I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental of back-ganging tenants.

"Stephen," said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice—"Stephen Stevenson, or Steen- 315 son, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand—due at last term."

Stephen. "Please your honor, Sir John, I paid it to your father."

Sir John. "Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, 320 Stephen, and can produce it?"

Stephen. "Indeed I hadna time, an it like your honor; for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and just as his honor Sir Robert that's gane drew it till him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was 325 ta'en wi' the pains that removed him."

"That was unlucky," said John, after a pause. "But ye may be paid it in the presence of somebody."

I want but a *talis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go ower strictly to work with no poor man." 330

Stephen. "Troth, Sir John, there was naeboddy in the room but Dougal MacCallum, the butler. But, as your honor kens, he has e'en followed his auld master."

"Very unlucky again, Stephen," said Sir John, 335 without altering his voice a single note. "The man to whom ye paid the money is dead; and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too; and the siller, which should have been to the fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in repositories. How am I to be- 340 lieve a' this?"

Stephen. "I dinna ken, your honor; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins—for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses—and I am sure that ilka man there set down will take his 345 grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money."

Sir John. "I have little doubt ye *borrowed* the money, Steenie. It is the *payment* to my father that I want to have some proof of."

Stephen. "The siller maun be about the house, 350 Sir John. And since your honor never got it, and his honor that was canna have ta'en it wi' him, maybe some of the family may have seen it."

Sir John. "We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable." 355

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. Ae quean had 360 noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my gudesire, "Now, Steenie, ye see ye have fair play; and, as I have little 365

doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than ony other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flit."

"The Lord forgie your opinion," said Stephen, 370 driven almost to his wit's end; "I am an honest man."

"So am I, Stephen," said his honor; "and so are all the folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove." He paused, and then added, 375 mair sternly, "If I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my 380 character, by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding. Where do you suppose this money to be?—I insist upon knowing."

My gudesire saw everything look so muckle against him that he grew nearly desperate. How- 385 ever, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

"Speak out, sirrah," said the Laird, assuming a look of his father's, a very particular ane, which he had when he was angry—it seemed as if the wrinkles 390 of his frown made that selfsame fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the middle of his brow. "Speak out, sir! I *will* know your thoughts. Do you suppose that I have this money?"

"Far be it frae me to say so," said Stephen. 395

"Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?"

"I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent," said my gudesire; "and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof." 400

"Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word

of truth in your story," said Sir John. "I ask where you think it is, and demand a correct answer."

"In hell, if you *will* have my thoughts of it," said my gudesire, driven to extremity—"in hell! with 405 your father, his jackanape, and his silver whistle."

Down the stairs he ran (for the parlor was nae place for him after such a word), and he heard the Laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the 410 bailie and the baron-officer.

Away rode my gudesire to his chief creditor (him they caa'd Laurie Lapraik), to try if he could make onything out of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the warst word in his wame—thief, beggar, 415 and dyvour were the safest terms; and to the boot of these hard terms Laurie brought up the auld story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God's saunts, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the Laird, and that a Laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. 420 My gudesire was by this time far beyond the bounds of patience, and, while he and Laurie were at deil speed the liars, he was wanchancie aneugh to abuse Lapraik's doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that garr'd folks' flesh grue that heard them— 425 he wasna just himsel', and he had lived wi' a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame through the wood of Pitmurkie, that is a' fou of black firs, as they say. I ken the wood, but 430 the firs may be black or white for what I can tell. At the entry of the wood there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common a little lonely change-house, that was keepit then by an ostler-wife, they suld hae ca'd her Tibbie Faw, and there puir 435 Steenie cried for a mutchkin of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the haill day. Tibbie was earnest wi' him to take a bite of meat, but he couldna think

o't, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholly at twa draughts, and 440 named a toast at each. The first was, the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was, a health to Man's Enemy, if he would but get him back the pock of siller, 445 or tell him what came o't, for he saw the haill world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.

On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark 450 night turned, and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its ain road through the wood; when, all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring, and flee, and stend, that my gudesire could hardly keep the sad- 455 dle. Upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him, said, "That's a mettle beast of yours, freend; will you sell him?" So saying, he touched the horse's neck with his riding-wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a stumbling trot. "But his 460 spunk's soon out of him, I think," continued the stranger; "and that is like mony a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the proof."

My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his 465 horse, with "Gude e'en to you, freend."

But it's like the stranger was ane that doesna lightly yield his point; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him at the self-same pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry, and, 470 to say the truth, half feared.

"What is it that ye want with me, freend?" he said. "If ye be a robber, I have nae money; if ye be a leal man, wanting company, I have nae heart to

mirth or speaking; and if ye want to ken the road, 475
I scarce ken it mysel'."

"If you will tell me your grief," said the stranger,
"I am one that, though I have been sair misca'd
in the world, am the only hand for helping my
freends." 480

So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart mair than
from any hope of help, told him the story from be-
ginning to end.

"It's a hard pinch," said the stranger; "but I
think I can help you." 485

"If you could lend the money, sir, and take a
lang day—I ken nae other help on earth," said my
gudesire.

"But there may be some under the earth," said
the stranger. "Come, I'll be frank wi' you. I 490
could lend you the money on bond, but you would
maybe scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you that
your auld Laird is disturbed in his grave by your
curses, and the wailing of your family, and if ye
daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the 495
receipt."

My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal,
but he thought his companion might be some humor-
some chield that was trying to frighten him, and
might end with lending him the money. Besides, 500
he was bauld wi' brandy and desperate wi' dis-
tress, and he said he had courage to go to the
gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt.
The stranger laughed.

Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the 505
wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at
the door of a great house, and, but that he knew
the place was ten miles off, my father would have
thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode
into the outer courtyard, through the muckle fauld- 510
ing yetts, and aneath the auld portcullis; and the

whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and deray within as used to be in Sir Robert's house at Pace and Yule, and such high seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John. 515

"God!" said my gudesire, "if Sir Robert's death be but a dream!" 520

He knocked at the ha' door just as he was wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCallum, just after his wont, too, came to open the door, and said, "Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you." 525

My gudesire was like a man in a dream. He looked for the stranger, but he was gane for the time. At last he just tried to say, "Ha! Dougal Driveower, are ye living? I thought ye had been dead." 530

"Never fash yoursel' wi' me," said Dougal, "but look to yoursel'; and see ye tak naething frae onybody here, neither meat, drink, or siller, except just the receipt that is your ain." 535

So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances that were weel kend to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlor; and there was as much singing of profane sangs, and birling of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculduddery, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blithest. 540

But, Lord take us in keeping! what a set of ghastly revellers they were that sat round that table! My gudesire kend mony that had long before gane to their place, for often had he piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothés, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalyell, with his bald head 545

and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall, with Cameron's blude on his hand; and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's limbs till the blude sprung; and Dunbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, who, for his worldly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed, that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laughter passed into such wild sounds as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes.

They that waited at the table were just the wicked serving-men and troopers that had done their work and cruel bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nethertown, that helped to take Argyle; and the Bishop's summoner, that they called the Deil's Rattle-bag; and the wicked guardsmen, in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and many a proud serving-man, haughty of heart and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickedder than they would be—grinding the poor to powder when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and ganging, a' as busy in their vocation as if they had been alive.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a' this fearful riot, cried, wi' a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper, to come to the board-head where he was sitting—his legs stretched out before him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols aside him,

while the great broadsword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth. The very cushion for the jackanape was close to him, but the creature itself was not there—it wasna its hour, it's likely, for he heard them say⁵⁹⁰ as he came forward, "Is not the Major come yet?" And another answered, "The jackanape will be here betimes the morn." And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the deevil in his likeness, said, "Weel, piper, hae ye settled wi'⁵⁹⁵ my son for the year's rent?"

With much ado my father gat breath to say that Sir John would not settle without his honor's receipt.

"Ye shall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie,⁶⁰⁰ ie," said the appearance of Sir Robert. "Play us up 'Weel hoddler, Luckie.'"

Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings; and my gudesire had some-⁶⁰⁵times played it at the ranting suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi' him.

"MacCallum, ye limb of Beezlebub," said the⁶¹⁰ fearfu' Sir Robert, "bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!"

MacCallum brought a pair of pipes might hav served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them; and looking⁶¹⁵ secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat, so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said he was faint and frightened, and had not wind aneugh to fill the bag.⁶²⁰

"Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie," said the

figure; "for we do little else here, and it's ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting."

Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the king's messenger in hand, while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bom-⁶²⁵bie, at the Threave Castle;* and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to eat, or drink, or make minstrelsy, but simply for his ain—to ken⁶³⁰ what was come o' the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it. And he was so stout-hearted by this time that he charged Sir Robert for conscience-sake (he had no power to say the holy Name), and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares⁶³⁵ for him, but just to give him his ain.

The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocket-book the receipt, and handed it to Steenie. "There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a⁶⁴⁰ son may go look for it in the Cat's Cradle."

My gudesire uttered mony thanks, and was about to retire, when Sir Robert roared aloud, "Stop though, thou sack-doudling son of a whore! I am not done with thee. HERE we do nothing for noth-⁶⁴⁵ing; and you must return on this very day twelve-month, to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection."

My father's tongue was loosed of a suddenty, and he said aloud, "I refer myself to God's pleasure,⁶⁵⁰ and not to yours."

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him, and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock that he lost both breath and sense.

How lang Steenie lay there he could not tell, but⁶⁵⁵ when he came to himsel', he was lying in the auld

* The reader is referred for particulars to Pitscottie's History of Scotland.

kirkyard of Redgauntlet parochine just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestone 660 around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister's twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand, fairly written and signed by the auld Laird; only the last letters of his name were a 665 little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle, and with much ado he got speech of the Laird. 670

"Well, you dyvour bankrupt," was the first word, "have you brought me my rent?"

"No," answered my gudesire, "I have not; but I have brought your honor Sir Robert's receipt for it." 675

"How, sirrah? Sir Robert's receipt! You told me he had not given you one."

"Will your honor please to see if that bit line is right?"

Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, 680 with much attention; and at last at the date, which my gudesire had not observed. "*From my appointed place,*" he read, "*this twenty-fifth of November.*"

"What—That is yesterday! Villain, thou must have gone to hell for this!" 685

"I got it from your honor's father—whether he be in heaven or hell, I know not," said Steenie.

"I will delate you for a warlock to the Privy Council!" said Sir John. "I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a 690 torch!"

"I intend to delate mysel' to the Presbytery," said Steenie, "and tell them all I have seen last night,

whilk are things fitter for them to judge of than a borrel man like me."

695

Sir John paused, composed himsel', and desired to hear the full history; and my gudesire told it him from point to point, as I have told it you—word for word, neither more nor less.

Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly, "Steenie, this story of yours concerns the honor of many a noble family besides mine; and if it be a leasing-making, to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have a red-hot iron driven through your tongue, and that will be as bad as scauding your fingers wi' a red-hot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie; and if the money cast up, I shall not know what to think of it. But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without the ceremony of bed or cradle."

"We were best ask Hutcheon," said my gudesire; "he kens a' the odd corners about as weel as—another serving-man that is now gane, and that I wad not like to name."

Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them that a ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the opening was on the outside, and far above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.

"There will I go immediately," said Sir John; and he took (with what purpose Heaven kens) one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since the night he died, and hastened to the battlements.

It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or twa rounds. However, up got Sir John, and entered at the turret door, where his body stopped the only little light

733

that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him wi' a vengeance, maist dang him back ower; bang gaed the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch. A minute after, Sir John 735 flings the body of the jackanape down to them, and cries that the silier is fund, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aneugh, and mony orra things besides, that had been missing for mony a day. And Sir John, when 740 he had riped the turret weel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlor, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him, to make amends. 745

"And now, Steenie," said Sir John, "although this vision of yours tends, on the whole, to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned 750 men might make bad constructions upon it concerning his soul's health. So, I think, we had better lay the haill dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken ower muckle brandy to be 755 very certain about onything; and, Steenie, this receipt" (his hand shook while he held it out) "it's but a queer kind of document, and we will do best, I think, to put it quietly in the fire."

"Od, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher 760 I have for my rent," said my gudesire, who was afraid, it may be, of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

"I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book, and give you a discharge under my own 765 hand," said Sir John, "and that on the spot. And, Steenie, if you can hold your tongue about this

matter, you shall sit, from this term downward, at an easier rent."

"Mony thanks to your honor," said Steenie, who 770 saw easily in what corner the wind was; "doubtless I will be conformable to all your honor's commands—only I would willingly speak wi' some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of soumons of appointment whilk your honor's 775 father——"

"Do not call the phantom my father!" said Sir John, interrupting him.

"Well, then, the thing that was so like him," said my gudesire. "He spoke of my coming back to see 780 him this time twelvemonth, and it's a weight on my conscience."

"Aweel, then," said Sir John, "if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish. He is a douce man, regards the 785 honor of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me."

Wi' that, my gudesire readily agreed that the receipt should be burnt, and the Laird threw it into the chimney with his ain hand. Burn it would not 790 for them, though; but away it flew up the lum, wi' a lang train of sparks at its tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

My gudesire gaed down to the Manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said it was his 795 real opinion that, though my gudesire had gaen very far in tampering with dangerous matters, yet, as he had refused the devil's arles (for such was the offer of meat and drink), and had refused to do homage by piping at his bidding, he hoped that, if he held a 800 circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage by what was come and gane. And, indeed, my gudesire, of his ain accord, lang forswore baith the pipes and the brandy—it was not even till

the year was out, and the fatal day passed, that he ⁸⁰⁵ would so much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebaugh or tippenny.

Sir John made up his story about the jackanape as he liked himsel'; and some believe till this day there was no more in the matter than the filching ⁸¹⁰ nature of the brute. Indeed, ye'll no hinder some to threap that it was nane o' the Auld Enemy that Dougal and my gudesire saw in the Laird's room, but only that wanchancy creature, the Major, capering on the coffin; and that, as to the blawing on the ⁸¹⁵ Laird's whistle that was heard after he was dead, the filthy brute could do that as well as the Laird himsel', if no better. But Heaven kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister's wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the moulds. ⁸²⁰ And then my gudesire, wha was failed in his limbs, but not in his judgment or memory—at least nothing to speak of—was obliged to tell the real narrative to his freends, for the credit of his good name. He might else have been charged for a warlock. ⁸²⁵

ROBERT SOUTHEY

His prose is perfect. In his poetry he has passages equal to anything. The "Life of Nelson" is beautiful.

—Lord Byron

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It WAS a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green 5
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found; 10
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head, 15
And, with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about; 20
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many a thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about," 25

Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for." 30

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,

"Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said," quoth he, 35
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,

Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ; 40
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round

Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then, 45
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight

After the field was won ; 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,

And our good Prince Eugene." 55

THE HOLLY TREE

145

"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"

Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,

"It was a famous victory.

60

"And everybody praised the Duke

Who this great fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why that I cannot tell," said he.

65

"But 'twas a famous victory."

1798

1798

THE HOLLY TREE

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see

The Holly Tree?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives

Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise,

5

As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen

Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle through their prickly round

Can reach to wound;

10

But as they grow where nothing is to fear,

Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,

And moralize:

And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree

15

Can emblems see

Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,

One which may profit in the after time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear

Harsh and austere,

20

To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know, 25
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree. 30

And as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The Holly leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see, 35
 What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem amid the young and gay
 More grave than they, 40
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PASSED

MY DAYS among the dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
 My never-failing friends are they, 5
 With whom I converse day by day.

THE DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY 147

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe, 10
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead, with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn, 15
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead, anon
 My place with them will be, 20
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

1818

1823

THE DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY

FROM THE LIFE OF WESLEY, CH. XXX

UPON his eighty-sixth birthday, he says, "I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed; so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, 5 whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or 10 peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities.

But thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!" His strength now diminished so much that he found it difficult to preach more than twice a day; and for many weeks he abstained from his five o'clock morning sermons, because a slow and settled fever parched his mouth. Finding himself a little better, he resumed the practice, and hoped to hold on a little longer; but, at the beginning of the year 1790, he writes, "I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labors; I can preach and write still." In the middle of the same year he closed his cash account-book with the following words, written with a tremulous hand, so as to be scarcely legible: "For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly: I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have." His strength was now quite gone, and no glasses would help his sight. "But I feel no pain," he says, "from head to foot; only, it seems, nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

The weary springs of life stand still at last."

On the 1st of February, 1791, he wrote his last letter to America. It shows how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body. "See," said he, "that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men, that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue." He expressed also a sense that his

THE DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY 149

hour was almost come. "Those that desire to write," said he, "or say anything to me, have no time to lose; for time has shaken me by the hand, and death is not far behind":—words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. On the 17th of that month he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2nd of March he died in peace, being in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

During his illness he said, "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woolen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel." Some years before, he had prepared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London. In his will he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave; "for I particularly desire," said he, "that there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this." At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head; a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to

accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five 85
 and six in the morning. The intelligence, however,
 could not be kept entirely secret, and several hun-
 dred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr.
 Richardson, who performed the service, had been
 one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he 90
 came to that part of the service, "Forasmuch as it
 hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the
 soul of our dear *brother*," his voice changed, and
 he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with
 which he did this was such, that the congregation, 95
 who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into
 loud weeping.

1820

THE SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR

THIS most obstinate and murderous contest was
 continued for eleven successive days and nights, more
 indeed by night than by day; for it was almost cer-
 tain death to appear by daylight within reach of
 those houses which were occupied by the other 5
 party. But under cover of darkness, the combatants
 frequently dashed across the street to attack each
 other's batteries; and the battles which began there,
 were often carried on into the houses beyond, where
 they fought from room to room, and floor to floor. 10
 The hostile batteries were so near each other that
 a Spaniard in one place made way under cover of
 the dead bodies, which completely filled the space
 between them, and fastened a rope to one of the
 French cannons; in the struggle which ensued, the 15
 rope broke, and the Zaragozans lost their prize at
 the very moment when they thought themselves sure
 of it.

A new horror was added to the dreadful circumstances of war in this ever memorable siege. In 20 general engagements the dead are left upon the field of battle, and the survivors remove to clear ground and an untainted atmosphere; but here—in Spain, and in the month of August, there where the dead lay the struggle was still carried on, and pestilence 25 was dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrefying bodies. Nothing in the whole course of the siege so embarrassed Palafox as this evil. The only remedy was to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward amid the dead and dying, 30 to remove the bodies, and bring them away for interment. Even for this necessary office there was no truce, and it would have been certain death to the Aragonese who should have attempted to perform it; but the prisoners were in general secured by the 35 pity of their own soldiers, and in this manner the evil was, in some degree, diminished.

A council of war was held by the Spaniards on the 8th, not for the purpose which is too usual in such councils, but that their heroic resolution might be 40 communicated with authority to the people. It was, that in those quarters of the city where the Aragonese still maintained their ground, they should continue to defend themselves with the same firmness: should 45 the enemy at last prevail, they were then to retire over the Ebro into the suburbs, break down the bridge, and defend the suburbs till they perished. When this resolution was made public, it was received with the loudest acclamations. But in every 50 conflict the citizens now gained ground upon the soldiers, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which on the day of their entrance was nearly half the city, was gradually reduced to about an eighth part. Meantime, intelligence of the 55 events in other parts of Spain was received by the

French,—all tending to dishearten them; the surrender of Dupont, the failure of Moncey before Valencia, and the news that the Junta of that province had dispatched six thousand men to join the levies in Aragon, which were destined to relieve Zaragoza. During the night of the 13th, their fire was particularly fierce and destructive; after their batteries had ceased, flames burst out in many parts of the buildings which they had won; their last act was to blow up the church of St. Engracia; the powder was placed in the subterranean church,—and this remarkable place,—this monument of fraud and credulity,—the splendid theatre wherein so many feelings of deep devotion had been excited,—which so many thousands had visited in faith, and from which unquestionably many had departed with their imaginations elevated, their principles ennobled, and their hearts strengthened, was laid in ruins. In the morning the French columns, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, were seen at a distance, retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona.

The history of a battle, however skilfully narrated, is necessarily uninteresting to all except military men; but in the detail of a siege, when time has destroyed those considerations which prejudice or pervert our natural sense of right and wrong, every reader sympathizes with the besieged, and nothing, even in fictitious narratives, excites so deep and animating an interest. There is not, either in the annals of ancient or of modern times, a single event recorded more worthy to be held in admiration, now and for evermore, than the siege of Zaragoza. Will it be said that this devoted people obtained for themselves, by all this heroism and all these sacrifices, nothing more than a short respite from their fate? Woe be to the slavish heart that conceives the thought, and shame to the base tongue that gives it

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utterance! They purchased for themselves an everlasting remembrance upon earth,—a place in the memory and love of all good men in all ages that are yet to come. They performed their duty; they redeemed their souls from the yoke; they left an example to their country, never to be forgotten, never to be out of mind, and sure to contribute to and hasten its deliverance.

100

1823

THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

UNREMITTING exertions were made to equip the ships which Nelson had chosen, and especially to refit the *Victory*, which was once more to bear his flag. Before he left London he called at his upholsterer's, where the coffin which Captain Hallowell had given him was deposited, and desired that its history might be engraven upon the lid, saying it was highly probable he might want it on his return. He seemed, indeed, to have been impressed with an expectation that he should fall in the battle. In a letter to his brother, written immediately after his return, he had said: "We must not talk of Sir Robert Calder's battle. I might not have done so much with my small force. If I had fallen in with them, you might probably have been a lord before I wished, for I know they meant to make a dead set at the *Victory*." Nelson had once regarded the prospect of death with gloomy satisfaction; it was when he anticipated the upbraidings of his wife and the displeasure of his venerable father. The state of his feelings now was expressed in his private journal in these words: "Friday night (Sept. 13th), at half-past ten, I drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my

king and country. May the great God whom I adore 25
enable me to fulfill the expectations of my country!
And, if it is His good pleasure that I should return,
my thanks will never cease being offered up to the
throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to 30
cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest
submission; relying that He will protect those so
dear to me, whom I may leave behind! His will be
done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

Early on the following morning he reached Ports-
mouth; and, having despatched his business on shore, 35
endeavored to elude the populace by taking a byway
to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, press-
ing forward to obtain a sight of his face;—many
were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and
blessed him as he passed. England has had many 40
heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the
love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men
knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless;
that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy
of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and 45
entire devotion, he served his country with all his
heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength;
and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fer-
vently as he loved England. They pressed upon the
parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, 50
and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat.
The sentinels, who endeavored to prevent them from
trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among
the crowd; and an officer, who, not very prudently
upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the 55
people down with their bayonets, was compelled
speedily to retreat; for the people would not be de-
barred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the
hero—the darling hero of England. . . .

At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly 60
seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line

of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west,—light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee-line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather-line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—

“May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it! and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on

my endeavors for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen." . . . 100

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done: and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor. 115

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the 135

language or even the memory of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it 140 breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." 145

He wore that day, as usual, his Admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehen- 150 sions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the 155 chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honor I gained them," he had said when such a 160 thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting displeasure from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as 165 the life of Nelson, was concerned; but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own 170 captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of

action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass 175 ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and 180 rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and 185 their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendor of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning 190 what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his 195 line; and, pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect cool- 200 ness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot 205 passed over him, he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their

exertions, and that, if by the prescribed mode of at- 210
 tack they found it impracticable to get into action
 immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought
 best, provided it led them quickly and closely along-
 side an enemy. As they were standing on the front
 poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he 215
 hoped soon to return and find him in possession of
 twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Black-
 wood; I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points
 more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to 220
 cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz. The lee line,
 therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson,
 pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right
 for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it
 astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged 225
 her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side;
 "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his
 ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being
 first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings
 of his Commander and old friend, turned to his cap- 230
 tain and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson
 give to be here!" Both these brave officers perhaps
 at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude for
 a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding
 day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the cap- 235
 tains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive
 instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his cap-
 tain was, and was told in reply that they were not
 upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said
 Nelson, "good terms with each other!" Immediately 240
 he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, led him, as
 soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying,
 "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake
 hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the 245
Victory till they saw that a shot had passed through

her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*—Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her—was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon-shot, while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavored to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the forebrace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other: each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun: fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her standing-sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing

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which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she 285 opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships; Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does 290 not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower-deck ports for fear of 295 being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely 300 because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement. 305

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side; another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying 310 the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire*; and because there was danger that the *Re-* 315 *doubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. 320

An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder,—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my back bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination,

that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being 360 certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can 365 do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. 370 As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often 375 sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his 380 wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"—"Very well," replied 385 Hardy, "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none 390 of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with

me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair; and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied, "it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck. 395 400

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. 415

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and Commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well!" cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said: "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, 420 430

he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings: 435
 "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence 440
 for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right 445
 side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner"; and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and 450
 my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words he uttered. He expired 455
 at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound. . . .

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a 460
 little longer; doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation—that joy—that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired 465
 at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. . . .

It is almost superfluous to add that all the honors

which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6,000 a-year; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin in which he was brought home, was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson,—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them,—and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards,

THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON 167

were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wak- 510 ened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual 515 forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and 520 the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure 525 as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen 530 prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honors and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero 535 in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example 540 which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and

an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them, 545 verifying in this sense the language of the old mythologist:

*Τοὶ μὲν δαίμονες εἰσί, Διὸς μεγάλου διὰ βουλας.
'Εσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.*

1813

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

FROM THE DOCTOR

A tale which may content the minds
Of learned men and grave philosophers.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge, a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair 10 for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear. 15

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths, by beginning too soon to eat it. And while 20 they were walking, a little old Woman came to the house. She could not have been a good, honest old

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS 169

Woman; for first she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So the little old Woman opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little old Woman, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears,—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old Woman, and set about helping herself.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her; and she said a bad word about that. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her; and she said a bad word about that too. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot, nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up: but the naughty old Woman said a bad word about the little porridge-pot, because it did not hold enough for her.

Then the little old Woman sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard, nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down came hers, plump upon the ground. And the naughty old Woman said a wicked word about that too.

THE
LIFE OF
JAMES M. SMITH
BY
JAMES M. SMITH
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
JAMES M. SMITH

THE
LIFE OF
JAMES M. SMITH
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and everybody else thought it was
just a joke. But when I saw the
look on the boy's face, I knew that
he was serious. I was sure he was
not kidding. And when I saw that
look on his face, I knew that he was
serious.

**SOMEbody HAS BEEN
SITTING IN MY CHAIR**

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

**SOMEbody HAS BEEN
LYING IN MY BED**

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

and the boy's face was so serious
that I knew he was serious.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" 125

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and 130 upon the pillow was the little old Woman's ugly, dirty head,—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED,—AND HERE SHE IS!" 135

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

The little old Woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to 140 her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee 145 Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like 150 good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old Woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall; or ran into the wood and was lost there; or found her way out of the 155 wood, and was taken up by the constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Campbell, for Hope and fine war-songs renowned.
—Leigh Hunt

THOMAS CAMPBELL

FROM THE PLEASURES OF HOPE

[HOPE ABIDETH]

AT SUMMER eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear 5
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way; 10
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye 15
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span; 20
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:

Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way, 25
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.
 Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
 On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
 To Pleasure's path or Glory's bright career. 30

Primeval Hope, the Aöonian Muses say,
 When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
 When every form of death, and every woe,
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
 When Murder bared his arm, and rampant War 35
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
 When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
 Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven again;
 All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
 But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind. 40

1796-99

1799

[POLAND AND FREEDOM'S CAUSE]

WHERE barbarous hordes of Scythian mountains
 roam,
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
 Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
 From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
 Truth shall pervade the unfathomed darkness there, 5
 And light the dreadful features of despair.—
 Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns. 10

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,

Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn, 15
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet
 horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid; 20
 "Oh! Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country
 save!

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high! 25
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm; 30
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few! 35
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
 Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe! 40
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered
 spear,

Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;—
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there, 45
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way;
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay! 50
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook; red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave, 55
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy
rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar? 60
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead! 65
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own! 70
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains, 75
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND 179

And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world! 80
1796-99 1799

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

I

YE MARINERS of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard launch again 5
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 10

II

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell, 15
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 20

III

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak, 25
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow,—
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow. 30

IV

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors! 35
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,—
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow. 40

1799-1800

1801

HOHENLINDEN

ON LINDEN, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight 5
 When the drum beat at dead of night,

HOHENLINDEN

181

Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade, 10
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven 15
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, 25
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet, 30
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

I

OF NELSON and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,—
By each gun and lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II

Like leviathans afloat 10
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path, 15
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III

But the might of England flushed 20
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships, 25

Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30
To our cheering sent us back:
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale 35
Light the gloom.

V

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save; 40
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King." 45

VI

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day; 50
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII

Now joy, Old England, raise 55
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light;
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep, 60
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

VIII

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true, 65
 On the deck of fame that died
 With the gallant good Riou:
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condoles, 70
 Singing Glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

1804-05

1809

THE LAST MAN

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The Sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its Immortality!
 I saw a vision in my sleep 5
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time!
 I saw the last of human mold
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime! 10
 The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,

The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands 15
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb! 20

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun! 25
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow. 30

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway, 35
Thou dim discrownèd king of day.
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts. 40

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back, 45
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe—

Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
 Or mown in battle by the sword
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

50

Even I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sunless agonies,
 Behold not me expire!

My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast;

55

The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

60

This spirit shall return to Him
 Who gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!

No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine.

65

By him recalled to breath
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of Victory,
 And took the sting from Death!

70

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste

To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—

Go, tell the night that hides thy face
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race

75

On Earth's sepulchral clod
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality

Or shake his trust in God!

80

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

*All sweet, all sacred, all heroic things,
All generous names and loyal, and all wise,
With all his heart in all its wayfarings
He sought, and worshipped, seeing them with his eyes
In very present glory, clothed with wings
Of words and deeds and dreams immortal, rise
Visible more than living slaves and kings,
Audible more than actual vows and lies.*

—Algernon Charles Swinburne

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

ROSE AYLMER

AH, WHAT avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes 5
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

1806

A FIESOLAN IDYL

HERE, where precipitate Spring with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires,
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs that want the lute to play with 'em,
And softer sighs that know not what they want, 5
Aside a wall, beneath an orange-tree,
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesolè right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seemed to show me with their nods, 10
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden-steps
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stepped forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat, 15
Such I believed it must be. How could I

THE MAID'S LAMENT

191

"This indeed,"

Cried she, "is large and sweet." She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take 55
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her
doubt.

I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch 60
To fall, and yet unfallen. She drew back
The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropped it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

1831

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought, 5
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground 10
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me: but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep, 15
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,
These may she never share. 20

Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
 Than daisies in the mold,
 Where children spell, athwart the church-yard gate,
 His name, and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
 And, O! pray too for me.

25

1834

MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL

Hannibal. Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not—he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers—wide, forty paces—give him air—bring water—halt! Gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood—unbrace his armor. Loose the helmet first—his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me—they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans, too, sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

5

10

Gaulish Chieftain. Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods hath overtaken the impure——

15

Hannibal. We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is.—The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me.—Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome.—Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot. How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the Islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet

20

25

with their blood—few other enter there. And what plain armor!

Gaulish Chieftain. My party slew him—indeed 30
I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain: it belongs to my king; the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it.

Hannibal. My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the 35
arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breast-plate he pierced with his sword—these he showed to the people and to the gods; hardly his wife and little children 40
saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain. Hear me, O Hannibal!

Hannibal. What! when Marcellus lies before me? when his life may perhaps be recalled? when I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? when Italy, Sicily, 45
Greece, Asia, wait to obey me? Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain. For myself?

Hannibal. For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain. And these rubies and emeralds, 50
and that scarlet——

Hannibal. Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain. O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude— 55
yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal. In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station.—I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus! the triumph of 60
Hannibal! what else has the world in it? Only Rome and Carthage: these follow.

Marcellus. I must die then? The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal (to the Surgeon). Could not he bear 65
a sea-voyage. Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. He expires that moment.

Marcellus. It pains me: extract it.

Hannibal. Marcellus, I see no expression of pain
on your countenance, and never will I consent to 70
hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since
your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no
captive.

(To the Surgeon.) Is there nothing, man, that
can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs 75
of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to
alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. Hannibal, give me thy hand—thou
hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(To the Surgeon.) Go, friend; others want thy 80
aid; several fell around me.

Hannibal. Recommend to your country, O Mar-
cellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace
with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in
force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet 85
is ready: let me take off this ring—try to write, to
sign it, at least. Oh, what satisfaction I feel at
seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to
smile!

Marcellus. Within an hour or less, with how se- 90
vere a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is
this thy writing?"

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and
she still hath many left.

Hannibal. Afraid as you are of falsehood, say 95
you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my
countrymen. Unfortunately, too, the nearer posts
are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The
Numidians are so in revenge: the Gauls both in re-
venge and in sport. My presence is required at a 100
distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or

other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

105

Marcellus. Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal. What then? What mean you?

Marcellus. That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me: mine 110 would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On the turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? Or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have be- 115 come, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest; this mantle oppresses me.

120

Hannibal. I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. Take it, Hannibal. It was given me 125 by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation 130 of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in 135 either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (Heaven grant

it may shine upon thee in some other country!), it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us. 140

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either. 145

Hannibal. What?

Marcellus. This body.

Hannibal. Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said—This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family. 150 155

Hannibal. You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes. 160

Hannibal. Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. A few dying lie about—and let them lie—they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them—he appeared a Roman—a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease. 165 170

Marcellus. why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts? 175

Marcellus. I have suppressed it long enough. My son—my beloved son.

Hannibal. Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. He would have shared my fate—and 180
has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent: I render you, for the last time, thanks.

1828

METELLUS AND MARIUS

Metellus. Well met, Caius Marius! My orders are to find instantly a centurion who shall mount the walls; one capable of observation, acute in remark, prompt, calm, active, intrepid. The Numantians are sacrificing to the gods in secrecy; they have sounded 5
the horn once only,—and hoarsely and low and mournfully.

Marius. Was that ladder I see yonder among the caper-bushes and purple lilies, under where the fig-tree grows out of the rampart, left for me? 10

Metellus. Even so, wert thou willing. Wouldst thou mount it?

Marius. Rejoicingly. If none are below or near, may I explore the state of things by entering the city? 15

Metellus. Use thy discretion in that.

What seest thou? Wouldst thou leap down? Lift the ladder.

Marius. Are there spikes in it where it sticks in the turf? I should slip else. 20

Metellus. How! bravest of the centurions, art even thou afraid? Seest thou any one by?

Marius. Ay; some hundreds close beneath me.

Metellus. Retire, then. Hasten back; I will protect thy descent. 25

Marius. May I speak, O Metellus, without an offence to discipline?

Metellus. Say.

Marius. Listen! Dost thou not hear?

Metellus. Shame on thee! alight, alight! my shield shall cover thee.

Marius. There is a murmur like the hum of bees in the bean-field of Cereate; for the sun is hot, and the ground is thirsty. When will it have drunk up for me the blood that has run, and is yet oozing on it, from those fresh bodies!

Metellus. How! We have not fought for many days; what bodies, then, are fresh ones?

Marius. Close beneath the wall are those of infants and of girls; in the middle of the road are youths, emaciated; some either unwounded or wounded months ago; some on their spears, others on their swords: no few have received in mutual death the last interchange of friendship; their daggers unite them, hilt to hilt, bosom to bosom.

Metellus. Mark rather the living,—what are they about?

Marius. About the sacrifice, which portends them. I conjecture, but little good,—it burns sullenly and slowly. The victim will lie upon the pyre till morning, and still be unconsumed, unless they bring more fuel.

I will leap down and walk on cautiously, and return with tidings, if death should spare me.

Never was any race of mortals so unmilitary as these Numantians; no watch, no stations, no palisades across the streets.

Metellus. Did they want, then, all the wood for the altar?

Marius. It appears so—I will return anon.

Metellus. The gods speed thee, my brave, honest Marius!

Marius (*returned*). The ladder should have been better spiked for that slippery ground. I am down again safe, however. Here a man may walk securely, 65 and without picking his steps.

Metellus. Tell me, Caius, what thou sawest.

Marius. The streets of Numantia.

Metellus. Doubtless; but what else?

Marius. The temples and markets and places of 70 exercise and fountains.

Metellus. Art thou crazed, centurion? what more? Speak plainly, at once, and briefly.

Marius. I beheld, then, all Numantia.

Metellus. Has terror maddened thee? has thou 75 descried nothing of the inhabitants but those carcasses under the ramparts?

Marius. Those, O Metellus, lie scattered, although not indeed far asunder. The greater part of the soldiers and citizens—of the fathers, husbands, 80 widows, wives, espoused—were assembled together.

Metellus. About the altar?

Marius. Upon it.

Metellus. So busy and earnest in devotion! but how all upon it? 85

Marius. It blazed under them, and over them, and round about them.

Metellus. Immortal gods! Art thou sane, Caius Marius? Thy visage is scorched: thy speech may wander after such an enterprise; thy shield burns my 90 hand.

Marius. I thought it had cooled again. Why, truly, it seems hot: I now feel it.

Metellus. Wipe off those embers.

Marius. 'Twere better: there will be none oppo- 95 site to shake them upon for some time.

The funereal horn, that sounded with such feebleness, sounded not so from the faint heart of him who blew it. Him I saw; him only of the living. Should

I say it? there was another: there was one child 100
whom its parent could not kill, could not part from.
She had hidden it in her robe, I suspect; and, when
the fire had reached it, either it shrieked or she did.
For suddenly a cry pierced through the crackling
pinewood, and something of round in figure fell from 105
brand to brand, until it reached the pavement, at the
feet of him who had blown the horn. I rushed to-
ward him, for I wanted to hear the whole story, and
felt the pressure of time. Condemn not my weak-
ness, O Cæcilius! I wished an enemy to live an 110
hour longer; for my orders were to explore and
bring intelligence. When I gazed on him, in height
almost gigantic, I wondered not that the blast of his
trumpet was so weak; rather did I wonder that
Famine, whose hand had indented every limb and 115
feature, had left him any voice articulate. I rushed
toward him, however, ere my eyes had measured
either his form or strength. He held the child
against me, and staggered under it.

"Behold," he exclaimed, "the glorious ornament 120
of a Roman triumph!"

I stood horror-stricken; when suddenly drops, as
of rain, pattered down from the pyre. I looked; and
many were the precious stones, many were the amu-
lets and rings and bracelets, and other barbaric orna- 125
ments, unknown to me in form or purpose, that
tinkled on the hardened and black branches, from
mothers and wives and betrothed maids; and some,
too, I can imagine, from robuster arms—things of
joyance, won in battle. The crowd of incumbent 130
bodies was so dense and heavy, that neither the fire
nor the smoke could penetrate upward from among
them; and they sank, whole and at once, into the
smoldering cavern eating out below. He at whose
neck hung the trumpet felt this, and started. 135

"There is yet room," he cried, "and there is strength enough yet, both in the element and in me."

He extended his withered arms, he thrust forward the gaunt links of his throat, and upon gnarled 140 knees, that smote each other audibly, tottered into the civic fire. It—like some hungry and strangest beast on the innermost wild of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless, gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe—panted 145 once more, and seized him.

I have seen within this hour, O Metellus, what Rome in the cycle of her triumphs will never see, what the Sun in his eternal course can never show her, what the Earth has borne but now, and must 150 never rear again for her, what Victory herself has envied her,—a Numantian.

Metellus. We shall feast tomorrow. Hope, Caius Marius, to become a tribune: trust in fortune.

Marius. Auguries are surer: surest of all is per- 155 severance.

Metellus. I hope the wine has not grown vapid in my tent: I have kept it waiting, and must now report to Scipio the intelligence of our discovery. Come after me, Caius. 160

Marius (alone). The tribune is the discoverer! the centurion is the scout! Caius Marius must enter more Numantias. Light-hearted Cæcilius, thou mayest perhaps hereafter, and not with humbled but with exulting pride, take orders from this hand. If 165 Scipio's words are fate, and to me they sound so, the portals of the Capitol may shake before my chariot, as my horses plunge back at the applauses of the people, and Jove in his high domicile may welcome the citizen of Arpinum. 170

LEOFRIC AND GODIVA

Godiva. There is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicestershire; and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor, pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they, and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farm-yard dogs, driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring; while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness, or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odor.

Leofric. And now, Godiva, my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

Godiva. Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses: I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage. They, and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them.

Leofric. O light, laughing simpleton! But what 35
wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet
if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought,
I would ride up straightway to Saint Michael's and
pray until morning.

Godiva. I would do the same, O Leofric! but God 40
hath turned away his ear from holier lips than mine.
Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored
him for what is easier to accomplish,—what he can
do like God?

Leofric. How! what is it? 45

Godiva. I would not, in the first hurry of your
wrath, appeal to you, my loving lord, in behalf of
these unhappy men who have offended you.

Leofric. Unhappy! is that all?

Godiva. Unhappy they must surely be, to have 50
offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes
over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening!
how calm are the heavens and the earth!—Shall none
enjoy them; not even we, my Leofric? The sun is
ready to set: let it never set, O Leofric, on your 55
anger. These are not my words: they are better
than mine. Should they lose their virtue from my
unworthiness in uttering them?

Leofric. Godiva, wouldst thou plead to me for 60
rebels?

Godiva. They have, then, drawn the sword
against you? Indeed, I knew it not.

Leofric. They have omitted to send me my dues,
established by my ancestors, well knowing of our
nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they re- 65
quire, and that in a season of such scarcity my own
lands are insufficient.

Godiva. If they were starving, as they said they
were —

Leofric. Must I starve too? Is it not enough to 70
lose my vassals?

Godiva. Enough! O God! too much! too much! May you never lose them! Give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those; and I shall think on the blessing he gave me, and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst; and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul, for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family!

Leofric. We must hold solemn festivals.

Godiva. We must, indeed.

Leofric. Well, then?

Godiva. Is the clamorousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals?—are maddening songs, and giddy dances, and hireling praises from parti-colored coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us; or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let everything be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden, and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strown by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving; it is the orphan, the starveling, pressed to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival; the guests are ready; we may keep it up for weeks, and months, and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows from heaven; and in

heaven will it abundantly be poured out again to him who pours it out here unsparingly.

Leofric. Thou art wild.

110

Godiva. I have, indeed, lost myself. Some Power, some good kind Power, melts me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not cease to supplicate; I dare not.

Leofric. We may think upon it.

Godiva. Never say that! What! think upon goodness when you can be good? Let not the infants cry for sustenance! The mother of our blessed Lord will hear them; us never, never afterward.

Leofric. Here comes the Bishop: we are but one mile from the walls. Why dismountest thou? no bishop can expect it. *Godiva!* my honor and rank among men are humbled by this. Earl Godwin will hear of it. Up! up! the Bishop hath seen it: he urgeth his horse onward. Dost thou not hear him now upon the solid turf behind thee?

Godiva. Never, no, never will I rise, O *Leofric*, until you remit this most impious tax—this tax on hard labor, on hard life.

Leofric. Turn round: look how the fat nag can- ters, as to the tune of a sinner's psalm, slow and hard-breathing. What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishop's steed is so sleek and well caparisoned? Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usages.—Up! up! for shame! They shall smart for it, idlers! Sir Bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

Godiva. My husband, my husband! will you par- don the city?

Leofric. Sir Bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? Yea, *Godiva*, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city.

when thou ridest naked at noontide through the 145
streets!

Godiva. O my dear, cruel Leofric, where is the
heart you gave me? It was not so: can mine have
hardened it?

Bishop. Earl, thou abashest thy spouse; she turn- 150
eth pale, and weepeth. Lady Godiva, peace be with
thee.

Godiva. Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me
when peace is with your city. Did you hear my lord's
cruel word? 155

Bishop. I did, lady.

Godiva. Will you remember it, and pray against
it?

Bishop. Wilt *thou* forget it, daughter?

Godiva. I am not offended. 160

Bishop. Angel of peace and purity!

Godiva. But treasure it up in your heart: deem
it an incense, good only when it is consumed and
spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And,
now, what was it? 165

Bishop. Christ save us! that he will pardon the
city when thou ridest naked through the streets at
noon.

Godiva. Did he not swear an oath?

Bishop. He sware by the holy rood. 170

Godiva. My Redeemer, thou hast heard it! save
the city!

Leofric. We are now upon the beginning of the
pavement: these are the suburbs. Let us think of
feasting: we may pray afterward; tomorrow we 175
shall rest.

Godiva. No judgments, then, tomorrow, Leofric?

Leofric. None: we will carouse.

Godiva. The saints of heaven have given me
strength and confidence; my prayers are heard; the 180
heart of my beloved is now softened.

Leofric (*aside*). Ay, ay—they shall smart, though.

Godiva. Say, dearest Leofric, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation? 185

Leofric. I have sworn. Beside, thou hast made me redden and turn my face away from thee, and all the knaves have seen it: this adds to the city's crime.

Godiva. I have blushed too, Leofric, and was 190 not rash nor obdurate.

Leofric. But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing: there is no conquering it in thee. I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly: it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair. Take heed 195 thou sit not upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done! it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working there—upon some newer and cunninger device. O my beautiful Eve! there is a Paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it. I cannot see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee. No signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof or frown or 205 wonderment—I *will* say it—now, then, for worse—I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and loving eyes, before the people.

Godiva. Tomorrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale, for to- 210 night I must fast and pray.

Leofric. I do not hear thee; the voice of the folk are so loud under this archway.

Godiva (*to herself*). God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so to- 215 morrow. O Leofric! could my name be forgotten, and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach; and how

many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me? Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah! when will the morning come? Ah! when will the noon be over?

1829

FROM PERICLES AND ASPASIA

PERICLES TO ASPASIA

Do you love me? do you love me? Stay, reason upon it, sweet Aspasia! doubt, hesitate, question, drop it, take it up again, provide, raise obstacles, reply directly. Oracles are sacred, and there is a pride in being a diviner.

5

ASPASIA TO PERICLES

I will do none of those things you tell me to do; but I will say something you forgot to say, about the insufficiency of Phidias.

He may represent a hero with unbent brows, a sage with the lyre of Poetry in his hand, Ambition with her face half-averted from the City, but he cannot represent, in the same sculpture, at the same distance, Aphrodite higher than Pallas. He would be derided if he did; and a great man can never do that for which a little man may deride him.

15

I shall love you even more than I do, if you will love yourself more than me. Did ever lover talk so? Pray tell me, for I have forgotten all they ever talked about. But, Pericles! Pericles! be careful to lose nothing of your glory, or you lose all that can be lost of me; my pride, my happiness, my content;

20

everything but my poor weak love ; keep glory then for my sake !

ASPASIA TO PERICLES

When the war is over, as surely it must be in another year, let us sail among the islands of the Ægean, and be young as ever. O that it were permitted us to pass together the remainder of our lives in privacy and retirement ! This is never to be hoped for in Athens. 25

I inherit from my mother a small yet beautiful house in Tenos : I remember it well. Water, clear and cold, ran before the vestibule : a sycamore shaded the whole building. I think Tenos must be nearer to Athens than to Miletus. Could we not go now for a few days ? How temperate was the air, how serene the sky, how beautiful the country ! the people how quiet, how gentle, how kind-hearted ! 30 35

Is there any station so happy as an uncontested place in a small community, where manners are simple, where wants are few, where respect is the tribute of probity, and love is the guerdon of beneficence. O Pericles ! let us go ; we can return at any time. 40

ASPASIA TO PERICLES

Now the fever is raging, and we are separated, my comfort and delight is in our little Pericles. The letters you send me come less frequently, but I know you write whenever your duties will allow you, and whenever men are found courageous enough to take charge of them. Although you preserved with little care the speeches you delivered formerly, yet you promised me a copy of the latter, and as many of the earlier as you could collect among your friends. 45 50

Let me have them as soon as possible. Whatever bears the traces of your hand is precious to me: how greatly more precious what is imprest with your genius, what you have meditated and spoken! I shall see your calm thoughtful face while I am reading, and will be cautious not to read aloud lest I lose the illusion of your voice. 55

ASPASIA TO PERICLES

Gratitude to the immortal Gods overpowers every other impulse of my breast. You are safe. 60

Pericles! O my Pericles! come into this purer air! live life over again in the smiles of your child, in the devotion of your Aspasia! Why did you fear for me the plague within the city, the Spartans round it? why did you exact the vow at parting, that nothing but your command should recall me again to Athens? Why did I ever make it? Cruel! to refuse me the full enjoyment of your recovered health! crueller to keep me in ignorance of its decline! The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and passed over. 70

ASPASIA TO PERICLES

Where on earth is there so much society as in a beloved child? He accompanies me in my walks, gazes into my eyes for what I am gathering from books, tells me more and better things than they do, and asks me often what neither I nor they can answer. When he is absent I am filled with reflections, when he is present I have room for none beside what I receive from him. The charms of his childhood bring me back to the delights of mine, and I fancy I hear my own words in a sweeter voice. Will he 75

(O how I tremble at the mute Oracle of futurity!) will he ever be as happy as I have been? Alas! 85 and must he ever be as subject to fears and apprehensions? No; thanks to the gods! never, never. He carries his father's heart within his breast. I see him already an orator and a leader. I try to teach him daily some of his father's looks and ges- 90 tures, and I never smile but at his docility and gravity. How his father will love him! the little thunderer! the winner of cities! the vanquisher of Cleones!

PERICLES TO ASPASIA

The pestilence has taken from me both my sons. 95 You, who were ever so kind and affectionate to them, will receive a tardy recompense, in hearing that the least gentle and the least grateful did acknowledge it.

I mourn for Paralus, because he loved me; 100 for Xanthippos because he loved me not.

Preserve with all your maternal care our little Pericles. I cannot be fonder of him than I have always been; I can only fear more for him.

Is he not with my Aspasia? What fears then are 105 so irrational as mine? But oh! I am living in a widowed house, a house of desolation! I am living in a city of tombs and torches! and the last I saw before me were for my children.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA

It is right and orderly, that he who has partaken 110 so largely in the prosperity of the Athenians, should close the procession of their calamities. The fever that has depopulated our city, returned upon me last

night, and Hippocrates and Acron tell me that my end is near.

115

When we agreed, O Aspasia, in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it necessary of late. We never can meet again. The laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can arise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me, at one moment, as if we met but yesterday; at another, as if centuries had past within it; for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my music to look at Aristides on his way to exile; and my father pressed the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear,

"Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison."

140

In my boyhood Pindar took me up in his arms, when he brought to our house the dirge he had composed for the funeral of my grandfather: in my adolescence I offered the rites of hospitality to Empedocles; not long afterward I embraced the neck of Æschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles I have argued on eloquence; with Euripides on polity and ethics; I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democ-

145

ritus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herod- 150
otus I have listened to the most instructive history,
conveyed in a language the most copious and the
most harmonious; a man worthy to carry away the
collected suffrages of universal Greece; a man worthy
to throw open the temples of Egypt, and to cele- 155
brate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides,
who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my
Aspasia hear with me the energetic praises of his
just supremacy!

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and 160
wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias
placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary Deity
of this land, and the Zeus of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their
familiarity and esteem, overpays all labors and anx- 165
ieties. I were unworthy of the friendships I have
commemorated, were I forgetful of the latest. Sa-
cred it ought to be, formed as it was under the
portico of Death, my friendship with the most saga-
cious, the most scientific, the most beneficent of 170
philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If mortal
could war against Pestilence and Destiny, they have
been victorious. I leave them in the field: unfortu-
nate he who finds them among the fallen!

And now, at the close of my day, when every light 175
is dim, and every guest departed, let me own that
these wane before me, remembering, as I do, in the
pride and fulness of my heart, that Athens confided
her glory and Aspasia her happiness to me.

Have I been a faithful guardian? do I resign 180
them to the custody of the Gods undiminished and
unimpaired? Welcome, then, welcome, my last
hour! After enjoying for so great a number of
years, in my public and my private life, what I be-
lieve has never been the lot of any other, I now 185

extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation what is the lot of all.

1836

[BOCCACCIO'S VISION OF HIS BELOVED]

FROM THE PENTAMERON

Boccaccio. In vain had I determined not only to mend in future, but to correct the past; in vain had I prayed most fervently for grace to accomplish it, with a final aspiration to Fiammetta that she would unite with your beloved Laura, and that, gentle and beatified spirits as they are, they would breathe together their purer prayers on mine. See what follows. 5

Petrarca. Sigh not at it. Before we can see all that follows from their intercession, we must join them again. But let me hear anything in which they are concerned. 10

Boccaccio. I prayed; and my breast, after some few tears, grew calmer. Yet sleep did not ensue until the break of morning, when the dropping of soft rain on the leaves of the fig-tree at the window, and the chirping of a little bird, to tell another there was shelter under them, brought me repose and slumber. Scarcely had I closed my eyes, if indeed time can be reckoned any more in sleep than in heaven, when my Fiammetta seemed to have led me into the meadow. You will see it below you: turn away that branch: gently! gently! do not break it; for the little bird sat there. 15 20

Petrarca. I think, Giovanni, I can divine the place. Although this fig-tree, growing out of the wall between the cellar and us, is fantastic enough in its branches, yet that other which I see yonder, bent down and forced to crawl along the grass by 25

the prepotency of the young shapely walnut-tree, 30
is much more so. It forms a seat, about a cubit
above the ground, level and long enough for several.

Boccaccio. Ha! you fancy it must be a favorite
spot with me, because of the two strong forked
stakes wherewith it is propped and supported! 35

Petrarca. Poets know the haunts of poets at
first sight; and he who loved Laura—O Laura! did
I say he who *loved* thee?—hath whisperings where
those feet would wander which have been restless
after Fiammetta. 40

Boccaccio. It is true, my imagination has often
conducted her thither; but here in this chamber she
appeared to me more visibly in a dream.

“Thy prayers have been heard, O Giovanni,” said
she. 45

I sprang to embrace her.

“Do not spill the water! Ah! you have spilt a
part of it.”

I then observed in her hand a crystal vase. A
few drops were sparkling on the sides and running 50
down the rim; a few were trickling from the base
and from the hand that held it.

“I must go down to the brook,” said she, “and
fill it again as it was filled before.”

What a moment of agony was this to me! Could 55
I be certain how long might be her absence? She
went: I was following: she made a sign for me to
turn back: I disobeyed her only an instant: yet my
sense of disobedience, increasing my feebleness and
confusion, made me lose sight of her. In the next 60
moment she was again at my side, with the cup quite
full. I stood motionless: I feared my breath might
shake the water over. I looked her in the face for
her commands—and to see it—to see it so calm,
so beneficent, so beautiful. I was forgetting what 65
I had prayed for, when she lowered her head, tasted

of the cup, and gave it me. I drank; and suddenly sprang forth before me, many groves and palaces and gardens, and their statues and their avenues, and their labyrinths of alaternus and bay, and alcoves of citron, and watchful loopholes in the retirements of impenetrable pomegranate. Farther off, just below where the fountain slipt away from its marble hall and guardian gods, arose, from their beds of moss and drosera and darkest grass, the sisterhood of oleanders, fond of tantalizing with their bosomed flowers and their moist and pouting blossoms the little shy rivulet, and of covering its face with all the colors of the dawn. My dream expanded and moved forward. I trod again the dust of Posilippo, soft as the feathers in the wings of Sleep. I emerged on Baia; I crossed her innumerable arches; I loitered in the breezy sunshine of her mole; I trusted the faithful seclusion of her caverns, the keepers of so many secrets; and I reposed on the buoyancy of her tepid sea. Then Naples, and her theatres and her churches, and grottoes and dells and forts and promontories, rushed forward in confusion, now among soft whispers, now among sweetest sounds, and subsided, and sank, and disappeared. Yet a memory seemed to come fresh from every one: each had time enough for its tale, for its pleasure, for its reflection, for its pang. As I mounted with silent steps the narrow staircase of the old palace, how distinctly did I feel against the palm of my hand the coldness of that smooth stonework, and the greater of the cramps of iron in it!

"Ah me! is this forgetting?" cried I anxiously to Fiammetta.

"We must recall these scenes before us," she replied; "such is the punishment of them. Let us hope and believe that the apparition, and the compunction which must follow it, will be accepted as

the full penalty, and that both will pass away almost together."

105

I feared to lose anything attendant on her presence: I feared to approach her forehead with my lips: I feared to touch the lily on its long wavy leaf in her hair, which filled my whole heart with fragrance. Venerating, adoring, I bowed my head 110 at last to kiss her snow-white robe, and trembled at my presumption. And yet the effulgence of her countenance vivified while it chastened me. I loved her—I must not say *more* than ever—*better* than ever; it was Fiammetta who had inhabited the skies. 115 As my hand opened toward her,

"Beware!" said she, faintly smiling; "beware, Giovanni! Take only the crystal; take it, and drink again."

"Must all be then forgotten?" said I sorrow- 120 fully.

"Remember your prayer and mine, Giovanni. Shall both have been granted—O how much worse than in vain!"

I drank instantly; I drank largely. How cool my 125 bosom grew; how could it grow so cool before her! But it was not to remain in its quiescency; its trials were not yet over. I will not, Francesco! no, I may not commemorate the incidents she related to me, nor which of us said, "I blush for having loved 130 *first*," nor which of us replied, "Say *least*, say *least*, and blush again."

The charm of the words (for I felt not the encumbrance of the body nor the acuteness of the spirit) seemed to possess me wholly. Although the 135 water gave me strength and comfort, and somewhat of celestial pleasure, many tears fell around the border of the vase as she held it up before me, exhorting me to take courage, and inviting me with more than exhortation to accomplish my deliverance. 140

She came nearer, more tenderly, more earnestly; she held the dewy globe with both hands, leaning forward, and sighed and shook her head, drooping at my pusillanimity. It was only when a ringlet had touched the rim, and perhaps the water (for a sun-¹⁴⁵ beam on the surface could never have given it such a golden hue), that I took courage, clasped it, and exhausted it. Sweet as was the water, sweet as was the serenity it gave me—alas! that also which it moved away from me was sweet!

150

“This time you can trust me alone,” said she, and parted my hair, and kissed my brow. Again she went toward the brook: again my agitation, my weakness, my doubt, came over me: nor could I see her while she raised the water, nor knew I whence¹⁵⁵ she drew it. When she returned, she was close to me at once: she smiled: her smile pierced me to the bones: it seemed an angel’s. She sprinkled the pure water on me; she looked most fondly; she took my hand; she suffered me to press hers to my bosom; ¹⁶⁰ but, whether by design I cannot tell, she let fall a few drops of the chilly element between.

“And now, O my beloved!” said she, “we have consigned to the bosom of God our earthly joys and sorrows. The joys cannot return, let not the ¹⁶⁵ sorrows. These alone would trouble my repose among the blessed.”

“Trouble thy repose! Fiammetta! Give me the chalice!” cried I—“not a drop will I leave in it, not a drop.”

170

“Take it!” said that soft voice. “O now most dear Giovanni! I know thou hast strength enough; and there is but little—at the bottom lies our first kiss.”

“Mine! didst thou say, beloved one? and is that ¹⁷⁵ left thee still?”

“*Mine*,” said she, pensively; and as she abased

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA 219

her head, the broad leaf of the lily hid her brow and her eyes; the light of heaven shone through the flower.

180

"O Fiammetta! Fiammetta!" cried I in agony, "God is the God of mercy, God is the God of love—can I, can I ever?" I struck the chalice against my head, unmindful that I held it; the water covered my face and my feet. I started up, not yet awake, 185 and I heard the name of Fiammetta in the curtains.

Petrarca. Love, O Giovanni, and life itself, are but dreams at best.

1837

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thy own come nigh
Soliciting nor vainly thy embrace."

5

Artemidora sighed, and would have pressed
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake. He looked into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, those now dim with tears
And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heaved once more:
Her head fell back; one sob, one loud deep sob
Swelled through the darkened chamber; 'twas not
hers.

10

15

With her that old boat incorruptible,

20

Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
Had plashed the water up the farther strand.

1836

TWENTY YEARS HENCE MY EYES MAY GROW

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Still yours from others they shall know
Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence though it may hap
That I be called to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard,

5

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sighed *Alas*,
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That wingèd word.

10

1846

DEATH STANDS ABOVE ME

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

1853

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

I STROVE with none; for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

1853

WELL I REMEMBER HOW YOU SMILED 221

WELL I REMEMBER HOW YOU SMILED

WELL I remember how you smiled

To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand. "*O! what a child!*

You think you're writing upon stone!"

I have since written what no tide

5

Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again.

1863

THOMAS MOORE

*From her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.*
—Percy Bysshe Shelley

THOMAS MOORE

[A LETTER FROM NIAGARA FALLS]

My dearest Mother,—

I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement, I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. “Arrived at Chippewa, 5 within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no farther than the rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, July 22, went to visit the Falls. 10 Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty 15 flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing; imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the very residence of the Deity; the tears started 20 into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed 25 full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which *fancy* would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested

at *reality*. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders: much more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless, and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Fall of Niagara."

24 July, 1804

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!

OH, BREATHE not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

1807-28

1808-34

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,

LET ERIN REMEMBER

227

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.—
 So sleeps the pride of former days, 5
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells; 10
 The chord alone that breaks at night
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks, 15
 To show that still she lives.

1835

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud invader,
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurled 5
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining, 10
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time 15
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

1835

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

AT THE mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
 I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in
 thine eye;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions
 of air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to
 me there,
 And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky. 5

 Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such a pleasure
 to hear!
 When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on
 the ear;
 And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison
 rolls,
 I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the King-
 dom of Souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so 10
 dear.

1835

THE YOUNG MAY MOON

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love! 5
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear! 10

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING 229

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love. 15
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear. 20
1835

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing. 5
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me. 10

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him, the Sprite,
 Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted. 15
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me;
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me. 20

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or too wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No, vain, alas! th' endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

25

30

1835

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found
 thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound
 thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and
 song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of glad- 5
 ness
 Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sad-
 ness,
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall 10
 twine!
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slum-
 bers,
 Till touched by some hand less unworthy than
 mine;
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT 231

I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over, 15
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.
 1835

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

SCOTCH AIR

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears, 5
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken! 10
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all 15
 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone 20
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus, in the stilly night, 25
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

1815

FROM LALLA ROOKH

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—
 "How sweetly does the moonbeam smile 5
 To-night upon yon leafy isle!
 Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
 I've wished that little isle had wings,
 And we, within its fairy bowers,
 Were wafted off to seas unknown, 10
 Where not a pulse would beat but ours,
 And we might live, love, die alone!
 Far from the cruel and the cold,—
 Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us, to behold 15
 A paradise so pure and lonely.
 Would this be world enough for thee?"
 Playful she turned, that he might see
 The passing smile her cheek put on;
 But when she marked how mournfully 20
 His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
 And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
 My dreams, have boded all too right —
 We part—forever part—to-night! 25
 I knew, I knew it could not last—
 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
 Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay;

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM 233

I never loved a tree or flower, 30
 But 'twas the first to fade away.
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die! 35
 Now too—the joy most like divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
 Oh, misery! must I lose that too?
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;— 40
 Those frightful rocks—that treacherous
 sea—
 No, never come again—though sweet,
 Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
 Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger! 45
 Better to sit and watch that ray,
 And think thee safe, though far away,
 Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

1814-17

1817

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their
 wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset, when warm o'er the lake 5
 Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming
 half shown,
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own. 10

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
 Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is
 swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is
 ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight, when mellowly shines 15
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
 When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people 20
 meet:

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,—
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
 Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day, 25
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, wooes like a lover
 The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.

When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled, 30
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,

Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!
 But never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet valley shine so gay 35
 As now it shines—all love and light,
 Visions by day and feasts by night!

A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all its ecstasy, for now 40

The valley holds its Feast of Roses;
 The joyous time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round and, in their shower,

Hearts open, like the season's rose,—

The floweret of a hundred leaves,

45

Expanding while the dew-fall flows,

And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came

Upon the lake, serene and cool,

When Day had hid his sultry flame

50

Behind the palms of Baramoule,

When maids began to lift their heads,

Refreshed from their embroidered beds,

Where they had slept the sun away,

And waked to moonlight and to play.

55

All were abroad—the busiest hive

On Bela's hills is less alive,

When saffron beds are full in flower,

Than looked the valley in that hour.

A thousand restless torches played

60

Through every grove and island shade;

A thousand sparkling lamps were set

On every dome and minaret;

And fields and pathways, far and near,

Were lighted by a blaze so clear,

65

That you could see, in wandering round,

The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.

Yet did the maids and matrons leave

Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;

And there were glancing eyes about,

70

And cheeks, that would not dare shine out

In open day, but thought they might

Look lovely then, because 'twas night.

And all were free, and wandering,

And all exclaimed to all they met,

75

That never did the summer bring

So gay a Feast of Roses yet;

The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which blessed them there;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright, 80
 Nor they themselves looked half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers!
 It seemed as though from all the bowers
 And fairest fields of all the year,
 The mingled spoil were scattered here. 85

The lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths

Had fallen upon it from the sky!
 And then the sound of joy:—the beat 90
 Of tabors and of dancing feet;

The minaret-crier's chant of glee
 Sung from his lighted gallery,
 And answered by a ziraleet

From neighboring Haram, wild and sweet; 95
 The merry laughter, echoing

From gardens, where the silken swing
 Wafts some delighted girl above

The top leaves of the orange-grove;
 Or, from those infant groups at play 100

Among the tents that line the way,
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other.

Then the sounds from the lake:—the low whis-
 pering in boats,

As they shoot through the moonlight; the dipping 105
 of oars;

And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
 Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the
 shores,

Like those of Kathay, uttered music, and gave
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feel- 110
ing,

That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.

Oh! best of delights as it everywhere is
To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapture is his 115
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that *One* by his
side!

If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heaven she must make of
Cashmere!

LORD BYRON

It is in the contrast between his august conceptions of man, and his contemptuous opinions of men, that much of the almost incomprehensible charm, and power, and enchantment, of his poetry consists.—John Wilson

LORD BYRON

LACHIN Y GAIR

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !
In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks, where the snowflake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love :
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains, 5
Round their white summits though elements war ;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing
fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered ;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ; 10
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade ;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story, 15
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland 20
vale.

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car :
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers ;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding 25
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?"
Ah ! were you destined to die at Culloden,

Victory crowned not your fall with applause:
 Still were you happy in death's earthly slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar; 30
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you, 35
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar:
 Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr. 40

1807

MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh give me back my heart!
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest!
 Hear my vow before I go, 5
Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægean wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge; 10
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers that tell 15
 What words can never speak so well;
 By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY 243

Maid of Athens, I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone. 20
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

1810

1812

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

I

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light 5
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

II

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face; 10
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

III

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow, 15
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

June 12, 1814

1815

ANNOUNCING HIS ENGAGEMENT

To Thomas Moore

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 20, 1814

Here's to her who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh!
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

5

My dear Moore,—

I am going to be married—that is, I am accepted, and one usually hopes the rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be), *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with “golden opinions of all sorts of men,” and full of “most blest conditions” as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity,—which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London, and got a blue coat.

15

She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not enquire. But I do know, that she has talents and excellent qualities; and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors and taken me.

20

Now, if you have anything to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the meantime, I tell you (a *secret*, by the by,—at least, till I know she wishes it to be public) that I have proposed and am accepted. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months.

30

I am going to town tomorrow : but expect to be here,
on my way there, within a fortnight.

If this had not happened, I should have gone to 35
Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me
at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I
need not say that nothing will give me greater pleas-
ure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly ; and,
seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall 40
secure my own. She is so good a person, that—that
—in short, I wish I was a better.

Ever, etc.

[Byron]

FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh: 5
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell!—Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;
But in my breast and in my brain, 10
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel ;
I only know we loved in vain— 15
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

'Tis done—but yesterday a king!
And armed with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones, 5
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor field hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind 10
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave, 15
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—It will teach
To after-warriors more, 20
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore 25
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE 247

The earthquake voice of victory, 30
 To thee the breath of life;
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
 Which man seemed made but to obey,
 Wherewith renown was rife—
 All quelled!—Dark Spirit! what must be 35
 The madness of thy memory!

The desolator desolate!
 The victor overthrown!
 The arbiter of others' fate
 A suppliant for his own! 40
 Is it some yet imperial hope
 That with such change can calmly cope?
 Or dread of death alone?
 To die a prince—or live a slave—
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave! 45

He who of old would rend the oak
 Dreamed not of the rebound:
 Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
 Alone—how looked he round?
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength, 50
 An equal deed hast done at length,
 And darker fate hast found:
 He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
 But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart 55
 Was slaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
 In savage grandeur, home—
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne, 60
 Yet left him such a doom!

His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell, 65
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well: 70
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine—nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command 75
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been 80
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne! 85
Fair freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind! 90

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE 249

Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies, 95
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust 100
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate, 105
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deemed contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride; 110
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide? 115
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'Tis worthy thy vanished diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile— 120
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That earth is now as free!

That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

125

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"

130

Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth—
So long obeyed—so little worth!

135

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

140

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

145

150

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest,

155

OH! SNATCHED AWAY

251

As if that foolish robe could wring
 Remembrance from thy breast.
 Where is that faded garment? where
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
 The star, the string, the crest? 160
 Vain froward child of empire! say,
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows, 165
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeathed the name of Washington, 170
 To make man blush there was but one!

1814

1814

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom: 5

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread;
 Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead! 10

Away! we know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
 Will this unteach us to complain?

Or make one mourner weep the less?
 And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

1814

15

1815

MY SOUL IS DARK

MY SOUL is dark—Oh! quickly string
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;
 And let thy gentle fingers fling
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
 If in this heart a hope be dear,
 That sound shall charm it forth again:
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

5

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
 Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
 I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
 Or else this heavy heart will burst;
 For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
 And ached in sleepless silence long;
 And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
 And break at once—or yield to song.

10

15

1814

1815

SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
 Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
 Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
 Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB 253

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow, 5
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart! 10
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us today!

1815

1815

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

I

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green, 5
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

III

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed; 10
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
still!

IV

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, 15
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

VI

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

February 17, 1815

1815

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it
takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone,
which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth
itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck
of happiness

Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of
excess:

The magnet of their course is gone, or only points
in vain

The shore to which their shivered sail shall never
stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself
comes down;

It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream 10
its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of
our tears,

And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the
ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth
distract the breast,

Through midnight hours that yield no more their
former hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret 15
wreath,

All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and
gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have
been,

Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a
vanished scene;

As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,

So, midst the withered waste of life, those tears 20
would flow to me.

SONNET ON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned— 5
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod, 10
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

1816

1816

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

MY HAIR is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears:
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil, 5
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned, and barred—forbidden fare: 10
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death;
 That father perished at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake;
 And for the same his lineal race 15
 In darkness found a dwelling-place;

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON 257

We were seven—who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finished as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage; 20
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have sealed,
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied;
 Three were in a dungeon cast, 25
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp: 35
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away, 40
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years—I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score, 45
 When my last brother drooped and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
 And we were three—yet, each alone;
 We could not move a single pace, 50
 We could not see each other's face.

But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight:
 And thus together—yet apart,
 Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old, 60
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound, not full and free 65
 As they of yore were wont to be:
 It might be fancy, but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
 I ought to do—and did my best;
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven— 75
 For him my soul was sorely moved;
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me 80
 As to young eagles, being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun: 85
 And thus he was as pure and bright,

And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
 And perished in the foremost rank

With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
 His spirit withered with their clank,

I saw it silently decline—

And so perchance in sooth did mine: 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,

Had followed there the deer and wolf

To him his dungeon was a gulf, 105
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
 A thousand feet in depth below,
 Its massy waters meet and flow;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snowy-white battlement,

Which round about the wave inthrals:

A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave.
 Below the surface of the lake 115

The dark vault lies wherein we lay;

We heard it ripple night and day;

Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;

And I have felt the winter's spray

Wash through the bars when winds were high 120

And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free. 125

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunters' fare, 130
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years, 135
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mold 140
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his freeborn breast

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON 261

In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laughed, and laid him there:
 The flat and turfless earth above 160
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
 Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyred father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be 170
 Less wretched now, and one day free;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was withered on the stalk away. 175
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood:
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread;
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 Unmixed with such—but sure and slow: 185
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away

As a departing rainbow's ray;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright, 195
 And not a word of murmur, not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence—lost 200
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listened, but I could not hear; 205
 I called, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I called, and thought I heard a sound—
 I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
 And rushed to him:—I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, *I* only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last, the sole, the dearest link 215
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath—
 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe: 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON 263

I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death. 230

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew;
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none; 235
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night, it was not day; 240
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
No check, no change, no good, no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless! 250

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes 255
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track; 260
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun

Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came 265
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me! 270
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when 275
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON 265

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
 My keepers grew compassionate;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was:—my broken chain
 With links unfastened did remain, 305
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one, 310
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all 320
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery; 325
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow

On high—their wide long lake below, 335
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush ;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue. 350
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all ;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly ; 355
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain ;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode 360
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as in a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppressed
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote.
At last men came to set me free ; 370

FARE THEE WELL

267

I asked not why, and recked not where;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be,
 I learned to love despair.
 And thus when they appeared at last, 375
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home. 380
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place, 385
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learned to dwell;
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends 390
 To make us what we are:—even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

1816

FARE THEE WELL

“Alas! they had been friends in youth;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain;

* * * * *

But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,

Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."
 —COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare thee well:
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee 5
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought could show! 10
 Then thou wouldst at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee, 15
 Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embraced me,
 To inflict a cureless wound? 20

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth, 25
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that we no more may meet.

FARE THEE WELL

269

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead ; 30
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father !" 35
 Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is pressed,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love had blessed ! 40

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest, 45
 All my madness none can know ;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;
 Pride, which not a world could bow, 50
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle 55
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well ! thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie.

Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

60

March 18, 1816

1816

STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming:

5

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

10

15

March 28, 1816

1816

STANZAS TO AUGUSTA

I

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

5

II

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine, 10
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion, 15
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

III

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave. 20
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me;
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

IV

Though human, thou didst not deceive me, 25
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake:
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly, 30
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

V

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
 Nor the war of the many with one;
 If my soul was not fitted to prize it, 35
 'Twas folly not sooner to shun:
 And if dearly that error hath cost me,
 And more than I once could foresee,
 I have found that, whatever it lost me,
 It could not deprive me of *thee*. 40

VI

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
 Thus much I at least may recall,
 It hath taught me that what I most cherished
 Deserved to be dearest of all:
 In the desert a fountain is springing, 45
 In the wide waste there still is a tree,
 And a bird in the solitude singing,
 Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

1816

1816

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow— 10

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

273

It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame:
 I hear thy name spoken, 15
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear? 20
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well:—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met— 25
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years, 30
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.

1808

1816

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

MY SISTER! my sweet sister! if a name
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine;
 Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 No tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same— 5
 A loved regret which I would not resign.
 There are yet two things in my destiny,—
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness; 10
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,— 15
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,
I have sustained my share of worldly shocks, 20
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward. 25
My whole life was a contest, since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marred
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walked astray;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay: 30
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;
And when I look on this, the petty spray 35
Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain. 40

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air
(For even to this may change of soul refer, 45
And with light armor we may learn to bear),
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks, 50
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks;
And even at moments I could think I see 55
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;
But something worthier do such scenes inspire: 60
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow 65
The fool of my own wishes, and forget
The solitude, which I have vaunted so,
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;
There may be others which I less may show;—
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet 70
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,
And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,
 By the old hall which may be mine no more.
 Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake 75
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:
 Sad havoc time must with my memory make,
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;
 Though, like all things which I have loved, they
 are
 Resigned forever, or divided far. 80

The world is all before me; I but ask
 Of nature that with which she will comply—
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
 To see her gentle face without a mask, 85
 And never gaze on it with apathy.
 She was my early friend, and now shall be
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;
 And that I would not;—for at length I see 90
 Such scenes as those wherein my life begun,
 The earliest—even the only paths for me;
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,
 I had been better than I now can be;
 The passions which have torn me would have 95
 slept;
 I had not suffered, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false ambition what had I to do?
 Little with love, and least of all with fame;
 And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
 And made me all which they can make—a name. 100
 Yet this was not the end I did pursue;
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.

But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may 105
From me demand but little of my care;
I have outlived myself by many a day,
Having survived so many things that were;
My years have been no slumber, but the prey
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share 110
Of life which might have filled a century,
Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come
I am content; and for the past I feel
Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum 115
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal;
And for the present, I would not benumb
My feelings further.—Nor shall I conceal
That with all this I still can look around,
And worship nature with a thought profound. 120

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;
We were and are—I am, even as thou art—
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;
It is the same, together or apart, 125
From life's commencement to its slow decline
We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last!

1816

1830

DARKNESS

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars

Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air; 5
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no
day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones, 10
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face; 15
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contained;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks 20
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest 25
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again 30
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled: the wild birds
shrieked
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled 35
And twined themselves among the multitude,

Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food!
And war, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again:—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart 40
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh; 45
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead 50
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two 55
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they raked up, 60
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld 65
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump 70
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.

The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
 And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea, 75
 And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they
 dropped

They slept on the abyss without a surge—
 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air, 80
 And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

1816

1816

PROMETHEUS

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
 The sufferings of mortality,
 Seen in their sad reality,
 Were not as things that gods despise;
 What was thy pity's recompense? 5
 A silent suffering, and intense;
 The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
 All that the proud can feel of pain,
 The agony they do not show,
 The suffocating sense of woe, 10
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given 15
 Between the suffering and the will,
 Which torture where they cannot kill;
 And the inexorable Heaven,
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,

The ruling principle of Hate, 20
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die :
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well. 25
All that the thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack ;
The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell ; 30
And in thy silence was his sentence,
And in his soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled,
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind, 35
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen man with his own mind ;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy, 40
In the endurance, and repulse
Of thine impenetrable spirit,
Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit :
Thou art a symbol and a sign 45
To mortals of their fate and force ;
Like thee, man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source ;
And man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny ; 50
His wretchedness, and his resistance,
And his sad unallied existence :
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,

And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concentrated recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making death a victory.

55

1816

1816

SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN

ROUSSEAU, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and De Staël—
Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore,
Thy shore of names like these!—Wert thou no more
Their memory thy remembrance would recall:
To them thy banks were lovely as to all,
But they have made them lovelier, for the lore
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by *thee*
How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we feel,
In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!

5

10

1816

1816

HIS MANNER OF LIFE IN VENICE

Venice, December 27, 1816

To John Murray:—

Dear Sir,—

As the news of Venice must be very interesting
to you, I will regale you with it.

5

Yesterday being the feast of St. Stephen, every
mouth was put in motion. There was nothing but
fiddling and playing on the virginals, and all kinds
of conceits and divertisements, on every canal of

this aquatic city. I dined with the Countess Albrizzi 10
 and a Paduan and Venetian party, and afterwards
 went to the opera, at the Fenice theatre (which opens
 for the Carnival on that day),—the finest, by the
 way, I have ever seen; it beats *our* theatres hollow
 in beauty and scenery, and those of Milan and Bre- 15
 scia bow before it. The opera and its sirens were
 much like all other operas and women, but the sub-
 ject of the said opera was something edifying; it
 turned—the plot and conduct thereof—upon a fact
 narrated by Livy of a hundred and fifty married 20
 ladies having poisoned a hundred and fifty husbands
 in the good old times. The bachelors of Rome be-
 lieved this extraordinary mortality to be merely the
 common effect of matrimony or a pestilence; but the
 surviving Benedicts, being all seized with the colic, 25
 examined into the matter, and found that “their pos-
 sets had been drugged”; the consequence of which
 was much scandal and several suits at law. This
 is really and truly the subject of the musical piece
 at the Fenice; and you can’t conceive what pretty 30
 things are sung and recitativoed about the *horrenda*
strage. The conclusion was a lady’s head about to
 be chopped off by a lictor, but (I am sorry to say)
 he left it on, and she got up and sung a trio with
 the two consuls, the Senate in the background being 35
 chorus.

The ballet was distinguished by nothing remark-
 able, except that the principal she-dancer went into
 convulsions because she was not applauded on her
 first appearance; and the manager came forward to 40
 ask if there was “ever a physician in the theatre.”
 There was a Greek one in my box, whom I wished
 very much to volunteer his services, being sure that
 in this case these would have been the last convul-
 sions which would have troubled the *ballerina*; but 45
 he would not.

The crowd was enormous; and in coming out, having a lady under my arm, I was obliged, in making way, almost to "beat a Venetian and traduce the state," being compelled to regale a person with an English punch in the guts, which sent him as far back as the squeeze and the passage would admit. He did not ask for another; but, with great signs of disapprobation and dismay, appealed to his compatriots, who laughed at him.

I am going on with my Armenian studies in a morning, and assisting and stimulating in the English portion of an English and Armenian grammar, now publishing at the convent of St. Lazarus. The Superior of the Friars is a bishop, and a fine old fellow, with the beard of a meteor. My spiritual preceptor, pastor, and master, Father Paschal, is also a learned and pious soul: he was two years in England.

I am still dreadfully in love with the Adriatic lady whom I spoke of in a former letter (and *not* in *this*—I add, for fear of mistakes; for the only one mentioned in the first part of this epistle is elderly and bookish, two things which I have ceased to admire); and love in this part of the world is no sinecure. This is also the season when everybody make [*sic*] up their intrigues for the ensuing year, and cut for partners for the next deal.

And now, if you don't write, I don't know what I won't say or do, nor what I will: send me some news—good news.

Yours very truly, etc., etc., etc.

B

P. S.—Remember me to Mr. G[ifford], with all duty.

I hear that the *E[dinburgh] R[evue]* has cut up Coleridge's *Christabel*, and me for praising it, which omen, I think, bodes no great good to your forth-

come or coming Canto and Castle (of Chillon): my
run of luck within the last year seems to have 85
taken a turn every way; but never mind, I will bring
myself through in the end—if not, I can but be where
I began: in the meantime, I am not displeased to be
where I am—I mean, at Venice. My Adriatic nymph
is this moment here, and I must therefore repose 90
from this letter, “rocked by the beating of her
heart.”

[CHILDE HAROLD'S CHARACTER]

FROM CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO III

Is THY face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start, 5

The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad
mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more! 10
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale, 15
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail

Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
prevail.

In my youth's summer I did sing of one,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind ; 20
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards : in that tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind, 25
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower ap-
pears.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar : it may be, that in vain 30
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling ;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem 35
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him ; nor below
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife, 40
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance : he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted 45
cell.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense than we endow

With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.

What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou, 50
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible, but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings'
dearth.

Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought 55
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:

And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned. 'Tis too late! 60
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal. 65
Long absent Harold reappears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er
heal;

Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal 70
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
brim.

His had been quaffed too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood; but he filled again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground, 75
And deemed its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisible a chain
Which galled forever, fettering though unseen,

And heavy though it clanked not; worn with
 pain,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and grew 80
 keen,
 Entering with every step he took through many a
 scene.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed
 And sheathed with an invulnerable mind, 85
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind;
 And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
 Fit speculation; such as in strange land
 He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's 90
 hand.

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
 To wear it? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty' cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds un- 95
 fold
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
 Harold, once more within the vortex, rolled
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit 100
 Of men to herd with man; with whom he held
 Little in common; untaught to submit
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was
 quelled
 In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompelled,
 He would not yield dominion of his mind 105

To spirits against whom his own rebelled;
Proud though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were
friends;
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home; 110
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome 115
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the lake.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born 120
jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link 125
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its
brink.

But in man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home: 130
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat. 135

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
 With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
 That all was over on this side the tomb,
 Had made Despair a smilingness assume, 140
 Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the plundered
 wreck

When mariners would madly meet their doom
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck,—
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

[WATERLOO]

Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust! 145
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None; but *the moral's truth* tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;— 150
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo! 155
 How in an hour the power which gave annuls
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
 In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through; 160
 Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
 He wears the shattered links of the world's broken
 chain.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
 And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?
 Did nations combat to make *one* submit; 165

Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
 What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
 The patched-up idol of enlightened days?
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze 170
 And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye
 praise!

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
 In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot tears
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
 The trampler of her vineyards; in vain, years 175
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
 Of roused-up millions; all that most endears
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
 Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord. 180

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when 185
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind, 190
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure
 meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once 195
 more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear 200
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier, 205
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago 210
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes, 215
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war; 220
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! 225
They come! they come!"

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 293

And wild and high the *Cameron's Gathering* rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes:—

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which 230
fills

Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, 235
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow 240
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay, 245
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay, 250
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine :
 Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line, 255
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow song;
 And his was of the bravest, and when showered
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered, 260
 They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gal-
 lant Howard !

There have been tears and breaking hearts for
 thee,
 And mine were nothing had I such to give ;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
 Which living waves where thou didst cease to live, 265
 And saw around me the wide field revive
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
 Came forth her work of gladness to contrive,
 With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
 I turned from all she brought to those she could not 270
 bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake 275
 Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound of
 fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, 280
 mourn
 The tree will wither long before it fall ;

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 295

The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
 The roof-tree sinks, but molders on the hall
 In massy hoariness ; the ruined wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ; 285
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;
 The day drags through, though storms keep out
 the sun ;

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies ; and makes 290
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
 Living in shattered guise ; and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches, 295
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it were 300
 As nothing did we die ; but life will suit
 Itself to sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
 All ashes to the taste. Did man compute
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er 305
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would he
 name threescore ?

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man :
 They are enough ; and if thy tale be *true*,
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting
 span,
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo ! 310
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and say—

“Here, where the sword united nations drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that day!”
And this is much, and all which will not pass away. 315

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt;
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt, 320
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the thunderer of the
scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou! 325
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of fame,
Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert 330
A god unto thyself! nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst
assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field; 335
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled, 340
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest
star.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 297

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
 With that untaught innate philosophy,
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride, 345
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
 When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
 To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast
 smiled
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
 When fortune fled her spoiled and favorite child, 350
 He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
 Ambition steeled thee on too far to show
 That just habitual scorn, which could contemn
 Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so 355
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
 Till they were turned unto thine overthrow:
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who 360
 choose.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
 Such scorn of man had helped to brave the shock;
 But men's thoughts were the steps which paved
 thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone; 365
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell, 370
 And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire

And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore, 375
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; conquerors and kings, 380
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Enviied, yet how unenviable! what stings 385
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or
rule:

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife, 390
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by, 395
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below. 400
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow

Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits 405
led.

Away with these! true wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine, 410
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain,
vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly
dwells.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind, 415
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud;
Banners on high, and battles passed below; 420
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state 425
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have
But history's purchased page to call them great? 430
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full
as brave.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
 And love, which lent a blazon to their shields, 435
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won, 440
 Saw the discolored Rhine beneath its ruin run.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
 Through banks whose beauty would endure forever
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so, 445
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
 Earth paved like heaven; and to seem such to me,
 Even now what wants thy stream?—that it should 450
 Lethe be.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have passed away,
 And slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks;
 Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
 Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday, 455
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
 Glassed, with its dancing light, the sunny ray;
 But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
 Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they
 seem.

Thus Harold inly said, and passed along, 460
 Yet not insensible to all which here
 Awoke the jocund birds to early song
 In glens which might have made even exile dear:
 Though on his brow were graven lines austere,

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 301

And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en the place 465
 Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
 Joy was not always absent from his face,
 But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient
 trace.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
 Of passion had consumed themselves to dust. 470
 It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
 On such as smile upon us ; the heart must
 Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
 Hath weaned it from all worldlings : thus he felt,
 For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust 475
 In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

And he had learned to love,—I know not why,
 For this in such as him seems strange of mood,—
 The helpless looks of blooming infancy, 480
 Even in its earliest nurture ; what subdued,
 To change like this, a mind so far imbued
 With scorn of man, it little boots to know ;
 But thus it was ; and though in solitude
 Small power the nipped affections have to grow, 485
 In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to
 glow.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
 Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
 Than the church links withal ; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise, 490
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities
 Still undivided, and cemented more
 By peril, dreaded most in female eyes ;
 But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
 Well to that heart might his these absent greetings 495
 pour !

THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHENFELS

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees, 500
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strewed a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert *thou* with me. 505

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray; 510
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine! 515

I send the lilies given to me;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must withered be,
 But yet reject them not as such;
 For I have cherished them as dear, 520
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
 And offered from my heart to thine! 525

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round:
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound 530
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine! 535

[RHINE, ALPS, AND LAKE LEMAN]

By COBLENTZ, on a rise of gentle ground,
 There is a small and simple pyramid,
 Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
 Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
 Our enemy's—but let not that forbid 540
 Honor to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
 Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's
 lid,
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,— 545
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
 For he was freedom's champion, one of those,
 The few in number, who had not o'erstept 550
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him
 wept.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height 555
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
But Peace destroyed what war could never blight, 560
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had poured in
vain.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united 565
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere, 570
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colored by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign 575
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful heart of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days. 580

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 305

The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been, 585
 In mockery of man's art; and these withal
 A race of faces happy as the scene,
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
 Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near
 them fall.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps, 590
 The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow! 595
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show
 How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man
 below.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
 There is a spot should not be passed in vain,— 600
 Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
 May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
 Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;
 Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
 A bony heap, through ages to remain, 605
 Themselves their monument;—the Stygian coast
 Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each wan-
 dering ghost.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
 They were true Glory's stainless victories, 610
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand
 Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
 All unbought champions in no princely cause

Of vice-entailed corruption; they no land
Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws 615
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic
clause.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze 620
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levelled Aventicum, hath strewed her subject lands. 625

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
Her youth to heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would 630
crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one
dust.

But these are deeds which should not pass away, 635
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and
birth;
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe, 640
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 307

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
 The mirror where the stars and mountains view 645
 The stillness of their aspect in each trace
 Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:
 There is too much of man here, to look through
 With a fit mind the might which I behold;
 But soon in me shall Loneliness renew 650
 Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
 Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their
 fold.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:
 All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
 Nor is it discontent to keep the mind 655
 Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
 In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
 Of our infection, till too late and long
 We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong 660
 Midst a contentious world, striving where none are
 strong.

There, in a moment we may plunge our years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
 And color things to come with hues of Night; 665
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness: on the sea
 The boldest steer but where their ports invite;
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er 670
 shall be.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,

Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make 675
 A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or
 bear?

I live not in myself, but I become 680
 Portion of that around me; and to me
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture: I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain, 685
 Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life:
 I look upon the peopled desert past, 690
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the blast 695
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
 Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being
 cling.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
 From what it hates in this degraded form,
 Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be 700
 Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
 When elements to elements conform,
 And dust is as it should be, shall I not
 Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 309

The bodiless thought? the spirit of each spot? 705
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal
lot?

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn 710
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare 715
not glow?

[ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION]

BUT this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on one, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire 720
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau, 725
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he
knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast 730
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue

Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and
fast.

His love was passion's essence:—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame 735
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamored, were to him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became 740
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss 745
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would
meet;
But to that gentle touch through brain and breast
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest 750
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banished; for his mind
Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind, 755
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and
blind.
But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may
know?
Since cause might be which skill could never
find;

But he was phrensied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning 760
show.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
Did he not this for France? which lay before 765
Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath which follows o'er-
grown fears?

They made themselves a fearful monument! 770
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they
rent,
And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild 775
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour re-
filled,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-willed.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it 780
felt.

They might have used it better, but allured
By their new vigor, sternly have they dealt
On one another; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt, 785

They were not eagles, nourished with the day;
 What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their
 prey?

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
 That which disfigures it; and they who war 790
 With their own hopes, and have been vanquished,
 bear

Silence, but not submission: in his lair
 Fixed Passion holds his breath, until the hour
 Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
 It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power 795
 To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring. 800
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved
 Torn Ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been 805
 so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darkened Jura, whose cap't heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near, 810
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol
 more.

He is an evening reveller, who makes 815
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dew 820
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars which are the poetry of heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate 825
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create 830
 In us such love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named them-
 selves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:— 835
 All heaven and earth are still. From the high host
 Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
 All is centered in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense 840
 Of that which is of all Creator and Defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone;
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,
 And purifies from self: it is a tone, 845
 The soul and source of music, which makes known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm

Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm. 850

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak, 855
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

Thy sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh 860
night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud, 865
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be 870
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee 875
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
birth.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 315

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way be-
tween

Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene, 880
That they can meet no more, though broken-
hearted;

Though in their souls, which thus each other
thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then de-
parted:

Itself expired, but leaving them an age 885
Of years all winters,—war within themselves to
wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his
way,

The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand, 890
Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath
forked

His lightnings,—as if he did understand
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein 895
lurked.

Sky, mountains, rivers, winds, lake, lightning,
ye!

With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll 900
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?

Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now 905
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or
weak,

All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word, 910
And that one word were Lightning, I would
speak;

But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a
sword.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom, 915
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room 920
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate
thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above 925
The very glaciers have his colors caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks, 930
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos,
then mocks.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 317

Clarens by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
 Undying love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains; where the god
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown 935
 Not on those summits solely nor alone
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate 940
 hour.

All things are here of *him*; from the black pines,
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
 Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
 Which slope his green path downward to the
 shore,
 Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore, 945
 Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it
 stood,
 Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds, 950
 And fairy-formed and many-colored things,
 Who worship him with notes more sweet than
 words,
 And innocently open their glad wings,
 Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend 955
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
 Mingling, and made by love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that
 lore,
 And make his heart a spirit; he who knows 960

That tender mystery, will love the more;
 For this is love's recess, where vain men's woes,
 And the world's waste, have driven him far from
 those,
 For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
 He stands not still, but or decays, or grows 965
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
 Peopling it with affections; but he found
 It was the scene which passion must allot 970
 To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
 Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
 And hallowed it with loveliness; 'tis lone,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
 And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone 975
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared
 a throne.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
 Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
 Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous
 roads,
 A path to perpetuity of fame: 980
 They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
 Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 Thoughts which should call down thunder, and
 the flame
 Of heaven again assailed, if heaven the while
 On man and man's research could deign do more 985
 than smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 319

Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
 He multiplied himself among mankind, 990
 The Proteus of their talents; but his own
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
 Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
 Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought, 995
 And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
 And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
 Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell, 1000
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from
 fear,
 And doomed him to the zealot's ready hell,
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
 If merited, the penalty is paid; 1005
 It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
 The hour must come when such things shall be
 made
 Known unto all, or hope and dread allayed
 By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,
 Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed; 1010
 And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
 'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
 His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
 This page, which from my reveries I feed, 1015
 Until it seems prolonging without end.
 The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
 And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er

May be permitted, as my steps I bend
 To their most great and growing region, where¹⁰²⁰
 The earth to her embrace compels the powers of
 air.

Italia too, Italia! looking on thee,
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
 To the last halo of the chiefs and sages¹⁰²⁵
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still
 The fount at which the panting mind assuages
 Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
 Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial¹⁰³⁰
 hill.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
 Renewed with no kind auspices:—to feel
 We are not what we have been, and to deem
 We are not what we should be, and to steel
 The heart against itself; and to conceal,¹⁰³⁵
 With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
 Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or zeal,—
 Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
 Is a stern task of soul:—no matter,—it is taught.

And for these words, thus woven into song,¹⁰⁴⁰
 It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
 The coloring of the scenes which fleet along,
 Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
 My breast, or that of others, for a while.
 Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not¹⁰⁴⁵
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
 I stood and stand alone,—remembered or forgot.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 321

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
 I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed 1050
 To its idolatries a patient knee,
 Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such; I stood
 Amongst them, but not of them; in a shroud 1055
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and
 still could,
 Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
 But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may 1060
 be
 Words which are things, hopes which will not
 deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing; I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem, 1065
 That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun;
 My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end;
 I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none
 Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend 1070
 To whom the shadows of far years extend:
 Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
 And reach into thy heart, when mine is cold,
 A token and a tone, even from thy father's mold. 1075

To aid thy mind's development, to watch
 Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see
 Almost thy very growth, to view thee catch
 Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to thee!

To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee, 1080
 And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
 This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
 Yet this was in my nature: as it is,
 I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

Yet, though dull hate as duty should be taught, 1085
 I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
 Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
 With desolation, and a broken claim:
 Though the grave closed between us,—'twere the
 same,
 I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain 1090
 My blood from out thy being were an aim,
 And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than life
 retain.

The child of love, though born in bitterness,
 And nurtured in convulsion,—of thy sire 1095
 These were the elements, and thine no less.
 As yet such are around thee, but thy fire
 Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea
 And from the mountains where I now respire, 1100
 Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been
 to me.

1816

1816

[VENICE]

FROM CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

CANTO IV

I stood in Venice, on the "Bridge of Sighs";
 A palace and a prison on each hand:

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 323

I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand 5
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, 10
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their
dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East 15
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier; 20
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear, 25
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond 30
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,

And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er, 35
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence: that which Fate 40
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void. 45

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun; 110
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
 Are they not *bridled*?—Venice, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she rose!
 Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun, 115
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre;
 Her very by-word sprung from victory,
 The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire 120
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight! 125
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

Statues of glass—all shivered—the long file
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 325

But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous
 pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust; 130
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
 Too oft remind her who and what enthrals,
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls. 135

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
 And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
 Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,
 Her voice their only ransom from afar:
 See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car 140
 Of the o'ermastered victor stops, the reins
 Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar
 Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his
 strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine, 145
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
 Thy choral memory of the bard divine,
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all, 150
 Albion! to thee: the ocean queen should not
 Abandon ocean's children; in the fall
 Of Venice, think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me
 Was as a fairy city of the heart, 155
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's
 art,

Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
 Although I found her thus, we did not part; 160
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

I can repeople with the past—and of
 The present there is still for eye and thought,
 And meditation chastened down, enough; 165
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought
 Within the web of my existence, some
 From thee, fair Venice! have their colors caught:
 There are some feelings time cannot benumb 170
 Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold and
 dumb.

.

But my soul wanders; I demand it back
 To meditate amongst decay, and stand
 A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
 Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er a land 220
 Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
 And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be
 The master-mold of nature's heavenly hand;
 Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
 The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea, 225

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all art yields, and nature can decree;
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee? 230
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes' fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 327

The moon is up, and yet it is not night; 235
 Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colors seems to be,—
 Melted to one vast Iris of the west,— 240
 Where the day joins the past eternity,
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still 245
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
 As day and night contending were, until
 Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil 250
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within
 it glows,

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star, 255
 Their magical variety diffuse:
 And now they change; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new color as it gasps away, 260
 The last still loveliest,—till—'tis gone—and all is
 gray.

[ROME]

OH ROME! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee, 695
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control

In their shut breasts their petty misery,
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and
see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye! 700
Whose agonies are evils of a day—

A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands, 705

Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness? 710

Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her dis-
tress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and
Fire,

Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride, 715

Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:

Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,

O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,

And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly 720
night?

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest between
Man and his Maker—but of things allowed,

Averred, and known, and daily, hourly seen:—

The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed, 850

And the intent of tyranny avowed,

The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 329

The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the
throne—
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done. 855

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild, 860
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such
shore?

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime, 865
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamant wall, 870
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—
his second fall.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind; 875
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts, and still the seed we find 880
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North:
So shall a better Spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line, 1145
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here to illumine
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine 1150
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of
 heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given 1155
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
 And magic in the ruined battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour 1160
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

Oh time! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled;
 Time! the corrector when our judgments err, 1165
 The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,
 For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer—
 Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee 1170
 a gift:

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate,
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
 Ruins of years, though few, yet full of fate:
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate, 1175

Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?

And thou, who never yet of human wrong 1180
 Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
 Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
 Thou who didst call the furies from the abyss,
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
 For that unnatural retribution—just, 1185
 Had it but been from hands less near—in this
 Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
 Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou shalt,
 and must.

It is not that I may not have incurred
 For my ancestral faults or mine the wound 1190
 I bleed withal, and, had it been conferred
 With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound;
 But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;
 To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and 1195
 found,
 Which if *I* have not taken for the sake ——
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
 I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow, 1200
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
 But in this page a record will I seek.
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
 Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse, 1205
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

That curse shall be forgiveness.—Have I not—
 Hear me, my mother earth! behold it, heaven!
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven? 1210
 Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapped, name blighted, life's life lied away?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey. 1215

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
 Have I not seen what human things could do?
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew, 1220
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
 Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain: 1225
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and time, and breathe when I expire;
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of, 1230
 Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
 Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread
 power!

Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here 1235
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear

Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear 1240
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man. 1245
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but be-
cause

Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot? 1250
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low— 1255
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the 1260
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play, 1265
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody¹²⁷⁰
stream;

And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream

Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;

Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise,
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,¹²⁷⁵

My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint
rays

On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely
loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass

Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared; ¹²⁸⁰

Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,

And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.

Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?

Alas! developed, opens the decay,

When the colossal fabric's form is neared: ¹²⁸⁵

It will not bear the brightness of the day,

Which streams too much on all, years, man, have reft
away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb

Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;

When the stars twinkle through the loops of¹²⁹⁰
time,

And the low night-breeze waves along the air

The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,

Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;

When the light shines serene but doth not glare,

Then in this magic circle raise the dead: ¹²⁹⁵

Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye
tread.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 335

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World."

From our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall 1300
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unaltered all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what 1305
ye will.

.

[SOLITUDE AND THE OCEAN]

OH! THAT the desert were my dwelling-place, 1585
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not 1590
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore, 1595
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before, 1600
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control 1605
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan, 1610
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and un-
 known.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
 wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise, 1615
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay. 1620

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take 1625
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—1630
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were
 free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;— 1635

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE 337

Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,— 1640
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime 1645
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy 1650
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near, 1655
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

My task is done, my song hath ceased, my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit 1660
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ;
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and 1665
low.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
 A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!
 Ye! who have traced the pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell 1670
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell;
 Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his
 strain.
 1817 1818

MANFRED

A DRAMATIC POEM

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MANFRED	WITCH OF THE ALPS
CHAMOIS HUNTER	ARIMANES
ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE	NEMESIS
MANUEL	THE DESTINIES
HERMAN	SPIRITS, &c

The SCENE of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—
 partly in the Castle of Manfred, and partly in the Moun-
 tains.

ACT I

SCENE I

MANFRED *alone*.—*Scene, a Gothic Gallery. Time,*
Midnight.

Man. The lamp must be replenished, but even
 then
 It will not burn so long as I must watch:
 My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,

But a continuance of enduring thought,
 Which then I can resist not: in my heart 5
 There is a vigil, and these eyes but close
 To look within; and yet I live, and bear
 The aspect and the form of breathing men.
 But grief should be the instructor of the wise;
 Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most 10
 Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
 The tree of knowledge is not that of life.
 Philosophy and science, and the springs
 Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
 I have essayed, and in my mind there is 15
 A power to make these subject to itself—
 But they avail not: I have done men good,
 And I have met with good even among men—
 But this availed not: I have had my foes,
 And none have baffled, many fallen before me— 20
 But this availed not:—Good, or evil, life,
 Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,
 Have been to me as rain unto the sands,
 Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,
 And feel the curse to have no natural fear, 25
 Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,
 Or lurking love of something on the earth.
 Now to my task.—

Mysterious agency!

Ye spirits of the unbounded universe!
 Whom I have sought in darkness and in light— 30
 Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell
 In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops
 Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,
 And earth's and ocean's caves familiar things—
 I call upon ye by the written charm 35
 Which gives me power upon you—Rise! Appear!

[*A pause.*]

They come not yet.—Now by the voice of him
 Who is the first among you—by this sign,

Which makes you tremble—by the claims of him
 Who is undying,—Rise! Appear —Appear! 40
[A pause.]

If it be so—Spirits of earth and air,
 Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,
 Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,
 Which had its birthplace in a star condemned,
 The burning wreck of a demolished world, 45
 A wandering hell in the eternal space
 By the strong curse which is upon my soul,
 The thought which is within me and around me,
 I do compel ye to my will—Appear!

*[A star is seen at the darker end of the gallery:
 it is stationary; and a voice is heard singing.]*

First Spirit

Mortal! to thy bidding bowed, 50
 From my mansion in the cloud,
 Which the breath of twilight builds
 And the summer's sunset gilds
 With the azure and vermillion,
 Which is mixed for my pavilion; 55
 Though thy quest may be forbidden,
 On a star-beam I have ridden:
 To thine adjuration bowed,
 Mortal—be thy wish avowed!

Voice of the Second Spirit

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains; 60
 They crowned him long ago
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow.
 Around his waist are forests braced,
 The avalanche in his hand; 65
 But ere it fall, that thundering ball
 Must pause for my command.

The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day;
But I am he who bids it pass, 70
Or with its ice delay.
I am the spirit of the place,
Could make the mountain bow
And quiver to his caverned base—
And what with me would *thou*? 75

Voice of the Third Spirit

In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life, 80
Where the mermaid is decking
Her green hair with shells,
Like the storm on the surface
Came the sound of thy spells;
O'er my calm Hall of Coral
The deep echo rolled— 85
To the Spirit of Ocean
Thy wishes unfold!

Fourth Spirit

Where the slumbering earthquake
Lies pillowed on fire,
And the lakes of bitumen 90
Rise boilingly higher;
Where the roots of the Andes
Strike deep in the earth,
As their summits to heaven
Shoot soaringly forth; 95
I have quitted my birthplace,
Thy bidding to bide—
Thy spell hath subdued me,
Thy will be my guide!

Fifth Spirit

I am the rider of the wind, 100
 The stirrer of the storm;
 The hurricane I left behind
 Is yet with lightning warm;
 To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
 I swept upon the blast: 105
 The fleet I met sailed well, and yet
 'Twill sink ere night be past.

Sixth Spirit

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,
 Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

Seventh Spirit

The star which rules thy destiny 110
 Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:
 It was a world as fresh and fair
 As e'er revolved round sun in air;
 Its course was free and regular,
 Space bosomed not a lovelier star. 115
 The hour arrived—and it became
 A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
 A pathless comet, and a curse,
 The menace of the universe;
 Still rolling on with innate force, 120
 Without a sphere, without a course,
 A bright deformity on high,
 The monster of the upper sky!
 And thou! beneath its influence born—
 Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn— 125
 Forced by a power (which is not thine,
 And lent thee but to make thee mine)
 For this brief moment to descend,
 Where these weak spirits round thee bend

And parley with a thing like thee—
What wouldst thou, child of clay! with me? 130

The Seven Spirits

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star,
Are at thy beck and bidding, child of clay!
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—
What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say? 125

Man. Forgetfulness—

First Spirit. Of what—of whom—and why?

Man. Of that which is within me; read it there—
Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

Spirit. We can but give thee that which we 140
possess:

Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
O'er earth—the whole, or portion—or a sign .
Which shall control the elements, whereof
We are the dominators,—each and all,
These shall be thine. 145

Man. Oblivion, self-oblivion!

Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

Spirit. It is not in our essence, in our skill;
But—thou may'st die.

Man. Will death bestow it on me?

Spirit. We are immortal, and do not forget; 150
We are eternal; and to us the past
Is, as the future, present. Art thou answered?

Man. Ye mock me—but the power which brought
ye here

Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will!
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark, 155
The lightning of my being, is as bright,
Pervading, and far darting as your own,
And shall not yield to yours, though cooped in clay!
Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

Spirit. We answer as we answered; our reply 160
Is even in thine own words.

Man.

Why say ye so?

Spirit. If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,
We have replied in telling thee, the thing
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

Man. I then have called ye from your realms in 165
vain;

Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

Spirit.

Say,

What we possess we offer; it is thine:
Bethink ere thou dismiss us; ask again—
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of
days—

Man. Accursed! what have I to do with days? 170
They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

Spirit. Yet pause: being here, our will would
do thee service;

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift
Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

Man. No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we 175
part,

I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are, 180
Or one, or all, in your accustomed forms.

Spirit. We have no forms, beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

Man. I have no choice; there is no form on earth 185
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,

Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

*Seventh Spirit (appearing in the shape of a beauti-
ful female figure).* Behold!

Man. Oh God! if it be thus, and *thou*
Art not a madness and a mockery, 190
I yet might be most happy, I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—

[*The figure vanishes.*

My heart is crushed!

[*MANFRED falls senseless.*

(*A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.*)

When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave, 195

And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill, 200

Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades that will not vanish, 205
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;

Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud; 210
And forever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye
As a thing that, though unseen, 215
Must be near thee, and hath been;
And when in that secret dread
Thou hast turned around thy head,

Thou shalt marvel I am not
As thy shadow on the spot, 220
And the power which thou dost feel
Shall be what thou must conceal.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air 225
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall night deny
All the quiet of her sky; 230
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring 235
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatched the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm; 240
In proving every poison known,
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye, 245
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy;
By the perfection of thine art
Which passed for human thine own heart;
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain, 250
I call upon thee! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial
Which doth devote thee to this trial;
Nor to slumber, nor to die, 255
Shall be in thy destiny;
Though thy death shall still seem near
To thy wish, but as a fear;
Lo! the spell now works around thee,
And the clankless chain hath bound thee; 260
O'er thy heart and brain together
Hath the word been passed—now wither!

SCENE II

The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time, Morning.—

MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.

Man. The spirits I have raised abandon me,
The spells which I have studied baffle me,
The remedy I recked of tortured me;
I lean no more on superhuman aid;
It hath no power upon the past, and for 5
The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother earth!
And thou fresh breaking day, and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe, 10
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs 15
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest forever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge; 20
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:

There is a power upon me which withholds,
 And makes it my fatality to live;
 If it be life to wear within myself 25
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
 To justify my deeds unto myself—
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
 Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister, 30
[An eagle passes.]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
 Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
 Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
 Yet pierces downward, onward, or above, 35
 With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
 How beautiful is all this visible world!
 How glorious in its action and itself!
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit 40
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will,
 Till our mortality predominates, 45
 And men are—what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,
*[The Shepherd's pipe in the distance
is heard.]*

The natural music of the mountain reed—
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air, 50
 Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
 My soul would drink those echoes. Oh, that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying 55
 With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.

Chamois Hunter.

Even so

This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet
Have baffled me; my gains today will scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is here?
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath reached 60
A height which none even of our mountaineers,
Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this distance:
I will approach him nearer. 65

Man. (not perceiving the other). To be thus—
Gray-haired with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus, 70
Having been otherwise! Now furrowed o'er
With wrinkles, ploughed by moments,—not by
years,—

And hours, all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down 75
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut 80
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise from up the
valley;

I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the glaciers; 85
clouds

Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles.—I am giddy.

C. Hun. I must approach him cautiously; if near, 90
A sudden step will startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters; 95
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crushed the waters into mist and made
Their fountains find another channel—thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg—
Why stood I not beneath it? 100

C. Hun. Friend! have a care,
Your next step may be fatal!—for the love
Of him who made you, stand not on that brink!

Man. (not hearing him). Such would have been
for me a fitting tomb;
My bones had then been quiet in their depth;
They had not then been strewn upon the rocks 105
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus they shall
be—

In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens!
Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
Ye were not meant for me—Earth! take these
atoms!

[*As MANFRED is in act to spring from the
cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and
retains him with a sudden grasp.*]

C. Hun. Hold, madman!—though aweary of thy 110
life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood:
Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me
not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl

Spinning around me—I grow blind—

115

What art thou?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon. Away with me!

The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me—

Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling

A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,

And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—

120

The Chalet will be gained within an hour:

Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,

And something like a pathway, which the torrent

Hath washed since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely

done—

You should have been a hunter.—Follow me. 125

*[As they descend the rocks with difficulty,
the scene closes.]*

ACT II

SCENE I

A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER

C. Hun. No, no—yet pause—thou must not yet
go forth:

Thy mind and body are alike unfit

To trust each other, for some hours, at least;

When thou art better, I will be thy guide—

But whither?

5

Man. It imports not: I do know
My route full well, and need no further guidance.

C. Hun. Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high
lineage—

One of the many chiefs, whose castled crags

Look o'er the lower valleys—which of these

May call thee lord? I only know their portals;

10

My way of life leads me but rarely down

To bask by the huge hearths of those old halls,

Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,
Which step from out our mountains to their doors,
I know from childhood—which of these is thine? 15

Man. No matter.

C. Hun. Well, sir, pardon me the question,
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;
'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day
'T has thawed my veins among our glaciers, now
Let it do thus for thine. Come, pledge me fairly. 20

Man. Away, away! there's blood upon the brim!
Will it then never—never sink in the earth?

C. Hun. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

Man. I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream

Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours 25
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed: but still it rises up,
Coloring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
Where thou art not—and I shall never be. 30

C. Hun. Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin,
Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—
The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

Man. Patience and patience! Hence—that word 35
was made

For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—
I am not of thine order.

C. Hun. Thanks to heaven!
I would not be of thine for the free fame
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill, 40
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

Man. Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

C. Hun. This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

Man. I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,
Many long years, but they are nothing now 45
To those which I must number: ages—ages—
Space and eternity—and consciousness,

With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

C. Hun. Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age
Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far. 50

Man. Think'st thou existence doth depend on
time?

It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,
Innumerable atoms; and one desert, 55
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,
But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,
Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

C. Hun. Alas! he's mad—but yet I must not
leave him.

Man. I would I were—for then the things I see. 60
Would be but a distempered dream.

C. Hun. What is it
That thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

Man. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free; 65
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,
With cross and garland over its green turf, 70
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;
This do I see—and then I look within—
It matters not—my soul was scorched already!

C. Hun. And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot
for mine?

Man. No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor 75
exchange

My lot with living being: I can bear—
 However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—
 In life what others could not brook to dream,
 But perish in their slumber.

C. Hun.

And with this—

This cautious feeling for another's pain, 80
 Canst thou be black with evil?—say not so.
 Can one of gentle thoughts have wreaked revenge
 Upon his enemies?

Man.

Oh! no, no, no!

My injuries came down on those who loved me—
 On those whom I best loved: I never quelled 85
 An enemy, save in my just defence—
 But my embrace was fatal.

C. Hun.

Heaven give thee rest!

And penitence restore thee to thyself;
 My prayers shall be for thee.

Man.

I need them not—

But can endure thy pity. I depart— 90
 'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks for
 thee;

No words—it is thy due. Follow me not—
 I know my path—the mountain peril's past:
 And once again I charge thee, follow not!

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

SCENE II

A lower Valley in the Alps.—A Cataract.

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
 The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
 And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
 O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
 And fling its lines of foaming light along, 5
 And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,

The giant steed, to be bestrode by death,
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;
I should be sole in this sweet solitude, 10
And with the Spirit of the place divide
The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

[MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand, and flings it into the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.]

Beautiful spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow 15
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnationed like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rocked by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves 20
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow, 25
Wherein is glassed serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he 30
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch.

Son of Earth!

I know thee, and the powers which give thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both, 35
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me?

Man. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.
The face of the earth hath maddened me, and I
Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce
To the abodes of those who govern her—
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought
From them what they could not bestow, and now
I search no further.

40

Witch. What could be the quest
Which is not in the power of the most powerful,
The rulers of the invisible?

45

Man. A boon;
But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.

Witch. I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the
same;

My pangs shall find a voice. From my youth up-
wards

50

My spirit walked not with the souls of men,
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness,—to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.

60

65

In these my early strength exulted ; or
To follow through the night the moving moon, 70
The stars and their development ; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim ;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,
While autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone ; 75
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—crossed me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death, 80
Searching its cause in its effect ; and drew
From withered bones, and skulls, and heaped up
dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I passed
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old time ; and with time and toil, 85
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity, 90
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
He who from out their fountain dwellings raised
Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,
As I do thee ;—and with my knowledge grew
The thirst of knowledge, and the power and joy 95
Of this most bright intelligence, until—

Witch. Proceed.

Man. Oh ! I but thus prolonged my words,
Boasting these idle attributes, because
As I approach the core of my heart's grief— 100
But to my task. I have not named to thee
Father, or mother, mistress, friend, or being,
With whom I wore the chain of human ties ;

If I had such, they seemed not such to me;
Yet there was one—

105

Witch. Spare not thyself—proceed.

Man. She was like me in lineaments; her eyes,
Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;
But softened all, and tempered into beauty:
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings, 110
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind
To comprehend the universe: nor these
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,
Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not;
And tenderness—but that I had for her; 115
Humility—and that I never had.
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own—
I loved her, and destroyed her!

Witch. With thy hand?

Man. Not with my hand, but heart—which broke
her heart;

It gazed on mine, and withered. I have shed 120
Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed;
I saw—and could not stanch it.

Witch. And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,
The order, which thine own would rise above,
Mingling with us and ours,—thou dost forego 125
The gifts of our great knowledge, and shrink'st back
To recreant mortality—Away!

Man. Daughter of air! I tell thee, since that
hour—

But words are breath—look on me in my sleep,
Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by me! 130
My solitude is solitude no more,
But peopled with the furies;—I have gnashed
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have prayed

For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me. 135
 I have affronted death—but in the war
 Of elements the waters shrunk from me,
 And fatal things passed harmless; the cold hand
 Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,
 Back by a single hair, which would not break. 140
 In fantasy, imagination, all
 The affluence of my soul—which one day was
 A Cræsus in creation—I plunged deep,
 But, like an ebbing wave, it dashed me back
 Into the gulf of my unfathomed thought. 145
 I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetfulness
 I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,
 And that I have to learn; my sciences,
 My long-pursued and superhuman art,
 Is mortal here: I dwell in my despair— 150
 And live—and live forever.

Witch.

It may be

That I can aid thee.

Man.

To do this thy power

Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them.

Do so—in any shape—in any hour—

With any torture—so it be the last. 155

Witch. That is not in my province; but if thou
 Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do
 My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

Man. I will not swear—Obey! and whom? the
 spirits

Whose presence I command, and be the slave 160
 Of those who served me—Never!

Witch.

Is this all?

Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet bethink thee,
 And pause ere thou rejectest.

Man.

I have said it.

Witch. Enough! I may retire then—say!

Man. Retire! [The WITCH disappears.]

Man (alone). We are the fools of time and ter- 165
ror. Days

Steal on us, and steal from us; yet we live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.
In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain, 170
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein the soul
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back 175
As from a stream in winter, though the chill
Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be:
The sternest answer can but be the grave, 180
And that is nothing. If they answer not—
The buried prophet answered to the Hag
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping spirit
An answer and his destiny—he slew 185
That which he loved, unknowing what he slew,
And died unpardoned—though he called in aid
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath, 190
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied
In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.
If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living; had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful, 195
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—

Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare: 200
 Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
 On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
 And feel a strange cold thaw upon my heart.
 But I can act even what I most abhor,
 And champion human fears.—The night approaches. 205
[Exit.]

SCENE III

The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

Enter FIRST DESTINY.

The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright;
 And here on snows, where never human foot
 Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,
 And leave no traces: o'er the savage sea,
 The glassy ocean of the mountain ice, 5
 We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
 The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
 Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image:
 And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
 The fretwork of some earthquake—where the 10
 clouds
 Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
 Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;
 Here do I wait my sisters, on our way
 To the Hall of Arimanes, for tonight
 Is our great festival—'tis strange they come not. 15

A Voice without, singing

The captive usurper,
 Hurled down from the throne,
 Lay buried in torpor,
 Forgotten and lone;

I broke through his slumbers, 20
 I shivered his chain,
 I leagued him with numbers—
 He's tyrant again!

With the blood of a million he'll answer my care,
 With a nation's destruction—his flight and despair. 25

Second Voice, without

The ship sailed on, the ship sailed fast,
 But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
 There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
 And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
 Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair, 30
 And he was a subject, well worthy my care;
 A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
 But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

First Destiny, answering

The city lies sleeping;
 The morn, to deplore it, 35
 May dawn on it weeping:
 Sullenly, slowly,
 The black plague flew o'er it—
 Thousands lie lowly;
 Tens of thousands shall perish; 40
 The living shall fly from
 The sick they should cherish;
 But nothing can vanquish
 The touch that they die from.
 Sorrow and anguish, 45
 And evil and dread,
 Envelop a nation;
 The blest are the dead,
 Who see not the sight

Of their own desolation;
This work of a night—

50

This wreck of a realm—this deed of my doing—
For ages I've done, and shall still be renewing!

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

The Three

Our hands contain the hearts of men,
Our footsteps are their graves;
We only give to take again
The spirits of our slaves!

55

First Des. Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

Second Des. At some great work;

But what I know not, for my hands were full.

Third Des. Behold she cometh.

60

Enter NEMESIS.

First Des. Say, where hast thou been?
My sisters and thyself are slow tonight.

Nem. I was detained repairing shattered thrones,
Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,
Avenging men upon their enemies,
And making them repent their own revenge;
Goading the wise to madness; from the dull
Shaping out oracles to rule the world
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!
We have outstayed the hour—mount we our clouds.
[*Exeunt.*

65

70

SCENE IV

*The Hall of Arimanes. Arimanes on his Throne, a
Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

Hymn of the Spirits

Hail to our Master!—Prince of earth and air!
 Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand
 The sceptre of the elements, which tear
 Themselves to chaos at his high command!
 He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea; 5
 He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder;
 He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;
 He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.
 Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;
 His shadow is the pestilence; his path 10
 The comets herald through the crackling skies;
 And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.
 To him war offers daily sacrifice;
 To him death pays his tribute; life is his,
 With all its infinite of agonies— 15
 And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

First Des. Glory to Arimanes! on the earth
 His power increaseth—both my sisters did
 His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

Second Des. Glory to Arimanes! we who bow 20
 The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

Third Des. Glory to Arimanes! we await His
 nod!

Nem. Sovereign of sovereigns! we are thine,
 And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,

And most things wholly so; still to increase 25
 Our power, increasing thine, demands our care,
 And we are vigilant. Thy late commands
 Have been fulfilled to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

A Spirit. What is here?
 A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch,
 Bow down and worship! 30

Second Spirit. I do know the man—
 A magian of great power, and fearful skill!

Third Spirit. Bow down and worship, slave!—
 What, know'st thou not
 Thine and our sovereign?—Tremble, and obey! 35

All the Spirits. Prostrate thyself, and thy con-
 demned clay,
 Child of the earth! or dread the worst.

Man. I know it;
 And yet ye see I kneel not.

Fourth Spirit. 'Twill be taught thee.

Man. 'Tis taught already;—many a night on the
 earth,

On the bare ground, have I bowed down my face,
 And strewed my head with ashes; I have known 40
 The fulness of humiliation, for
 I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt
 To my own desolation.

Fifth Spirit. Dost thou dare
 Refuse to Arimanes on his throne
 What the whole earth accords, beholding not 45
 The terror of his glory?—Crouch, I say.

Man. Bid *him* bow down to that which is above
 him,
 The overruling Infinite—the Maker
 Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,

And we will kneel together.

50

The Spirits.

Crush the worm!

Tear him in pieces!—

First Des. Hence! avaunt!—he's mine.

Prince of the powers invisible! This man

Is of no common order, as his port

And presence here denote; his sufferings

Have been of an immortal nature, like

55

Our own; his knowledge, and his powers and will,

As far as is compatible with clay,

Which clogs the ethereal essence, have been such

As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations

Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,

60

And they have only taught him what we know—

That knowledge is not happiness, and science

But an exchange of ignorance for that

Which is another kind of ignorance.

This is not all—the passions, attributes

65

Of earth and heaven, from which no power, nor
being,

Nor breath from the worm upwards is exempt,

Have pierced his heart, and in their consequence

Made him a thing which I, who pity not,

Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,

70

And thine, it may be; be it so, or not,

No other spirit in this region hath

A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

Nem. What doth he here then?

First Des.

Let him answer that.

Man. Ye know what I have known; and without
power

75

I could not be amongst ye: but there are

Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest

Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

Nem. What wouldst thou?

Man.

Thou canst not reply to me.

Call up the dead—my question is for them.

80

Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?

Ari. Yea.

Nem. Whom wouldst thou
Uncharnel?

Man. One without a tomb—call up
Astarte.

Nemesis

Shadow! or spirit! 85

Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit

The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay, 90

Which returned to the earth,—
Reappear to the day!

Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worst 95

Redeem from the worm.

Appear!—Appear!—Appear!

Who sent thee there requires thee here!

[*The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands
in the midst.*]

Man. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her
cheek;

But now I see it is no living hue, 100

But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which autumn plants upon the perished leaf.

It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,

I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak— 105
Forgive me or condemn me.

Nemesis

By the power which hath broken
 The grave which enthalled thee,
 Speak to him who hath spoken,
 Or those who have called thee! 110

Man. She is silent,
 And in that silence I am more than answered.

Nem. My power extends no further.
 Prince of Air!

It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

Ari. Spirit—obey this sceptre!

Nem. Silent still!
 She is not of our order, but belongs 115
 To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
 And we are baffled also.

Man. Hear me, hear me—
 Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
 I have so much endured—so much endure—
 Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more 120
 Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
 Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
 To torture thus each other, though it were
 The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
 Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear 125
 This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
 One of the blessed—and that I shall die;
 For hitherto all hateful things conspire
 To bind me in existence—in a life
 Which makes me shrink from immortality— 130
 A future like the past. I cannot rest.
 I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
 I feel but what thou art, and what I am;
 And I would hear yet once before I perish
 The voice which was my music—Speak to me! 135
 For I have called on thee in the still night,

Startled the slumbering birds from the hushed
 boughs,
 And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
 Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
 Which answered me—many things answered me— 140
 Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
 Yet speak to me! I have outwatched the stars,
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
 Speak to me! I have wandered o'er the earth,
 And never found thy likeness—Speak to me! 145
 Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:
 I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
 Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
 I reckon not what—but let me hear thee once—
 This once—once more!

Phantom of Astarte. Manfred!

Man. Say on, say on— 150
 I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

Phan. Manfred! Tomorrow ends thine earthly
 ills.

Farewell!

Man. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. Say, shall we meet again?

Phan. Farewell!

Man. One word for mercy! 155

Say, thou lovest me.

Phan. Manfred!

[*The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.*]

Nem. She's gone, and will not be recalled;
 Her words will be fulfilled. Return to the earth.

A Spirit. He is convulsed.—This is to be a
 mortal

And seek the things beyond mortality. 160

Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth himself,
 and makes

His torture tributary to his will.
 Had he been one of us, he would have made
 An awful spirit.

Nem. Hast thou further question
 Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers? 165

Man. None.

Nem. Then for a time farewell.

Man. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—
 Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
 I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

(*Scene closes.*)

ACT III

SCENE I

A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Man. What is the hour?

Her. It wants but one till sunset,
 And promises a lovely twilight.

Man. Say,
 Are all things so disposed of in the tower
 As I directed?

Her. All, my lord, are ready:
 Here is the key and casket. 5

Man. It is well:
 Thou may'st retire. [*Exit* HERMAN.]

Man. (alone.) There is a calm upon me—
 Inexplicable stillness! which till now,
 Did not belong to what I knew of life.
 If that I did not know philosophy
 To be of all our vanities the motliest, 10

The merest word that ever fooled the ear
 From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem
 The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found,
 And seated in my soul. It will not last,
 But it is well to have known it, though but once: 15
 It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense,
 And I within my tablets would note down
 That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

Re-enter HERMAN.

Her. My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice craves
 To greet your presence. 20

Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.

Abbot. Peace be with Count Manfred!

Man. Thanks, holy father! welcome to these
 walls;

Thy presence honors them, and blesseth those
 Who dwell within them.

Abbot. Would it were so, Count!—
 But I would fain confer with thee alone.

Man. Herman, retire.—What would my rev- 25
 erend guest?

Abbot. Thus, without prelude:—Age and zeal, my
 office,

And good intent, must plead my privilege;
 Our near, though not acquainted neighborhood,
 May also be my herald. Rumors strange,
 And of unholy nature, are abroad, 30
 And busy with thy name; a noble name
 For centuries: may he who bears it now
 Transmit it unimpaired!

Man. Proceed,—I listen.

Abbot. 'Tis said thou holdest converse with the
 things

Which are forbidden to the search of man; 35
 That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,
 The many evil and unheavenly spirits
 Which walk the valley of the shade of death,
 Thou communest. I know that with mankind,
 Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely 40
 Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy solitude
 Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

Man. And what are they who do avouch these things?

Abbot. My pious brethren—the scared peas-
 antry—
 Even thy own vassals—who do look on thee 45
 With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in peril.

Man. Take it.

Abbot. I come to save, and not destroy:
 I would not pry into thy secret soul;
 But if these things be sooth, there still is time
 For penitence and pity: reconcile thee 50
 With the true church, and through the church to
 heaven.

Man. I hear thee. This is my reply: whate'er
 I may have been, or am, doth rest between
 Heaven and myself. I shall not choose a mortal
 To be my mediator. Have I sinned 55
 Against your ordinances? prove and punish!

Abbot. My son! I did not speak of punishment.
 But penitence and pardon;—with thyself
 The choice of such remains—and for the last,
 Our institutions and our strong belief 60
 Have given me power to smooth the path from sin
 To higher hope and better thoughts; the first
 I leave to heaven,—“Vengeance is mine alone!”
 So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness
 His servant echoes back the awful word. 65

Man. Old man! there is no power in holy men,

Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
 Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
 Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
 The innate tortures of that deep despair, 70
 Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
 But all in all sufficient to itself
 Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
 From out the unbounded spirit the quick sense
 Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge 75
 Upon itself; there is no future pang
 Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
 He deals on his own soul.

Abbot. All this is well;

For this will pass away, and be succeeded
 By an auspicious hope, which shall look up 80
 With calm assurance to that blessed place,
 Which all who seek may win, whatever be
 Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:
 And the commencement of atonement is
 The sense of its necessity. Say on— 85
 And all our church can teach thee shall be taught;
 And all we can absolve thee shall be pardoned.

Man. When Rome's sixth emperor was near his
 last,

The victim of a self-inflicted wound,
 To shun the torments of a public death 90
 From senates once his slaves, a certain soldier,
 With show of loyal pity, would have stanch'd
 The gushing throat with his officious robe;
 The dying Roman thrust him back, and said—
 Some empire still in his expiring glance— 95
 "It is too late—is this fidelity?"

Abbot. And what of this?

Man. I answer with the Roman—
 "It is too late!"

Abbot. It never can be so,

To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,
And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou no hope? 100
'Tis strange—even those who do despair above,
Yet shape themselves some fantasy on earth,
To which frail twig they cling, like drowning men.

Man. Ay—father! I have had those earthly
visions,

And noble aspirations in my youth, 105
To make my own the mind of other men,
The enlightener of nations; and to rise
I knew not whither—it might be to fall;
But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,
Which, having leapt from its more dazzling height, 110
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss
(Which casts up misty columns that become
Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies),
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,
My thoughts mistook themselves. 115

Abbot. And wherefore so?

Man. I could not tame my nature down; for he
Must serve who fain would sway; and soothe, and
sue,

And watch all time, and pry into all place,
And be a living lie, who would become
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such 120
The mass are; I disdained to mingle with
A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves.
The lion is alone, and so am I.

Abbot. And why not live and act with other
men?

Man. Because my nature was averse from life; 125
And yet not cruel; for I would not make,
But find a desolation. Like the wind,
The red-hot breath of the most lone simoom,
Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps o'er
The barren sands which bear no shrubs to blast, 130

And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,
 And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,
 But being met is deadly,—such hath been
 The course of my existence; but there came
 Things in my path which are no more.

135

Abbot.

Alas!

I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid
 From me and from my calling; yet so young,
 I still would—

Man.

Look on me! there is an order

Of mortals on the earth, who do become
 Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
 Without the violence of warlike death;
 Some perishing of pleasure, some of study,
 Some worn with toil, some of mere weariness,
 Some of disease, and some insanity,
 And some of withered or of broken hearts;
 For this last is a malady which slays
 More than are numbered in the lists of fate,
 Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
 Look upon me! for even of all these things
 Have I partaken; and of all these things,
 One were enough; then wonder not that I
 Am what I am, but that I ever was,
 Or having been, that I am still on earth.

140

145

150

Abbot. Yet, hear me still—

Man.

Old man! I do respect

Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem
 Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain:
 Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,
 Far more than me, in shunning at this time
 All further colloquy; and so—farewell.

155

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

Abbot. This should have been a noble creature: 160
 he

Hath all the energy which would have made

A goodly frame of glorious elements,
 Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,
 It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,
 And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts 165
 Mixed, and contending without end or order,—
 All dormant or destructive; he will perish,
 And yet he must not; I will try once more.
 For such are worth redemption; and my duty
 Is to dare all things for a righteous end. 170
 I'll follow him—but cautiously, though surely.

[*Exit ABBOT.*

SCENE II

Another Chamber.

MANFRED and HERMAN.

Her. My lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset:

He sinks behind the mountain.

Man.

Doth he so?

I will look on him.

[*MANFRED advances to the
 Window of the Hall.*

Glorious orb! the idol

Of early nature, and the vigorous race
 Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons 5
 Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
 More beautiful than they, which did draw down
 The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—
 Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
 The mystery of thy making was revealed! 10
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
 Which gladdened, on their mountain tops, the hearts
 Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured

Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!
 And representative of the unknown— 15
 Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!
 Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
 Endurable, and temperest the hues
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
 Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes, 20
 And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee
 Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,
 And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
 I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance 25
 Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
 My latest look; thou wilt not beam on one
 To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
 Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
 I follow. [Exit MANFRED. 30

SCENE III

The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at some distance—A Terrace before a Tower.—Time, Twilight.

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants of MANFRED.

Her. 'Tis strange enough; night after night, for
 years,
 He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,
 Without a witness. I have been within it,—
 So have we all been oftentimes; but from it,
 Or its contents, it were impossible 5
 To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
 His studies tend to. To be sure, there is
 One chamber where none enter: I would give

The fee of what I have to come these three years,
To pore upon its mysteries.

10

Manuel. 'Twere dangerous:
Content thyself with what thou know'st already.

Her. Ah! Manuel! thou art elderly and wise,
And couldst say much; thou has dwelt within the
castle—

How many years is 't?

Manuel. Ere Count Manfred's birth,
I served his father, whom he nought resembles.

15

Her. There be more sons in like predicament.
But wherein do they differ?

Manuel. I speak not
Of features or of form, but mind and habits;
Count Sigismund was proud, but gay and free,—
A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not
With books and solitude, nor made the night
A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,
Merrier than day; he did not walk the rocks
And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside
From men and their delights.

20

25

Her. Beshrew the hour,
But those were jocund times! I would that such
Would visit the old walls again; they look
As if they had forgotten them.

Manuel. These walls
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I have seen
Some strange things in them, Herman.

30

Her. Come, be friendly,
Relate me some to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happened hereabouts, by this same tower.

Manuel. That was a night indeed! I do re-
member

'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests

35

On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
 So like that it might be the same; the wind
 Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
 Began to glitter with the climbing moon; 40
 Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—
 How occupied, we knew not, but with him
 The sole companion of his wanderings
 And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
 That lived, the only thing he seemed to love,— 45
 As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
 The lady Astarte, his—

Hush! who comes here?

Enter the ABBOT.

Abbot. Where is your master?

Her. Yonder in the tower.

Abbot. I must speak with him.

Manuel. 'T is impossible;

He is most private, and must not be thus 50
 Intruded on.

Abbot. Upon myself I take
 The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—
 But I must see him.

Her. Thou hast seen him once
 This eve already.

Abbot. Herman! I command thee,
 Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach. 55

Her. We dare not.

Abbot. Then it seems I must be herald
 Of my own purpose.

Manuel. Reverend father stop—
 I pray you pause.

Abbot. Why so?

Manuel. But step this way,
 And I will tell you further. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

*Interior of the Tower*MANFRED *alone*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsar's palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiator's bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which softened down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
 As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries; 35
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship of the great of old,—
 The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule 40
 Our spirits from their urns.

'Twas such a night!

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight
 Even at the moment when they should array
 Themselves in pensive order. 45

Enter the ABBOT

Abbot. My good lord!
 I crave a second grace for this approach;
 But yet let not my humble zeal offend
 By its abruptness—all it hath of ill
 Recoils on me; its good in the effect
 May light upon your head—could I say *heart*— 50
 Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers, I should
 Recall a noble spirit which hath wandered;
 But is not yet all lost.

Man. Thou know'st me not;
 My days are numbered, and my deeds recorded;
 Retire, or 't will be dangerous—Away! 55

Abbot. Thou dost not mean to menace me?

Man. Not I;
 I simply tell thee peril is at hand,
 And would preserve thee.

Abbot. What dost thou mean?

Man. Look there!

What dost thou see?

Abbot.

Nothing.

Man.

Look there, I say,

And steadfastly;—now tell me what thou seest.

60

Abbot. That which should shake me, but I fear
it not:

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,

Like an infernal god, from out the earth;

His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form

Robed as with angry clouds: he stands between

65

Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

Man. Thou hast no cause; he shall not harm thee,
but

His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.

I say to thee—Retire!

Abbot.

And I reply—

Never—till I have battled with this fiend:—

70

What doth he here?

Man.

Why—ay—what doth he here?

I did not send for him,—he is unbidden.

Abbot. Alas! lost mortal! what with guests like
these

Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:

Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him?

75

Ah! he unveils his aspect; on his brow

The thunder-scars are graven: from his eye

Glares forth the immortality of hell—

Avaunt!—

Man. Pronounce—what is thy mission?

Spirit.

Come!

Abbot. What art thou, unknown being? answer!
—speak!

80

Spirit. The genius of this mortal.—Come! 'tis
time.

Man. I am prepared for all things, but deny
The power which summons me. Who sent thee
here?

Spirit. Thou 'lt know anon—Come! come!

Man. I have commanded
Things of an essence greater far than thine, 85
And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

Spirit. Mortal! thine hour is come—Away! I
say.

Man. I knew, and know my hour is come, but
not
To render up my soul to such as thee:
Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone. 90

Spirit. Then I must summon up my brethren.—
Rise! [*Other Spirits rise up.*

Abbot. Avaunt! ye evil ones!—Avaunt! I say;
Ye have no power where piety hath power,
And I do charge ye in the name—

Spirit. Old man!
We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order; 95
Waste not thy holy words on idle uses,
It were in vain: this man is forfeited.
Once more I summon him—Away! Away!

Man. I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye; 100
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength
To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take
Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

Spirit. Reluctant mortal!
Is this the Magian who would so pervade 105
The world invisible, and make himself
Almost our equal? Can it be that thou
Art thus in love with life? the very life
Which made thee wretched!

Man. Thou false fiend, thou liest!
My life is in its last hour,—*that* I know, 110
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;
I do not combat against death, but thee
And thy surrounding angels; my past power,
Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,

But by superior science—penance, daring, 115
 And length of watching, strength of mind, and skill
 In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth
 Saw men and spirits walking side by side,
 And gave ye no supremacy: I stand
 Upon my strength—I do defy—deny— 120
 Spurn back, and scorn ye!—

Spirit. But thy many crimes
 Have made thee—

Man. What are they to such as thee?
 Must crimes be punished but by other crimes,
 And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!
 Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel; 125
 Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know:
 What I have done is done; I bear within
 A torture which could nothing gain from thine:
 The mind which is immortal makes itself
 Requit for its good or evil thoughts,— 130
 Is its own origin of ill and end
 And its own place and time; its innate sense,
 When stripped of this mortality, derives
 No color from the fleeting things without,
 But is absorbed in sufferance or in joy, 135
 Born from the knowledge of its own desert.
Thou didst not tempt me, and thou couldst not tempt
 me;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—
 But was my own destroyer, and will be
 My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!— 140
 The hand of death is on me—but not yours.

[*The Demons disappear.*]

Abbot. Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are
 white—
 And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat
 The accents rattle: Give thy prayers to heaven—
 Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus. 145

Man. 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;

But all things swim around me, and the earth
Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well!
Give me thy hand.

Abbot. Cold—cold—even to the heart—
But yet one prayer—Alas! how fares it with thee? 150

Man. Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.

[MANFRED *expires.*

Abbot. He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earth-
less flight;
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

1816-17

1817

[ITALY AND ENGLAND]

FROM BEPPO XLI-XLIX

WITH all its sinful doings, I must say,
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the sun shine every day,
And vines (not nailed to walls) from tree to tree
Festooned, much like the back scene of a play, 5
Or melodrame, which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

I like on autumn evenings to ride out,
Without being forced to bid my groom be sure 10
My cloak is round his middle strapped about,
Because the skies are not the most secure;
I know too that, if stopped upon my route,
Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with *grapes* red wagons choke the way,— 15
In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

I also like to dine on becaficas,
To see the sun set, sure he'll rise tomorrow,

Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow, 20
But with all Heaven t'himself; the day will break as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
Where reeking London's smoky cauldron simmers.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin, 25
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth, 30
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting gut-
tural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

I like the women too (forgive my folly!)
From the rich peasant cheek of ruddy bronze,
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley 35
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies. 40

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!
Italian Beauty! Did'st thou not inspire
Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies
With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
In what he hath bequeathed us?—in what guise, 45
Though flashing from the fervor of the lyre,
Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
While yet Canova can create below?

"ENGLAND! with all thy faults I love thee still,"
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it; 50

I like to speak and lucubrate my fill ;
 I like the government (but that is not it) ;
 I like the freedom of the press and quill ;
 I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it) ;
 I like a parliamentary debate, 55
 Particularly when 'tis not too late ;

I like the taxes, when they're not too many ;
 I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear ;
 I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any ;
 Have no objection to a pot of beer ; 60
 I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
 That is, I like two months of every year,
 And so God save the Regent, Church, and King !
 Which means that I like all and everything.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen, 65
 Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
 Our little riots just to show we're free men,
 Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
 Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
 All these I can forgive, and those forget, 70
 And greatly venerate our recent glories,
 And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

1818

MAZEPPA

'Twas after dread Pultowa's day,
 When fortune left the royal Swede,
 Around a slaughtered army lay,
 No more to combat and to bleed.
 The power and glory of the war, 5
 Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
 Had passed to the triumphant Czar,
 And Moscow's walls were safe again,

Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year, 10
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

Such was the hazard of the die; 15
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stained with his own and subjects' blood;
For thousands fell that flight to aid:
And not a voice was heard t' upbraid 20
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had nought to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own—and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks after many a league 25
Of well sustained but vain fatigue;
And in the depth of forests darkling,
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—
The beacons of surrounding foes—
A king must lay his limbs at length. 30
Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In outworn nature's agony;
His wounds were stiff, his limbs were stark; 35
The heavy hour was chill and dark;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid:
And thus it was; but yet through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall, 40
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will:
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

A band of chiefs!—alas! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinned it; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous: upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed;
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubbed down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smoothed his fetlocks and his mane,
And slacked his girth, and stripped his rein,
And joyed to see how well he fed;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dews:
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board;
But spirited and docile, too,
Whate'er was to be done, would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him;
Obeyed his voice, and came to call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around,—and night,
Without a star, pursued her flight,—
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good

The long day's march had well withstood—
If still the powder filled the pan,

And flints unloosened kept their lock—
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt;
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can

85

Prepared and spread his slender stock;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offered then
With far less of inquietude

90

Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe;

95

And then he said—"Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done
Than thee, Mazeppa! on the earth

100

So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou:

All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field."

105

Mazeppa answered—"Ill betide
The school wherein I learned to ride!"

Quoth Charles—"Old Hetman, wherefore so,
Since thou hast learned the art so well?"

110

Mazeppa said—" 'T were long to tell;
And we have many a league to go,
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,

Before our steeds may graze at ease
Beyond the swift Borysthenes:

115

And, Sire, your limbs have need of rest,

And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop."—"But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell 120
This tale of thine, and I may reap,
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, Sire, with such a hope, I'll track 125
My seventy years of memory back:
I think 't was in my twentieth spring,—
Ay, 't was,—when Casimir was king—
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers, in my earlier age: 130
A learned monarch, faith! was he,
And most unlike your majesty;
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again;
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet) 135
He reigned in most unseemly quiet;
Not that he had no cares to vex;
He loved the muses and the sex;
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war; 140
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress—or new book:
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
All Warsaw gathered round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court, 145
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpensioned, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter. 150
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
Even I for once produced some verses,

And signed my odes 'Despairing Thyrsis.'
There was a certain Palatine, 155
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent:
He had such wealth in blood and ore 160
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost looked like want of head, 165
He thought their merits were his own.
His wife was not of his opinion;
His junior she by thirty years,
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears, 170
To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances,
Those happy accidents which render 175
The coldest dames so very tender,
To deck her Count with titles given,
'T is said, as passports into heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these, who have deserved them most. 180

"I was a goodly stripling then;
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few, or boys or men,
Who, in my dawning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree, 185
Could vie in vanities with me;
For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
A port, not like to this ye see,
But smooth, as all is rugged now;

For time, and care, and war, have ploughed 190
My very soul from out my brow;

And thus I should be disavowed
By all my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday;
This change was wrought, too, long ere age 195

Had ta'en my features for his page;
With years, ye know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree, 200
With starless skies my canopy

But let me on: Theresa's form—
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,

The memory is so quick and warm; 205
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well:
She had the Asiatic eye,

Such as our Turkish neighborhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood, 210
Dark as above us is the sky;

But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise of midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seemed to melt to its own beam; 215

All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.
A brow like a midsummer lake, 220

Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
And heaven beholds her face within.

A cheek and lip—but why proceed?
I loved her then, I love her still; 225
And such as I am, love indeed

In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
But still we love even in our rage,
And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the past, 230
As is Mazeppa to the last.

“We met—we gazed—I saw, and sighed;
She did not speak, and yet replied;
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines— 235

Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o’erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds, 240
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.

I saw, and sighed—in silence wept,
And still reluctant distance kept, 245
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer
Without suspicion—then, even then,

I longed, and was resolved to speak;
But on my lips they died again, 250

The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour.—There is a game,
A frivolous and foolish play,
Wherewith we while away the day;

It is—I have forgot the name— 255

And we to this, it seems, were set,
By some strange chance, which I forget:
I recked not if I won or lost,

It was enough for me to be

So near to hear, and oh! to see 260
The being whom I loved the most.
I watched her as a sentinel,

(May ours this dark night watch as well!)

Until I saw, and thus it was,
That she was pensive, nor perceived 265
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Played on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot. 270

Then through my brain the thought did pass
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair;
And on the thought my words broke forth, 275

All incoherent as they were;
Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listened—'t is enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice, 280
And one refusal no rebuff.

"I loved, and was beloved again—
They tell me, Sire, you never knew
Those gentle frailties if 't is true, /
I shorten all my joy or pain; 285
To you 't would seem absurd as vain;
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.

I am—or rather *was*—a prince, 290
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost bleed;

But could not o'er myself evince
The like control—But to resume:

I loved, and was beloved again; 295
In sooth, it is a happy doom,

But yet where happiest ends in pain.
We met in secret, and the hour

Which led me to that lady's bower
Was fiery Expectation's dower. 300

My days and nights were nothing—all
Except that hour, which doth recall,
In the long lapse from youth to age,
No other like itself: I'd give
The Ukraine back again to live 305

It o'er once more, and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth
Save nature's gift of youth and health. 310

We met in secret—doubly sweet,
Some say, they find it so to meet;
I know not that—I would have given
My life but to have called her mine
In the full view of earth and heaven; 315

For I did oft and long repine
That we could only meet by stealth.

“For lovers there are many eyes,
And such there were on us; the devil
On such occasions should be civil— 320

The devil!—I'm loth to do him wrong,
It might be some untoward saint,
Who would not be at rest too long,

But to his pious bile gave vent—
But one fair night, some lurking spies
Surprised and seized us both. 325

The Count was something more than wroth—
I was unarmed; but if in steel,
All cap-à-pie from head to heel,
What 'gainst their numbers could I do? 330

'T was near his castle, far away

From city or from succor near,
And almost on the break of day;

I did not think to see another,
My moments seemed reduced to few ; 335
And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
And, it may be, a saint or two,
As I resigned me to my fate,
They led me to the castle gate :
Theresa's doom I never knew, 340
Our lot was henceforth separate.
An angry man, ye may opine,
Was he, the proud Count Palatine ;
And he had reason good to be,
But he was most enraged lest such 345
An accident should chance to touch
Upon his future pedigree ;
Nor less amazed, that such a blot
His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
While he was highest of his line ; 350
Because unto himself he seemed
The first of men, nor less he deemed
In others' eyes, and most in mine.
'Sdeath ! with a *page*—perchance a king
Had reconciled him to the thing ; 355
But with a stripling of a *page*—
I felt, but cannot paint his rage.

“ ‘Bring forth the horse!’—the horse was brought ;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, 360
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'T was but a day he had been caught ; 365
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led :

They bound me on, that menial throng;
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

370

“Away!—away! My breath was gone,
I saw not where he hurried on:

375

’T was scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:

380

With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,

And snapped the cord, which to the mane

385

Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howled back my curse; but ’midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser’s speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.

390

I paid it well in after days:

There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis’ weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,

395

Save what grows on a ridge of wall,

Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;

And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e’er that fortress was.

400

I saw its turrets in a blaze,

Their crackling battlements all cleft,

And the hot lead pour down like rain

From off the scorched and blackening roof,

405

Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.

They little thought that day of pain,
When launched, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,

That one day I should come again, 410
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.

They played me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank: 415

At length I played them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven, 420
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

“Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind; 425

We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequered with the northern light.
Town—village—none were on our track,

But a wild plain of far extent, 430
And bounded by a forest black;

And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,

No trace of man. The year before 435
A Turkish army had marched o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,

The verdure flies the bloody sod:
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by— 440

I could have answered with a sigh—

But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane; 445
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame 450
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright: 455
I tried my voice,—'t was faint and low—
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore, 460
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

“We neared the wild wood—'t was so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side 465
'T was studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few and far between, 470
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolored with a lifeless red, 475
Which stands thereon like stiffened gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,

And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek: 480

'T was a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;

But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine— 485

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold;
My bonds forbade to loose my hold. 490

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire 495

The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,

Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,

At day-break winding through the wood, 500
And through the night had heard their feet

Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,

At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so— 505

At bay, destroying many a foe!

When first my courser's race begun,
I wished the goal already won

But now I doubted strength and speed:
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed 510

Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;

Nor faster falls the blinding snow

Which whelms the peasant near the door

Whose threshold he shall cross no more,

Bewildered with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he passed—
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favored child
Balked of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will!

515

520

“The wood was past; ’t was more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June!
Or it might be my veins ran cold—
Prolonged endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o’er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature’s nakedness
(Sprung from a race whose rising blood,
When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattle-snake’s, in act to strike),
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
I seemed to sink upon the ground;
But erred, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o’er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O’ertortured by that ghastly ride.
I felt the blackness come and go,
And strove to wake; but could not make

525

530

535

540

545

550

My senses climb up from below:
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm, 555
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain; 560
But soon it passed, with little pain,
But a confusion worse than such:
I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must 565
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in death's face—before—and now.

“My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse 570
Life reassumed its lingering hold,
And throb by throb,—till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang, 575
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight returned, though dim; alas!
And thickened, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky. 580
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o'er 585
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength

My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.
My courser's broad breast proudly braves, 590
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear, 595
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew. 600

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top: a boundless plain 605
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white, 610
Or scattered spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right:
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate 615
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes: 620
That very cheat had cheered me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

"Onward we went—but slack and slow ;

625

His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went :

A sickly infant had had power

To guide him forward in that hour ;

630

But, useless all to me,
His new-born tameness nought availed—
My limbs were bound ; my force had failed,
Perchance, had they been free.

With feeble effort still I tried

635

To rend the bonds so starkly tied,

But still it was in vain ;

My limbs were only wrung the more,

And soon the idle strife gave o'er,

Which but prolonged their pain.

640

The dizzy race seemed almost done,

Although no goal was nearly won :

Some streaks announced the coming sun—

How slow, alas ! he came !

Methought that mist of dawning gray

645

Would never dapple into day ;

How heavily it rolled away—

Before the eastern flame

Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,

And called the radiance from their cars,

650

And filled the earth, from his deep throne,

With lonely lustre, all his own.

"Up rose the sun ; the mists were curled

Back from the solitary world

Which lay around, behind, before.

655

What bootied it to traverse o'er

Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,

Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,

Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;

No sign of travel, none of toil ;

660

The very air was mute ;

And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were—or seemed—alone.

665

At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?

670

No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb!
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!

675

With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,

680

And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

685

Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet.
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,

690

He answered, and then fell;
With gasps and blazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable—
His first and last career is done!

On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong.

695

They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,

Approach, retire, wheel round and round, 700
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide; 705
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch, 710
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved, from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me—and there we lay,

The dying on the dead! 715
I little deemed another day

Would see my houseless, helpless head.

“And there from morn to twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see 720
My last of suns go down on me,
In hopeless certainty of mind,
That makes us feel at length resigned
To that which our foreboding years
Present the worst and last of fears: 725
Inevitable—even a boon,
Nor more unkind for coming soon,
Yet shunned and dreaded with such care,
As if it only were a snare

That Prudence might escape: 730
At times both wished for and implored,
At times sought with self-pointed sword,
Yet still a dark and hideous close
To even intolerable woes,

And welcome in no shape. 735
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,

They who have revelled beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
Whose heritage was misery.

740

For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,

Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
And, save the future (which is viewed
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endured),

745

With nought perhaps to grieve:

The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
And death, whom he should deem his friend,
Appears, to his distempered eyes,
Arrived to rob him of his prize,
The tree of his new paradise.

750

Tomorrow would have given him all,

Repaid his pangs, repaired his fall;

Tomorrow would have been the first

755

Of days no more deplored or curst,

But bright, and long, and beckoning years,

Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,

Guerdon of many a painful hour;

Tomorrow would have given him power

760

To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—

And must it dawn upon his grave?

“The sun was sinking—still I lay

Chained to the chill and stiffening steed;

I thought to mingle there our clay,

765

And my dim eyes of death had need;

No hope arose of being freed.

I cast my last looks up the sky,

And there between me and the sun

I saw the expecting raven fly,

770

Who scarce would wait till both should die,

Ere his repast begun;

He flew, and perched, then flew once more,

And each time nearer than before;
I saw his wing through twilight flit, 775
And once so near me he alit

I could have smote, but lacked the strength;
But the slight motion of my hand,
And feeble scratching of the sand,
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise, 780
Which scarcely could be called a voice,

Together scared him off at length.—
I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star 785
Which fixed my dull eyes from afar,

And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death,
And then again a little breath, 790
A little thrill, a short suspense,

An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that crossed my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more. 795

"I woke—where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose?
Is this a chamber where I lie? 800
And is it mortal yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?

I closed my own again once more,
As doubtful that my former trance
Could not as yet be o'er. 805

A slender girl, long-haired, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought;

- For ever and anon she threw 810
 A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free:
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be,—
But that I lived, and was released 815
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unsealed,
She smiled—and I essayed to speak,
 But failed—and she approached, and made 820
 With lip and finger signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid; 825
And smoothed the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,
 And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music followed her light feet: 830
 But those she called were not awake,
And she went forth; but, ere she passed,
Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say,
That I had nought to fear, that all 835
Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
Her due return:—while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.
- “She came with mother and with sire— 840
What need of more?—I will not tire
With long recital of the rest,
Since I became the Cossack's guest.
They found me senseless on the plain,
 They bore me to the nearest hut, 845

DON JUAN

411

They brought me into life again—

Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!

Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,

Sent me forth to the wilderness, 850

Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,

To pass the desert to a throne,—

What mortal his own doom may guess?

Let none despond, let none despair!

Tomorrow the Borysthene 855

May see our coursers graze at ease

Upon his Turkish bank, and never

Had I such welcome for a river

As I shall yield when safely there.

Comrades, good night!"—The Hetman threw 860

His length beneath the oak-tree shade,

With leafy couch already made,

A bed nor comfortless nor new

To him, who took his rest whene'er

The hour arrived, no matter where: 865

His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.

And if ye marvel Charles forgot

To thank his tale, *he* wondered not,—

The king had been an hour asleep.

1818

1819

[THE SHIPWRECK]

FROM DON JUAN (CANTO II)

THE ship was evidently settling now 345

Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,

Some went to prayers again, and made a vow

Of candles to their saints—but there were none

To pay them with; and some looked o'er the bow;

Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one 350

That begged Pedrillo for an absolution,
Who told him to be damned—in his confusion.

Some lashed them in their hammocks ; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair ;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun, 355
And gnashed their teeth, and howling, tore their
hair ;

And others went on as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee. 360

The worst of all was, that in their condition,
Having been several days in great distress,
'Twas difficult to get out such provision
As now might render their long suffering less :
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition ; 365
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress :
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter.

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet : 370
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so ;
Six flasks of wine : and they contrived to get
A portion of their beef up from below,
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon— 375
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had
Been stove in the beginning of the gale ;
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,
As there were but two blankets for a sail, 380
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail ;

And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,
To save one half the people then on board.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down 385
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale, 390
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laughed, 395
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaffed,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,
Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—
Their preservation would have been a miracle. 400

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars, 405
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the
brave— 410
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

415

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Loudly than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied by a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

420

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore;
And then they were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

425

430

.
As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest-tops, and smoothed the air,
And fell upon their glazed eye like a screen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and
bare—
Lovely seemed any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

The shore looked wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves; but they

825

Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,

Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay:

A reef between them also now began

To show its boiling surf and bounding spray, 830

But finding no place for their landing better,

They ran the boat for shore,—and overset her.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,

Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont;

And having learnt to swim in that sweet river, 835

Had often turned the art to some account:

A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,

He could, perhaps, have passed the Hellespont,

As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)

Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did. 840

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,

He buoyed his boyish limbs, and strove to ply

With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,

The beach which lay before him, high and dry:

The greatest danger here was from a shark, 845

That carried off his neighbor by the thigh;

As for the other two, they could not swim,

So nobody arrived on shore but him.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,

Which, providentially for him, was washed 850

Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,

And the hard wave o'erwhelmed him as 'twas
dashed

Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore

The waters beat while he thereto was lashed;

At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he 855

Rolled on the beach, half senseless, from the sea:

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung

Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,

From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave :
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
With just enough of life to feel its pain.
And deem that it was saved, perhaps in vain.

860

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
And quivering hand ; and then he looked for those
Who long had been his mates upon the sea ;
But none of them appeared to share his woes,
Save one, a corpse, from out the famished three, 870
Who died two days before, and now had found
An unknown barren beach for burial-ground.

865

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
And down he sunk ; and as he sunk, the sand
Swam round and round, and all his senses passed : 875
He fell upon his side, and his stretched hand
Drooped dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),
And, like a withered lily, on the land
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
As fair a thing as e'er was formed of clay. 880

880

HAIDEE

How long in his damp trance young Juan lay
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,
And time had nothing more of night nor day
For his congealing blood, and senses dim ;
And how this heavy faintness passed away
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,
And tingling vein, seemed throbbing back to life,

885

For Death, though vanquished, still retired with
strife.

His eyes he opened, shut, again unclosed,
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought 890
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,
And wished it death in which he had reposed,
And then once more his feelings back were
brought,
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen 895
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth
Seemed almost prying into his for breath;
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth
Recalled his answering spirits back from death; 900
And, bathing his chill temples, tried to soothe
Each pulse to animation, till beneath
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial poured, and mantle flung 905
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillowed his death-like forehead; then she wrung
His dewy curls, long drenched by every storm; 910
And watched with eagerness each throb that drew
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave, 915
And more robust of figure—then begun

To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave
Light to the rocks that roofed them, which the
sun
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er
She was, appeared distinct, and tall, and fair. 920

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mold, 925
They nearly reached her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue, 930
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length, 935
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one 940
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just 945
One should not rail without a decent cause:

There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was
A frequent model; and if e'er she must
Yield to stern time and nature's wrinkling laws, 950
They will destroy a face which mortal thought
Ne'er compassed, nor less mortal chisel wrought.

And such was she, the lady of the cave:
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,
Simpler, and yet of colors not so grave; 955
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wave
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)
The basquina and the mantilla, they
Seem at the same time mystical and gay. 960

But with our damsel this was not the case:
Her dress was many-colored, finely spun;
Her locks curled negligently round her face,
But through them gold and gems profusely shone:
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace 965
Flowed in her veil, and many a precious stone
Flashed on her little hand; but, what was shocking,
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

The other female's dress was not unlike,
But of inferior materials: she 970
Had not so many ornaments to strike,
Her hair had silver only, bound to be
Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes 975
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

And these two tended him, and cheered him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,

Which are—(as I must own)—of female growth,
And have ten thousand delicate inventions : 980
They made a most superior mess of broth,
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,
But the best dish that e'er was cooked since Homer's
Achilles ordered dinner for new comers.

I'll tell you who they were, this female pair, 985
Lest they should seem princesses in disguise ;
Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air
Of clap-trap, which your recent poets prize ;
And so, in short, the girls they really were 990
They shall appear before your curious eyes,
Mistress and maid ; the first was only daughter
Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he ;
But other speculations were, in sooth, 995
Added to his connection with the sea,
Perhaps not so respectable, in truth :
A little smuggling, and some piracy,
Left him, at last, the sole of many masters
Of an ill-gotten million of piastres. 1000

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of men,
Like Peter the apostle,—and he fished
For wandering merchant vessels, now and then,
And sometimes caught as many as he wished ;
The cargoes he confiscated, and gain 1005
He sought in the slave-market too, and dished
Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,
By which, no doubt, a good deal may be made.

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built
(One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)

DON JUAN

421

A very handsome house from out his guilt, 1010
 And there he lived exceedingly at ease ;
 Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood he spilt,
 A sad old fellow was he, if you please ;
 But this I know, it was a spacious building,
 Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding. 1015

He had an only daughter, called Haidée,
 The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles ;
 Besides, so very beautiful was she,
 Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles :
 Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree 1020
 She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
 Rejected several suitors, just to learn
 How to accept a better in his turn.

And walking out upon the beach, below
 The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found, 1025
 Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
 Don Juan, almost famished, and half drowned ;
 But being naked, she was shocked, you know,
 Yet deemed herself in common pity bound,
 As far as in her lay, “to take him in, 1030
 A stranger,” dying, with so white a skin.

But taking him into her father’s house
 Was not exactly the best way to save,
 But like conveying to the cat the mouse,
 Or people in a trance into their grave ; 1035
 Because the good old man had so much “*vows*,”
 Unlike the honest Arab thieves so brave,
 He would have hospitably cured the stranger
 And sold him instantly when out of danger.

And therefore, with her maid, she thought it best 1040
 (A virgin always on her maid relies)

To place him in the cave for present rest :

And when, at last, he opened his black eyes,
Their charity increased about their guest ;

And their compassion grew to such a size, 1045
It opened half the turnpike gates to heaven—
(St. Paul says, 'tis the toll which must be given).

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they

Upon the moment could contrive with such
Materials as were cast up round the bay,— 1050

Some broken planks, and oars, that to the touch
Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay

A mast was almost crumbled to a crutch ;
But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in such plenty,
That there was fuel to have furnished twenty. 1055

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,

For Haidée stripped her sables off to make
His couch ; and, that he might be more at ease,

And warm, in case by chance he should awake,
They also gave a petticoat apiece, 1060

She and her maid,—and promised by daybreak
To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish
For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and fish.

And thus they left him to his lone repose :

Juan slept like a top, or like the dead, 1065
Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only knows),

Just for the present ; and in his lulled head
Not even a vision of his former woes

Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which sometimes
spread

Unwelcome visions of our former years, 1070
Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with tears.

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the maid,
Who smoothed his pillow, as she left the den

Looked back upon him, and a moment staid,
 And turned, believing that he called again. 1075
 He slumbered; yet she thought, at least she said
 (The heart will slip, even as the tongue and pen),
 He had pronounced her name—but she forgot
 That at this moment Juan knew it not.

And pensive to her father's house she went, 1080
 Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who
 Better than her knew what, in fact, she meant,
 She being wiser by a year or two:
 A year or two's an age when rightly spent,
 And Zoe spent hers, as most women do, 1085
 In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge
 Which is acquired in nature's good old college.

.
 And thus a moon rolled on, and fair Haidée 1385
 Paid daily visits to her boy, and took
 Such plentiful precautions, that still he
 Remained unknown within his craggy nook;
 At last her father's prows put out to sea,
 For certain merchantmen upon the look, 1390
 Not as of yore to carry off an Io,
 But three Ragusan vessels bound for Scio.

Then came her freedom, for she had no mother,
 So that, her father being at sea, she was
 Free as a married woman, or such other 1395
 Female, as where she likes may freely pass,
 Without even the encumbrance of a brother,
 The freest she that ever gazed on glass:
 I speak of Christian lands in this comparison,
 Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in garrison. 1400

Now she prolonged her visits and her talk
 (For they must talk), and he had learnt to say

So much as to propose to take a walk,—

For little had he wandered since the day
On which, like a young flower snapped from the stalk,¹⁴⁰⁵

Drooping and dewy on the beach he lay,—
And thus they walked out in the afternoon,
And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,

With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,¹⁴¹⁰
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,

With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost;

And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make¹⁴¹⁵
The outstretched ocean glitter like a lake.

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach

Scarcely o'er passed the cream of your champagne,
When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers reach,

That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's rain!¹⁴²⁰
Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach

Who please,—the more because they preach in
vain,—

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;¹⁴²⁵

The best of life is but intoxication:

Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk

The hopes of all men, and of every nation;

Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk

Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion!¹⁴³⁰

But to return,—Get very drunk, and when

You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king; 1435
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water. 1440

The coast—I think it was the coast that I
Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the coast—
Lay at this period quiet as the sky,
The sands untumbled, the blue waves untossed
And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry, 1445
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crossed
By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

And forth they wandered, her sire being gone,
As I have said, upon an expedition; 1450
And mother, brother, guardian, she had none,
Save Zoe, who, although with due precision
She waited on her lady with the sun,
Thought daily service was her only mission,
Bringing warm water, wreathing her long tresses, 1455
And asking now and then for cast-off dresses.

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,
Circling all nature, hushed, and dim, and still, 1460
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill,
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

And thus they wandered forth, and hand in hand,¹⁴⁶⁵
Over the shining pebbles and the shells,
Glided along the smooth and hardened sand,
And in the worn and wild receptacles
Worked by the storms, yet worked as it were
planned,
In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells, ¹⁴⁷⁰
They turned to rest; and, each clasped by an arm,
Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below, ¹⁴⁷⁵
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;
They heard the waves' splash, and the wind so low,
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light
Into each other—and, beholding this,
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss; ¹⁴⁸⁰

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,
And beauty, all concentrating like rays
Into one focus, kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move, ¹⁴⁸⁵
And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,
I think it must be reckoned by its length.

By length I mean duration; theirs endured
Heaven knows how long—no doubt they never¹⁴⁹⁰
reckoned;
And if they had, they could not have secured
The sum of their sensations to a second:
They had not spoken; but they felt allured,
As if their souls and lips each other beckoned,
Which, being joined, like swarming bees they¹⁴⁹⁵
clung—

Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey
sprung.

They were alone, but not alone as they
Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;
The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,
The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less, 1500
The voiceless sands, and drooping caves, that lay
Around them, made them to each other press,
As if there were no life beneath the sky
Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

They feared no eyes nor ears on that lone beach, 1505
They felt no terrors from the night; they were
All in all to each other; though their speech
Was broken words, they *thought* a language
there,—
And all the burning tongues the passions teach
Found in one sigh the best interpreter 1510
Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all
Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

Alas! the love of women! it is known 1585
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring, 1590
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

They are right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust; 1595
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests beyond?

A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over. 1600

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation,
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs, 1605
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not this:
Haidée was Passion's child, born where the sun 1610
Showers triple light, and scorches even the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was one
Made but to love, to feel that she was his
Who was her chosen: what was said or done
Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought to fear, 1615
Hope, care, nor love beyond,—her heart beat *here*.

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that beat!
How much it costs us! yet each rising throb
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob 1620
Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat
Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has a tough
job
To make us understand each good old maxim,
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax 'em.

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore were 1625
plighted
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:
Ocean their witness, and the cave their bed,
By their own feelings hallowed and united,

Their priest was Solitude, and they were wed: 1630
 And they were happy, for to their young eyes
 Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

1818-19

1819

THE ISLES OF GREECE

FROM DON JUAN (CANTO III)

I

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung, 690
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

2

The Scian and the Teian muse, 695
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse:
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest." 700

3

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free,
 For standing on the Persians' grave, 705
 I could not deem myself a slave.

4

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his! 710
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they?

5

And where are they? and where art thou
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now— 715
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

6

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race, 720
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

7

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest? 725
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ! 730

8

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!"

735

'Tis but the living who are dumb.

9

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

740

Hark! rising to the ignoble call—

How answers each bold Bacchanal!

10

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

745

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—

Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like these!

750

It made Anacreon's song divine:

He served—but served Polycrates—

A tyrant; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12

The tyrant of the Chersonese 755
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind. 766

13

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown, 765
The Heracleidan blood might own.

14

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells: 770
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

15

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine; 775
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I, 750
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung, 785
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much
worse:

His strain displayed some feeling—right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source 790
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colors—like the hands of dyers.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, 795
think;

'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his! 800

And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological commemoration,

Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank, 805
Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind— 810
Depending more upon the historian's style
Than on the name a person leaves behind:
Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle:
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks, 815
Until his late life by Archdeacon Coxe.

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;
A little heavy, but no less divine:
An independent being in his day—
Learned, pious, temperate in love and wine; 820
But his life falling into Johnson's way
We're told this great high priest of all the nine
Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse,
For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

All these are, *certainly*, entertaining facts, 825
Like Shakespeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's
bribes;
Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest acts;
Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well describes);
Like Cromwell's pranks;—but although truth exacts
These amiable descriptions from the scribes, 830
As most essential to their hero's story,
They do not much contribute to his glory.

All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy;"

Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who then
Seasoned his pedlar poems with democracy;
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen
Let to *The Morning Post* its aristocracy;
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath.) 835

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado rigor,
Are good manure for their more bare biography,
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger 845
Than any since the birthday of typography;
A drowsy frowzy poem, called *The Excursion*,
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

He there builds up a formidable dyke
Between his own and others' intellect: 850
But Wordsworth's poem, and his followers, like
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,
Are things which in this century don't strike
The public mind,—so few are the elect;
And the new births of both their stale virginities 855
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities.

But let me to my story: I must own,
If I have any fault, it is digression—
Leaving my people to proceed alone,
While I soliloquize beyond expression: 860
But these are my addresses from the throne,
Which put off business to the ensuing session:
Forgetting each omission is a loss to
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

I know that what our neighbors call "*longueurs*" 865
(We've not so good a *word*, but have the *thing*,

In that complete perfection which insures
 An epic from Bob Southey every spring),
 Form not the true temptation which allures
 The reader; but 'twould not be hard to bring 870
 Some fine examples of the *épopée*,
 To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

We learn from Horace, "Homer sometimes sleeps;"
 We feel without him, Wordsworth sometimes
 wakes,—

To show with what complacency he creeps, 875
 With his dear "*Waggoners*," around his lakes.
 He wishes for "a boat" to sail the deeps—
 Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he makes
 Another outcry for "a little boat,"
 And drivels seas to set it well afloat. 880

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal plain,
 And Pegasus runs restive in his "*Waggon*,"
 Could he not beg the loan of Charles's Wain?
 Or pray Medea for a single dragon?
 Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain, 885
 He feared his neck to venture such a nag on,
 And he must needs mount nearer to the moon,
 Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

"Pedlars," and "Boats," and "Waggon!" Oh! ye
 shades
 Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this? 890
 That trash of such sort not alone evades
 Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss
 Floats scumlike uppermost, and these Jack Cades
 Of sense and song above your graves may hiss—
 The "little boatman" and his "Peter Bell" 895
 Can sneer at him who drew "*Achitophel*!"

THE DEATH OF HAIDEE

FROM DON JUAN (CANTO IV)

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer when hurled from heaven for sinning; 5
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last 10
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast;
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast:
But as the torrent widens towards the ocean, 15
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wished that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion: 20
Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow
Leaf," and Imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 25
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,

'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, for we must steep
Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's spring,
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep: 30
Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line; 35
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be *very* fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing planned,
Unless it were to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary. 40

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic, 45
And revelled in the fancies of the time.
True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings
despotic:
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
Perhaps no better than *they* have treated me, 50
Who have imputed such designs as show
Not what they saw, but what they wished to see;
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free:
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear, 55
And tells me to resume my story here.

Young Juan and his lady-love were left

To their own hearts' most sweet society;
Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft

With his rude scythe such gentle bosoms; he 60
Sighed to behold them of their hours bereft,

Though foe to love; and yet them could not be
Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

Their faces were not made for wrinkles, their 65

Pure blood to stagnate, their great hearts to fail!
The blank gray was not made to blast their hair,

But like the climes that know nor snow nor hail,
They were all summer; lightning might assail
And shiver them to ashes, but to trail 70

A long and snake-like life of dull decay
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

They were alone once more; for them to be

Thus was another Eden; they were never
Weary, unless when separate: the tree 75

Cut from its forest root of years—the river
Dammed from its fountain—the child from the knee

And breast maternal weaned at once forever,—
Would wither less than these two torn apart;
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart— 80

The heart—which may be broken: happy they!

Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mold,
The precious porcelain of human clay,

Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold
The long year linked with heavy day on day, 85

And all which must be borne, and never told;
While life's strange principle will often lie
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

"Whom the gods love die young" was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this 90
The death of friends, and that which slays even
more—

The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
Awaits at last even those who longest miss
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave 95
Which men weep over may be meant to save!

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead—
The heavens, and earth, and air seemed made for
them:
They found no fault with Time, save that he fled;
They saw not in themselves aught to condemn; 100
Each was the other's mirror, and but read
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem,
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
Of their exchanging glances of affection.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch, 105
The least glance better understood than words,
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much;
A language, too, but like to that of birds,
Known but to them, at least appearing such
As but to lovers a true sense affords; 110
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd
To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne'er
heard—

All these were theirs, for they were children still,
And children still they should have ever been;
They were not made in the real world to fill 115
A busy character in the dull scene,
But like two beings born from out a rill,
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen

To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,
And never know the weight of human hours. 120

Moons changing had rolled on, and changeless
found

Those their bright rise had lighted to such joys
As rarely they beheld throughout their round;

And these were not of the vain kind which cloy,
For theirs were buoyant spirits, never bound 125

By the mere senses; and that which destroys
Most love, possession, unto them appeared
A thing which each endearment more endeared.

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!

But theirs was love in which the mind delights 130
To lose itself, when the old world grows dull,

And we are sick of its hack sounds and sights,
Intrigues, adventures of the common school,

Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,
Where Hymen's torch but brands one strumpet more, 135
Whose husband only knows her not a whore.

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which many know.

Enough.—The faithful and the fairy pair,
Who never found a single hour too slow,

What was it made them thus exempt from care? 140
Young innate feelings all have felt below,

Which perish in the rest, but in them were
Inherent—what we mortals call romantic,
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

This is in others a factitious state, 145

An opium dream of too much youth and reading,
But was in them their nature or their fate:

No novels e'er had set their young hearts bleeding,

For Haidée's knowledge was by no means great,
And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding; 150
So that there was no reason for their loves
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

They gazed upon the sunset; 'tis an hour
Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,
For it had made them what they were: the power 155
Of love had first o'erwhelmed them from such
skies,
When happiness had been their only dower,
And twilight saw them linked in passion's ties;
Charmed with each other, all things charmed that
brought
The past still welcome as the present thought. 160

I know not why, but in that hour tonight,
Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor came,
And swept, as 'twere, across their hearts' delight,
Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a flame,
When one is shook in sound, and one in sight: 165
And thus some boding flashed through either
frame,
And called from Juan's breast a faint low sigh,
While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

That large black prophet eye seemed to dilate
And follow far the disappearing sun, 170
As if their last day of a happy date
With his broad, bright, and dropping orb were
gone;
Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—
He felt a grief, but knowing cause for none,
His glance inquired of hers for some excuse 175
For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

She turned to him, and smiled, but in that sort
Which makes not others smile; then turned aside:
Whatever feeling shook her, it seemed short,
And mastered by her wisdom or her pride; 180
When Juan spoke, too—it might be in sport—
Of this their mutual feeling, she replied—
“If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—
Or I at least shall not survive to see.”

Juan would question further, but she pressed 185
His lips to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismissed the omen from her breast,
Defying augury with that fond kiss;
And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best:
Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss; 190
I have tried both; so those who would a part take
May choose between the headache and the heart-
ache.

One of the two according to your choice,
Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are taxes on our joys: 195
But which to choose, I really hardly know;
And if I had to give a casting voice,
For both sides I could many reasons show,
And then decide, without great wrong to either,
It were much better to have both than neither. 200

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other
With swimming looks of speechless tenderness,
Which mixed all feelings—friend, child, lover,
brother—
All that the best can mingle and express
When two pure hearts are poured in one another, 205
And love too much, and yet cannot love less;
But almost sanctify the sweet excess
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

Mixed in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
Why did they not then die?—they had lived too
long 210
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;
The world was not for them, nor the world's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense, 215
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Called social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care; 220
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

Now pillowed cheek to cheek, in loving sleep, 225
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidee's sweet lips murmured like a brook 230
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air;

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream, 235
The mystical usurper of the mind—
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind:
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be),
Senseless to feel, and with sealed eyes to see. 240

She dreamed of being alone on the seashore,
Chained to a rock ; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening
her ;

And o'er her upper lip they seemed to pour, 245
Until she sobbed for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

Anon—she was released, and then she strayed
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet, 250
And stumbled almost every step she made ;
And something rolled before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid :
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopped to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasped, 255
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasped.

The dream changed :—in a cave she stood, its walls
Were hung with marble icicles ; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed 260
and lurk ;

Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seemed turned to tears, and
mirk

The sharp rocks looked below each drop they caught,
Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet, 265
Pale as the foam that frothed on his dead brow,
Which she essayed in vain to clear, (how sweet
Were once her cares, how idle seemed they now !),
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
Of his quenched heart ; and the sea dirges low 270

Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
And that brief dream appeared a life too long.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
Faded, or altered into something new—
Like to her father's features, till each trace 275
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she
there
'Tis—'tis her father's—fixed 'upon the pair! 280

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,
With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see
Him whom she deemed a habitant where dwell
The ocean-buried, risen from death, to be 285
Perchance the death of one she loved too well;
Dear as her father had been to Haidée,
It was a moment of that awful kind—
I have seen such—but must not call to mind.

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek,
And caught her falling, and from off the wall 290
Snatched down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak
Vengeance on him who was the cause of all:
Then Lambro who till now forebore to speak,
Smiled scornfully, and said, "Within my call,
A thousand scimitars await the word; 295
Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

And Haidée clung around him; "Juan, 'tis—
'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel with me—
He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.
Oh! dearest father, in this agony 300
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be

That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

High and inscrutable the old man stood, 305
Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye—
Not always signs with him of calmest mood:
He looked upon her, but gave no reply;
Then turned to Juan, in whose cheek the blood
Oft came and went, as there resolved to die; 310
In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring
On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

"Young man, your sword;" so Lambro once more
said:

Juan replied, "Not while this arm is free."
The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread, 315
And drawing from his belt a pistol, he
Replied, "Your blood be then on your own head."
Then looked close at the flint, as if to see
'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the lock—
And next proceeded quietly to cock. 320

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;
A gentlemanly distance, not too near, 325
If you have got a former friend for foe;
But after being fired at once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

Lambro presented, and one instant more
Had stopped this Canto, and Don Juan's breath, 330
When Haidée threw herself her boy before;
Stern as her sire: "On me," she cried, "let death
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore

He found—but sought not. I have pledged my
faith;
I love him—I will die with him: I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too.” 335

A minute past, and she had been all tears,
And tenderness, and infancy; but now
She stood as one who championed human fears—
Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wooed the blow; 340
And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,
She drew up to her height, as if to show
A fairer mark; and with a fixed eye scanned
Her father's face—but never stopped his hand.

He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas strange 345
How like they looked! the expression was the
same;
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual-darted flame;
For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a lioness, though tame; 350
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years:
Even to the delicacy of their hand 355
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears;
And now to see them, thus divided, stand
In fixed ferocity, when joyous tears,
And sweet sensations, should have welcomed both,
Shows what the passions are in their full growth. 360

The father paused a moment, then withdrew
His weapon, and replaced it; but stood still,
And looking on her, as to look her through,

"Not *I*," he said, "have sought this stranger's
ill;

Not *I* have made this desolation: few 365

Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill;
But I must do my duty—how thou hast
Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

"Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,
His own shall roll before you like a ball!" 370

He raised his whistle as the word he said,
And blew; another answered to the call,
And rushing in disorderly, though led,

And armed from boot to turban, one and all,
Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank; 375
He gave the word, "Arrest or slay the Frank."

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew
His daughter; while compressed within his clasp,
'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew;

In vain she struggled in her father's grasp— 380
His arms were like a serpent's coil: then flew

Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,
The file of pirates: save the foremost, who
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut through.

The second had his cheek laid open; but 385

The third, a wary, cool old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put

His own well in; so well, ere you could look,
His man was floored, and helpless at his foot,
With the blood running like a little brook 390

From two smart sabre gashes, deep and red—
One on the arm, the other on the head.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore
Juan from the apartment: with a sign

Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore, 395

Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar

Until they reached some galliots, placed in line;
On board of one of these, and under hatches,
They stowed him, with strict orders to the watches. 400

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,

And here was one exceedingly unpleasant:
A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,

Handsome and young, enjoying all the present,
Just at the very time when he least broods 405

On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,
Wounded and chained, so that he cannot move,
And all because a lady fell in love.

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,

Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea! 410
Than whom Cassandra was not more prophetic;

For if my pure libations exceed three,
I feel my heart become so sympathetic,

That I must have recourse to black Bohea.

'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious, 415
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious,

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!

Sweet Naiad of the Phlegethontic rill!

Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,

And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers ill? 420

I would take refuge in weak punch, but *rack*

(In each sense of the word), whene'er I fill

My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,

Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe— 425

Not sound, poor fellow, but severely wounded;

Yet could his corporal pangs amount to half
Of those with which his Haidée's bosom bounded !
She was not one to weep, and rave, and chafe,
And then give way, subdued because surrounded ; 430
Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,
Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

There the large olive rains its amber store
In marble founts ; there grain, and flour, and fruit,
Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er ; 435
But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
And long, long deserts scorch the camel's foot,
Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan ;
And as the soil is, so the heart of man. 440

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled ; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And like the soil beneath it will bring forth : 445
Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's dower ;
But her large dark eye showed deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair, 450
Till slowly charged with thunder they display
Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way,
But overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins, 455
Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermastered and cut down ;

His blood was running on the very floor

Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own; 460

Thus much she viewed an instant and no more,—

Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;

On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held

Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes 465

Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;

And her head drooped, as when the lily lies

O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids
bore

Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;

Of herbs and cordials they produced their store, 470

But she defied all means they could employ,

Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—

With nothing livid, still her lips were red;

She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still; 475

No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead;

Corruption came not in each mind to kill

All hope; to look upon her sweet face bred

New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—

She had so much, earth could not claim the whole. 480

The ruling passion, such as marble shows

When exquisitely chiselled, still lay there,

But fixed as marble's unchanged aspect throws

O'er the fair Venus, but forever fair;

O'er the Laocoön's all eternal throes, 485

And ever-dying Gladiator's air,

Their energy like life forms all their fame,

Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,

Rather the dead, for life seemed something new, 490

A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause, 495
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And recked not who around her pillow sat; 500
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not; 505
Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognized no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room—but all forgot—
Gentle, but without memory she lay; 510
At length those eyes, which they would fain be
weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp;
The harper came, and tuned his instrument;
At the first notes, irregular and sharp, 515
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,
Then to the wall she turned as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-
sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong. 520

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,
And sung of love ; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection ; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call 525
To be so being ; in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace, vain relief !—thought came too quick,
And whirled her brain to madness ; she arose 530
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes ;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its close ;—
Hers was a frenzy which disdained to rave, 535
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Yet she betrayed at times a gleam of sense ;
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,
Though on all other things with looks intense
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace ; 540
Food she refused, and raiment ; no pretence
Availed for either ; neither change of place,
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her
Senses to sleep—the power seemed gone forever.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus ; at last, 545
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed :
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow, 550
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack !

She died, but not alone ; she held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin ; 555
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight ;
In vain the dews of Heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love. 560

Thus lived—thus died she ; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth : her days and pleasures were 565
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away ; 570
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay ;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say,
What was ; no dirge, except the hollow sea's, 575
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
Sighs o'er her name ; and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long ;
Valor was his, and beauty dwelt with her : 580
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape ; let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

[DON JUAN IN ENGLAND]

FROM DON JUAN (CANTO XI)

JUAN knew several languages—as well
 He might—and brought them up with skill, in time
 To save his fame with each accomplished belle,
 Who still regretted that he did not rhyme. 420
 There wanted but this requisite to swell
 His qualities (with them) into sublime :
 Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia Mannish,
 Both longed extremely to be sung in Spanish.

However, he did pretty well, and was 425
 Admitted as an aspirant to all
 The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,
 At great assemblies or in parties small,
 He saw ten thousand living authors pass,
 That being about their average numeral ; 430
 Also the eighty "greatest living poets,"
 As every paltry magazine can show *its*.

In twice five years the "greatest living poet,"
 Like to the champion in the fisty ring,
 Is called on to support his claim, or show it, 435
 Although 'tis an imaginary thing,
 Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,
 Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be king—
 Was reckoned, a considerable time,
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme. 440

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
 My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean seems Cain :
La Belle Alliance of dunces down at zero,
 Now that the Lion's fallen, may rise again :

But I will fall at least as fell my hero ; 445
Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign ;
Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,
With turncoat Southey for my turnkey Lowe.

Sir Walter reigned before me ; Moore and Campbell
Before and after : but now grown more holy, 450
The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble
With poets almost clergymen, or wholly :
And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble
Beneath the very Reverend Rowley Powley,
Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts, 455
A modern Ancient Pistol—"by these hilts" !

Then there's my gentle Euphues, who, they say,
Sets up for being a sort of *moral me* ;
He'll find it rather difficult some day
To turn out both, or either, it may be. 460
Some persons think that Coleridge hath the sway ;
And Wordsworth has supporters, two or three ;
And that deep-mouth'd Bœotian "Savage Landor"
Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's gander.

John Keats, who was killed off by one critique, 465
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow ! His was an untoward fate ; 470
'Tis strange the mind, that fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

The list grows long of live and dead pretenders
To that which none will gain—or none will know
The conqueror at least ; who, ere Time renders 475
His last award, will have the long grass grow

Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless cinders.

If I might augur, I should rate but low
Their chances ;—they're too numerous, like the thirty
Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals waxed but dirty. 480

This is the literary *lower* empire,

Where the prætorian bands take up the matter ;—
A "dreadful trade," like his who "gathers samphire,"
The insolent soldiery to soothe and flatter,
With the same feelings as you'd coax a vampire. 485

Now, were I once at home, and in good satire,
I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,
And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

I think I know a trick or two, would turn
Their flanks ;—but it is hardly worth my while 490
With such small gear to give myself concern :

Indeed I've not the necessary bile ;
My natural temper's really aught but stern,
And even my Muse's worst reproof's a smile ;
And then she drops a brief and modern curtsy, 495
And glides away, assured she never hurts ye.

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril

Amongst live poets and *blue* ladies, passed
With some small profit through that field so sterile,
Being tired in time, and neither least nor last, 500
Left it before he had been treated very ill ;

And henceforth found himself more gaily classed
Amongst the higher spirits of the day,
The sun's true son, no vapor, but a ray.

His morns he passed in business—which dissected, 505

Was like all business, a laborious nothing
That leads to lassitude, the most infected
And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing,

And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,
And talk in tender horrors of our loathing 510
All kinds of toil, save for our country's good—
Which grows no better, though 'tis time it should.

His afternoons he passed in visits, luncheons,
Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight hour
In riding round those vegetable puncheons 515
Called "Parks," where there is neither fruit nor
flower

Enough to gratify a bee's slight munchings;
But after all it is the only "bower"
(In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh air. 520

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the world!
Then glare the lamps, then whirl the wheels, then
roar
Through street and square fast flashing chariots
hurled
Like harnessed meteors; then along the floor
Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are twirled; 525
Then roll the brazen thunders of the door,
Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of *Or Molu*.

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall sink
With the three-thousandth curtsy; there the waltz, 530
The only dance which teaches girls to think,
Makes one in love even with its very faults.
Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their brink,
And long the latest of arrivals halts,
'Midst royal dukes and dames condemned to climb, 535
And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

Thrice happy he who, after a survey
Of the good company, can win a corner,

A door that's *in* or boudoir *out* of the way,
Where he may fix himself like small "Jack 540
Horner,"

And let the Babel round run as it may,
And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,
Or an approver, or a mere spectator,
Yawning a little as the night grows later.

But this won't do, save by and by; and he 545
Who, like Don Juan, takes an active share,
Must steer with care through all that glittering sea
Of gems and plumes and pearls and silks, to
where

He deems it is his proper place to be;
Dissolving in the waltz to some soft air, 550
Or prouder prancing with mercurial skill,
Where Science marshals forth her own quadrille.

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views
Upon an heiress or his neighbor's bride,
Let him take care that that which he pursues 555
Is not at once too palpably descried.

Full many an eager gentleman oft rues
His haste; impatience is a blundering guide,
Amongst a people famous for reflection,
Who like to play the fool with circumspection. 560

But, if you can contrive, get next at supper;
Or if forestalled, get opposite and ogle:—
Oh, ye ambrosial moments! always upper
In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,
Which sits for ever upon memory's crupper, 565
The ghost of vanished pleasures once in vogue!

III

Can tender souls relate the rise and fall
Of hopes and fears which shake a single ball.

But these precautionary hints can touch

Only the common run, who must pursue, 570
And watch, and ward; whose plans a word too
much

Or little overturns; and not the few
Or many (for the number's sometimes such)

Whom a good mien, especially if new,
Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or nonsense, 575
Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not long since.

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,
Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,
Like other slaves of course must pay his ransom,
Before he can escape from so much danger 580
As will environ a conspicuous man. Some
Talk about poetry, and "rack and manger,"
And ugliness, disease, as toil and trouble;—
I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

They are young, but know not youth—it is antici- 585
pated;

Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;
Their vigor in a thousand arms is dissipated;
Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to* a
Jew;

Both senates see their nightly votes participated
Between the tyrant's and the tribunes' crew; 590
And having voted, dined, drunk, gamed, and whored,
The family vault receives another lord.

"Where is the world?" cries Young, at eighty—
Where

The world in which a man was born?" Alas!
Where is the world of eight years past? 'Twas 595
there—

I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!

Cracked, shivered, vanished, scarcely gazed on, ere

A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.

Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,

And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings. 600

I have seen small poets, and great prozers, and 665

Interminable—not eternal—speakers—

I have seen the funds at war with house and land—

I have seen the country gentleman turn squeakers—

I have seen the people ridden o'er like sand

By slaves on horseback—I have seen malt liquors 670

Exchanged for "thin potations" by John Bull—

I have seen John half detect himself a fool.—

But "*Carpe diem*," Juan, "*carpe, carpe!*"

Tomorrow sees another race as gay

And transient, and devoured by the same harpy. 675

"Life's a poor player,"—then "play out the play,
Ye villains!" and above all keep a sharp eye

Much less on what you do than what you say:

Be hypocritical, be cautious, be

Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*. 680

But how shall I relate in other cantos

Of what befell our hero in the land,

Which 'tis the common cry and lie to vaunt as

A moral country? But I hold my hand—

For I disdain to write an Atalantis; 685

But 'tis well at once to understand,

You are *not* a moral people, and you know it

Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

What Juan saw and underwent shall be

My topic, with of course the due restriction 690

Which is required by proper courtesy;

And recollect the work is only fiction,

WHEN A MAN HATH NO FREEDOM 463

And that I sing of neither mine nor me,

Though every scribe, in some slight turn of dic-
tion,

Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er doubt 695

This—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but *speak out*.

Whether he married with the third or fourth

Offspring of some sage husband-hunting countess,
Or whether with some virgin of more worth

(I mean in Fortune's matrimonial bounties), 700

He took to regularly peopling Earth,

Of which your lawful, awful wedlock fount is—

Or whether he was taken in for damages,

For being too excursive in his homages,—

Is yet within the unread events of time. 705

Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will back

Against the same given quantity of rhyme,

For being as much the subject of attack

As ever yet was any work sublime,

By those who love to say that white is black. 710

So much the better!—I may stand alone,

But would not change my free thoughts for a throne.

1822-23

1823

WHEN A MAN HATH NO FREEDOM TO
FIGHT FOR AT HOME

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,

Let him combat for that of his neighbors;

Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,

And get knocked on his head for his labors.

To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,

And is always as nobly requited;

Then battle for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hanged, you'll get knighted.

1820

1824

THE WORLD IS A BUNDLE OF HAY

THE world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

1821

1830

WHO KILLED JOHN KEATS

"WHO killed John Keats?"
"I," says *The Quarterly*,
So savage and Tartarly;
"'Twas one of my feats."

"Who shot the arrow?"
"The poet-priest Milman
(So ready to kill man),
Or Southey, or Barrow."

5

1821

1830

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

I

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate:
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,

5

And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do, 10
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail, 15
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below;
Terrestrial business filled nought in the sky
Save the recording angel's black bureau; 20
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripped off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV

His business so augmented of late years, 25
That he was forced, against his will no doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
For some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out 30
By the increased demand for his remarks:
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

V

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven, 35
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
The page was so besmeared with blood and dust. 40

VI

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhorred,
So surfeited with the infernal revel:
Though he himself had sharpened every sword, 45
It almost quenched his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion—
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont, 50
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,
With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't;
'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase,
“With seven heads and ten horns,” and all in
front,
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born 55
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
 Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one
 Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
 Left him nor mental nor external sun: 60
 A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
 A worse king never left a realm undone!
 He died—but left his subjects still behind,
 One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

IX

He died! his death made no great stir on earth: 65
 His burial made some pomp; there was profusion
 Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
 Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion.
 For these things may be bought at their true worth;
 Of elegy there was the due infusion— 70
 Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
 Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

X

Formed a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
 The fools who flocked to swell or see the show,
 Who cared about the corpse? The funeral 75
 Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
 There throbbed not there a thought which pierced
 the pall;
 And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
 It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
 The rottenness of eighty years in gold. 80

XI

So mix his body with the dust! It might
Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unmmmied clay—
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

85

XII

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done;
He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone.
For him, unless he left a German will:
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?
In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

90

95

XIII

"God save the king!" It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if he will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

100

XIV

I know this is unpopular; I know 105
 'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damned
 For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
 I know my catechism; I know we're crammed
 With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
 I know that all save England's church have 110
 shammed,
 And that the other twice two hundred churches
 And synagogues have made a *damned* bad purchase.

XV

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
 God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
 And not a whit more difficult to damn, 115
 Than is to bring to land a late-hooked fish,
 Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
 Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,
 As one day will be that immortal fry
 Of almost everybody born to die. 120

XVI

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
 And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo! there came
 A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—
 A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame;
 In short, a roar of things extremely great, 125
 Which would have made aught save a saint ex-
 claim;
 But he, with first a start and then a wink,
 Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

XVII

But ere he could return to his repose,
 A cherub flapped his right wing o'er his eyes— 130
 At which St. Peter yawned, and rubbed his nose :
 "Saint porter," said the angel, "prithee rise!"
 Waving a goodly wing, which glowed, as glows
 An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes :
 To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the mat- 135
 ter?
 Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter?"

XVIII

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third is dead."
 "And who *is* George the Third?" replied the
 apostle :
 "*What George? what Third?*" "The king of Eng-
 land," said
 The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to jostle 140
 Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
 Because the last we saw here had a tustle,
 And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,
 Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX

"He was, if I remember, king of France; 145
 That head of his, which could not keep a crown
 On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
 A claim to those of martyrs—like my own :
 If I had had my sword, as I had once
 When I cut ears off, I had cut him down; 150
 But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
 I only knocked his head from out his hand.

XX

“And then he set up such a headless howl,
That all the saints came out and took him in;
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl; 155
That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin
Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
In heaven, and upon earth redeemed his sin,
So as to make a martyr, never sped
Better than did this weak and wooden head. 160

XXI

“But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
There would have been a different tale to tell:
The fellow-feeling in the saint’s beholders
Seems to have acted on them like a spell;
And so this very foolish head heaven solders 165
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
And seems the custom here to overthrow
Whatever has been wisely done below.”

XXII

The angel answered, “Peter! do not pout:
The king who comes has head and all entire, 170
And never knew much what it was about—
He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,
And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
My business and your own is not to inquire
Into such matters, but to mind our cue— 175
Which is to act as we are bid to do.”

XXIII

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde, 180
Or Thames, or Tweed), and midst them an old man
With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

XXIV

But bringing up the rear of this bright host 185
A Spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
His brow was like the deep when tempest-tossed;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved 190
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
Ne'er to be entered more by him or Sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate, 195
As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
He potted with his keys at a great rate,
And sweated through his apostolic skin:
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor. 200

XXVI

The very cherubs huddled all together,
Like birds when soars the falcon, and they felt
A tingling to the tip of every feather,
And formed a circle like Orion's belt
Around their poor old charge; who scarce knew 205
whither

His guards had led him, though they gently dealt
With royal manes (for by many stories,
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories).

XXVII

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges 210
Flung over space an universal hue
Of many-colored flame, until its tinges
Reached even our speck of earth, and made a new
Aurora borealis spread its fringes
O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when ice- 215
bound,
By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound."

XXVIII

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight: 220
My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
With earthly likenesses, for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX

'Twas the archangel Michael: all men know 225
 The make of angels and archangels, since
 There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
 From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
 There also are some altar-pieces, though
 I really can't say that they much evince 230
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
 A goodly work of him from whom all glory
 And good arise; the portal past—he stood; 235
 Before him the young cherubs and saints hoary—
 (I say *young*, begging to be understood
 By looks, not years; and should be very sorry
 To state, they were not older than St. Peter,
 But merely that they seemed a little sweeter). 240

XXXI

The cherubs and the saints bowed down before
 That arch-angelic hierarch, the first
 Of essences angelical, who wore
 The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
 Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core 245
 No thought, save for his Master's service, durst
 Intrude, however glorified and high;
 He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII

He and the sombre, silent Spirit met—
They knew each other both for good and ill ; 250
Such was their power, that neither could forget
His former friend and future foe ; but still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret
In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years 255
Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the
spheres.

XXXIII

But here they were in neutral space : we know
From Job, that Satan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so ;
And that the "sons of God," like those of clay, 260
Must keep him company ; and we might show
From the same book, in how polite a way
The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil—but 'twould take up hours.

XXXIV

And this is not a theologic tract, 265
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,
If Job be allegory or a fact,
But a true narrative ; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick. 270
'Tis every little true, beyond suspicion,
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV

The spirits were in neutral space, before
 The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds is
 The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er, 275
 And souls despatched to that world or to this;
 And therefore Michael and the other wore
 A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
 Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
 There passed a mutual glance of great politeness. 280

XXXVI

The Archangel bowed, not like a modern beau,
 But with a graceful oriental bend,
 Pressing one radiant arm just where below
 The heart in good men is supposed to tend:
 He turned as to an equal, not too low, 285
 But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend
 With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
 Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII

He merely bent his diabolic brow
 An instant; and then raising it, he stood 290
 In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
 Cause why King George by no means could or
 should
 Make out a case to be exempt from woe
 Eternal, more than other kings, endued
 With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions, 295
 Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."

XXXVIII

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with this man,
 Now dead, and brought before the Lord? What
 ill
 Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
 That thou canst claim him? Speak! and do thy 300
 will,
 If it be just: if in this earthly span
 He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
 His duties as a king and mortal, say,
 And he is thine; if not, let him have way."

XXXIX

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even here 305
 Before the gate of Him thou servest, must
 I claim my subject: and will make appear
 That as he was my worshipper in dust,
 So shall he be in spirit, although dear
 To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust 310
 Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne
 He reigned o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine*; it was,
 Once, *more* thy master's; but I triumph not
 In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas! 315
 Need he thou servest envy me my lot:
 With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
 In worship round him, he may have forgot
 Yon weak creation of such paltry things:
 I think few worth damnation save their kings,— 320

XLI

“And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
Assert my right as lord: and even had
I such an inclination, ’twere (as you
Well know) superfluous; they are grown so bad,
That hell has nothing better left to do 325
Than leave them to themselves: so much more
mad
And evil by their own internal curse,
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII

“Look to the earth, I said, and say again:
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor 330
worm
Began in youth’s first bloom and flush to reign,
The world and he both wore a different form,
And much of earth, and all the watery plain
Of ocean called him king; through many a storm
His isles had floated on the abyss of time; 335
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII

“He came to his sceptre young; he leaves it old:
Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals too behold,
How to a minion first he gave the helm; 340
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
The beggar’s vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
Thine eye along America and France.

XLIV

“ ’Tis true, he was a tool from first to last 345
 (I have the workmen safe) ; but as a tool
 So let him be consumed. From out the past
 Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
 Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amassed
 Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar’s school, 350
 Take the worst pupil ; and produce a reign
 More drenched with gore, more cumbered with the
 slain.

XLV

“He ever warred with freedom and the free :
 Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
 So that they uttered the word ‘Liberty!’ 355
 Found George the Third their first opponent.
 Whose
 History was ever stained as his will be
 With national and individual woes?
 I grant his household abstinence ; I grant
 His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want ; 360

XLVI

“I know he was a constant consort ; own
 He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
 All this is much, and most upon a throne ;
 As temperance, if at Apicius’ board,
 Is more than at an anchorite’s supper shown. 365
 I grant him all the kindest can accord ;
 And this was well for him, but not for those
 Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII

"The New World shook him off; the Old yet groans
 Beneath what he and his prepared, if not 370
 Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
 To all his vices, without what begot
 Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones
 Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
 A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake 375
 Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

XLVIII

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
 The faith which makes ye great on earth, im-
 plored
 A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old,—
 Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord, 380
 Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter! Cold
 Must be your souls, if you have not abhorred
 The foe to Catholic participation
 In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX

"True! he allowed them to pray God; but as 385
 A consequence of prayer, refused the law
 Which would have placed them upon the same base
 With those who did not hold the saints in awe."
 But here Saint Peter started from his place,
 And cried, "You may the prisoner withdraw: 390
 Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
 While I am guard, may I be damned myself!

L

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
 My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
 Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range 395
 The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"
 "Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge
 The wrongs he made your satellites endure;
 And if to this exchange you should be given,
 I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven!" 400

LI

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and devil!
 Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discretion.
 Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:
 Satan! excuse this warmth of his expression,
 And condescension to the vulgar's level: 405
 Even saints sometimes forget themselves in session.
 Have you got more to say?"—"No."—"If you
 please,
 I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

LII

Then Satan turned and waved his swarthy hand,
 Which stirred with its electric qualities 410
 Clouds farther off than we can understand,
 Although we find him sometimes in our skies;
 Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
 In all the planets, and hell's batteries
 Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions 415
 As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

LIII

This was a signal unto such damned souls
 As have the privilege of their damnation
 Extended far beyond the mere controls
 Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station 420
 Is theirs particularly in the rolls
 Of Hell assigned; but where their inclination
 Or business carries them in search of game,
 They may range freely—being damned the same.

LIV

They are proud of this—as very well they may, 425
 It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
 Stuck in their loins; or like to an “entrée”
 Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.
 I borrow my comparisons from clay,
 Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be 430
 Offended with such base low likenesses;
 We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell—
 About ten million times the distance reckoned
 From our sun to its earth, as we can tell 435
 How much time it takes up, even to a second,
 For every ray that travels to dispel
 The fogs of London, through which, dimly be-
 coned,
 The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,
 If that the *summer* is not too severe: 440

LVI

I say that I can tell—'twas half a minute ;
 I know the solar beams take up more time
 Ere, packed up for their journey, they begin it ;
 But then their telegraph is less sublime,
 And if they ran a race, they would not win it 445
 'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own
 clime.

The sun takes up some years for every ray
 To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

LVII

Upon the verge of space, about the size
 Of half-a-crown, a little speck appeared 450
 (I've seen a something like it in the skies
 In the Ægean, ere a squall) ; it neared,
 And, growing bigger, took another guise ;
 Like an aërial ship it tacked, and steered,
 Or *was* steered (I am doubtful of the grammar 455
 Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stam-
 mer ;—

LVIII

But take your choice) : and then it grew a cloud :
 And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.
 But such a cloud ! No land e'er saw a crowd
 Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these ; 460
 They shadowed with their myriads space ; their loud
 And varied cries were like those of wild geese
 (If nations may be likened to a goose),
 And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

LIX

Here crashed a sturdy oath of stout John Bull, 465
 Who damned away his eyes as heretofore:
 There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!"—"What's your
 wull?"

The temperate Scot exclaimed: the French ghost
 swore
 In certain terms I shan't translate in full,
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war, 470
 The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
 "*Our* President is going to war, I guess."

LX

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
 In short, an universal shoal of shades,
 From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain, 475
 Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
 Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
 Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
 All summoned by this grand "subpœna," to
 Try if kings mayn't be damned like me or you. 480

LXI

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
 As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
 He turned all colors—as a peacock's tail,
 Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
 In some old abbey, or a trout not stale, 485
 Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
 Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
 Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII

Then he addressed himself to Satan: "Why—
 My good old friend, for such I deem you, though 490
 Our different parties make us fight so shy,
 I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
 Our difference is *political*, and I
 Trust that, whatever may occur below,
 You know my great respect for you: and this 495
 Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

LXIII

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
 My call for witnesses? I did not mean
 That you should half of earth and hell produce;
 'Tis even superfluous, since two honest, clean, 500
 True testimonies are enough: we lose
 Our time, nay, our eternity, between
 The accusation and defence: if we
 Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality."

LXIV

Satan replied, "To me the matter is 505
 Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
 I can have fifty better souls than this
 With far less trouble than we have gone through
 Already; and I merely argued his
 Late Majesty of Britain's case with you 510
 Upon a point of form: you may dispose
 Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!"

LXV

Thus spoke the Demon (late called "multifaced"
By multo-scribbling Southey). "Then we'll call
One or two persons of the myriads placed 515
Around our congress, and dispense with all
The rest," quoth Michael: "Who may be so graced
As to speak first? there's choice enough—who
shall
It be?" Then Satan answered, "There are many;
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any." 520

LXVI

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite
Upon the instant started from the throng,
Dressed in a fashion now forgotten quite;
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
By people in the next world; where unite 525
All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII

The spirit looked around upon the crowds
Assembled, and exclaimed, "My friends of all 530
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these
clouds;
So let's to business: why this general call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with unturned coat! 535
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?"

LXVIII

“Sir,” replied Michael, “you mistake; these things
 Are of a former life, and what we do
 Above is more august; to judge of kings
 Is the tribunal met: so now you know.” 540
 “Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,”
 Said Wilkes, “are cherubs; and that soul below
 Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind
 A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?”

LXIX

“He is what you behold him, and his doom 545
 Depends upon his deeds,” the Angel said;
 “If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb
 Gives license to the humblest beggar’s head
 To lift itself against the loftiest.”—“Some,”
 Said Wilkes, “don’t wait to see them laid in lead, 550
 For such a liberty—and I, for one,
 Have told them what I thought beneath the sun.”

LXX

“*Above* the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
 To urge against him,” said the Archangel.
 “Why,”
 Replied the spirit, “since old scores are past, 555
 Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
 Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
 With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky
 I don’t like ripping up old stories, since
 His conduct was but natural in a prince. 560

LXXI

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
 A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
 But then I blame the man himself much less
 Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling
 To see him punished here for their excess, 565
 Since they were both damned long ago, and still
 in
 Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,
 And vote his *habeas corpus* into heaven."

LXXII

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all this;
 You turned to half a courtier ere you died, 570
 And seem to think it would not be amiss
 To grow a whole one on the other side
 Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
 Reign is concluded; whatsoe'er betide,
 He won't be sovereign more; you've lost your labor, 575
 For at the best he will but be your neighbor.

LXXIII

"However, I knew what to think of it,
 When I beheld you in your jesting way,
 Flitting and whispering round about the spit
 Where Belial, upon duty for the day, 580
 With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
 His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
 That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;
 I'll have him *gagged*—'twas one of his own bills.

LXXIV

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a shadow stalked, 585
 And at the name there was a general squeeze,
 So that the very ghosts no longer walked
 In comfort, at their own ærial ease,
 But were all rammed, and jammed (but to be balked,
 As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees, 590
 Like wind compressed and pent within a bladder,
 Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV

The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-haired figure,
 That looked as it had been a shade on earth;
 Quick in its motions, with an air of vigor, 595
 But nought to mark its breeding or its birth;
 Now it waxed little, then again grew bigger,
 With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth;
 But as you gazed upon its features, they
 Changed every instant—to *what*, none could say. 600

LXXVI

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
 Could they distinguish whose the features were;
 The Devil himself seemed puzzled even to guess;
 They varied like a dream—now here, now there;
 And several people swore from out the press, 605
 They knew him perfectly; and one could swear
 He was his father: upon which another
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest, 610
 A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least
 As oft as they their minds: though in full sight
 He stood, the puzzle only was increased;
 The man was a phantasmagoria in 615
 Himself—he was so volatile and thin.

LXXVIII

The moment that you had pronounced him *one*,
 Presto! his face changed, and he was another;
 And when that change was hardly well put on,
 It varied, till I don't think his own mother 620
 (If that he had a mother) would her son
 Have known, he shifted so from one to t'other;
 Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
 At this epistolary "Iron Mask."

LXXIX

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem— 625
 "Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says
 Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem
 That he was not even *one*; now many rays
 Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam
 Hid him from sight—like fogs on London days: 630
 Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's fancies,
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXX

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own ;
 I never let it out till now, for fear
 Of doing people harm about the throne, 635
 And injuring some minister or peer,
 On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown ;
 It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear !
 'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call
 Was *really, truly*, nobody at all. 640

LXXXI

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
 Written without hands, since we daily view
 Them written without heads ; and books, we see,
 Are filled as well without the latter too :
 And really till we fix on somebody 645
 For certain sure to claim them as his due,
 Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
 The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII

"And who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.
 "For *that* you may consult my title-page," 650
 Replied this mighty shadow of a shade :
 "If I have kept my secret half an age,
 I scarce shall tell it now."—"Canst thou upbraid,"
 Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
 Aught further?" Junius answered, "You had better 655
 First ask him for *his* answer to my letter :

LXXXIII

"My charges upon record will outlast
 The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
 "Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past
 Exaggeration? something which may doom 660
 Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
 Too bitter—is it not so—in thy gloom
 Of passion?"—"Passion!" cried the phantom dim,
 "I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV

"What I have written, I have written: let 665
 The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
 Old "Nominis Umbra"; and while speaking yet,
 Away he melted in celestial smoke.
 Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget
 To call George Washington, and John Horne 670
 Tooke,
 And Franklin;"—but at this time there was heard
 A cry for room, though not a phantom stirred.

LXXXV

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
 Of cherubim appointed to that post,
 The devil Asmodeus to the circle made 675
 His way, and looked as if his journey cost
 Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
 "What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis not a
 ghost?"
 "I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
 Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me. 680

LXXXVI

"Confound the renegado! I have sprained
 My left wing, he's so heavy; one would think
 Some of his works about his neck were chained.
 But to the point; while hovering o'er the brink
 Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rained), 685
 I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
 And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
 No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII

"The former is the devil's scripture, and
 The latter yours, good Michael: so the affair 690
 Belongs to all of us, you understand.
 I snatched him up just as you see him there,
 And brought him off for sentence out of hand:
 I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
 At least a quarter it can hardly be: 695
 I dare say that his wife is still at tea."

LXXXVIII

Here Satan said, "I know this man of old,
 And have expected him for some time here;
 A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
 Or more conceited, in his petty sphere: 700
 But surely it was not worth while to fold
 Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear:
 We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
 With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX

"But since he's here, let's see what he has done." 705

"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates
The very business you are now upon,
And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.

Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?" 710
"Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to say:
You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch 715
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir. 720

XCI

But ere the spavined dactyls could be spurred
Into recitative, in great dismay
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long array;
And Michael rose ere he could get a word 725
Of all his foundered verses under way,
And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend! 'twere
best—
Non Di, non homines—you know the rest."

XCII

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
 Which seemed to hold all verse in detestation ; 730
 The angels had of course enough of song
 When upon service ; and the generation
 Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
 Before, to profit by a new occasion :
 The monarch, mute till then, exclaimed, "What ! 735
 what !
*Py*e come again ? No more—no more of that !"

XCIII

The tumult grew ; an universal cough
 Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
 When Castlereagh has been up long enough
 (Before he was first minister of state 740
 I mean—the *slaves hear now*) ; some cried "Off,
 off !"
 As at a farce ; till, grown quite desperate,
 The bard Saint Peter prayed to interpose
 (Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV

The varlet was not an ill-favored knave ; 745
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,
 With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
 A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
 To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
 Was by no means so ugly as his case ; 750
 But that, indeed, was hopeless as can be,
 Quite a poetic felony "*de se*."

XCV

Then Michael blew his trump, and stilled the noise

With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides ; except some grumbling voice,

755

Which now and then will make a slight inroad
Upon decorous silence, few will twice

Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrowded ;
And now the bard could plead his own bad cause,
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

760

XCVI

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,

He meant no harm in scribbling ; 'twas his way
Upon all topics ; 'twas, besides, his bread,

Of which he buttered both sides ; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),

765

And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
“Wat Tyler”—“Rhymes on Blenheim”—“Waterloo.”

XCVII

He had written praises of a regicide ;

He had written praises of all kings whatever ;

770

He had written for republics far and wide,

And then against them bitterer than ever ;
For pantisocracy he once had cried

Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever,
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—

775

Had turned his coat—and would have turned his
skin.

XCVIII

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had called
Reviewing "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawled— 780
Fed, paid, and pampered by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been mauled:
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than anybody knows.

XCIX

He had written Wesley's life:—here turning round 785
To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes and preface, all that most allures
The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers: 790
So let me have the proper documents,
That I may add you to my other saints."

C

Satan bowed, and was silent. "Well, if you,
With amiable modesty, decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few 795
Whose memoirs could be rendered more divine.
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you shine
Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown. 800

CI

“But talking about trumpets, here’s my Vision!

Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
Judge with my judgment, and by my decision

Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.

I settle all these things by intuition,

805

Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
Like King Alfonso. When I thus see double,
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.”

CII

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no

Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,

810

Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so

He read the first three lines of the contents;

But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show

Had vanished, with variety of scents,

Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,

815

Like lightning, off from his “melodious twang.”

CIII

Those grand heroics acted as a spell;

The angels stopped their ears and plied their
pinions;

The devils ran howling, deafened, down to hell;

The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own do- 820
minions—

(For ’tis not yet decided where they dwell,

And I leave every man to his opinions);

Michael took refuge in his trump—but, lo!

His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow!

CIV

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known 825
 For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
 And at the fifth line knocked the poet down;
 Who fell like Phæton, but more at ease,
 Into his lake, for there he did not drown;
 A different web being by the Destinies 830
 Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
 Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,
 But soon rose to the surface—like himself;
 For all corrupted things are buoyed like corks, 835
 By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
 Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,
 It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
 In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or "Vision,"
 As Welborn says—"the devil turned precisian." 840

CVI

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
 Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
 Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
 And showed me what I in my turn have shown.
 All I saw further, in the last confusion, 845
 Was, that King George slipped into heaven for
 one;
 And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
 I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone !

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*

5

10

15

20

25

STANZAS

501

Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be. 30

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath! 35

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest. 40

1824

1824

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA

OH, TALK not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is 5
wrinkled?

'Tis but as a dead-flower with May-dew besprinkled.
Then away with all such from the head that is
hoary!

What care I for the wreaths that can *only* give
glory!

O FAME!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases, 10

Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover,
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, *there* only I found thee ;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround
thee ;

When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my 15
story,

I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Nov. 6, 1821

1830

NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is assumed that, before you read these notes and comments, you will have studied the chapter on the author in the *Guide*.

When critics of the author are referred to in these notes, see the *Guide* for the full titles of their works, either under the particular author or under the general bibliography of Romanticism.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

II.—WILLIAM AND HELEN. This version of Bürger's *Lenore* closely links the earliest literary work of Scott with previous English imitators of German literature, and especially with William Taylor of Norwich. "A lady of high rank in the literary world [Mrs. Anna Laetitia Barbauld]," says Scott, "read this romantic tale, as translated by Mr. Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The author [Scott] was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus—

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,
Splash, splash, across the sea;
Hurrah, the dead can ride apace!
Dost fear to ride with me?

In attempting a translation, then intended only to circulate among friends, the present author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs."

Compare Taylor's version, in *Selections from the Pre-Romantic Movement*. What in the two versions is similar in content and in form? What is different?

II.—5. *Frederick*. Frederick Barbarossa, King of Germany and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire,—a leader in the Third Crusade, A. D. 1189.

- 11.—7. *Judah's wars*. The wars in Palestine.
- 11.—9. *Paynim*. Heathen.
- 15.—116. *matin*. Early morning.
- 15.—123. *wight*. Ready for action.
- 15.—125. *Busk, busk, and boune*. Dress thyself and make ready.
- 15.—126. *barb*. Steed of Barbery—powerful and swift.
- 20.—THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN. 21.—41. *bittern*. A wading bird, like a heron.
- 22.—79. *black rood-stone*. At Melrose Abbey there was a crucifix of black marble.
- 24.—127. *bartizan*. A small structure projecting from a castle, for observation and defense.
- 26.—193. *ne'er beholds the day*. Scott knew of an unfortunate young woman who, because her lover never returned, immured herself for the rest of her life from the light of day.
- 27.—THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. "The poem now offered to the public," says Scott in the preface to the first edition, "is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of Scotland and England. The inhabitants living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the ancient metrical romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular poem. . . . For these reasons, the poem was put into the mouth of an ancient minstrel, the last of the race, who as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the persons actually flourished."
- The metre of the poem was taken from Coleridge's *Christabel*, which had not yet been published, but which a friend of Coleridge's recited on a visit to Scott in 1801 (four years before the publication of the *Lay*). In 1831 Scott acknowledged this indebtedness as an "acknowledgment due from the pupil to his master."
- 27.—20-21. The allusion is to Cromwell and the Puritans.
- 28.—44. *Monmouth*. Executed in 1685 for rebellion against King James II.

29.—80. *Charles*. King Charles I, when he visited Edinburgh.

30.—17. *Caledonia*. Scotland.

31.—8. *firth*. The Firth (bay, inlet) of Forth.

33.—THE MAID OF NEIDPATH. "There is a tradition in Tweeddale that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs that she is said to have distinguished the horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants."—Scott. How has Scott changed the story, and with what effect?

33.—21. *kenned*. recognized.

34.—HUNTING SONG. 5. The hounds are coupled (linked) together.

35.—MARMION. The Introduction celebrates the memory of three of the greatest British leaders during the war against France, all of whom had died within less than one year: (1) Nelson, in the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805; (2) William Pitt, twice Prime Minister, January 23, 1806; and (3) Charles James Fox, the famous orator and liberal statesman, September 13, 1806.

35.—20. *Gadite*. Spanish, referring to Trafalgar.

35.—21. *levin*. lightning.

36.—30. *On Egypt, Hafnia, etc.* Nelson's chief victories,—the first being commonly called the Battle of the Nile; and the second, the Battle of Copenhagen (of which "Hafnia" is the Latin name).

36.—52. *tottering throne*. Alluding to the insanity of George III.

37.—59. *Palinure*. The helmsman in Virgil's *Aeneid*, whose vigilance not even the God of Sleep could relax.

37.—75. *slumbers nigh*. They lie near one another in Westminster.

37.—76. *requiescat*. May he rest in peace.

37.—87. *error*. Fox's personal habits were dissolute. Scott's allusion to that fact aroused the anger of Jeffrey (in *Edinburgh Review*) and of other partisans.

38.—105. *timorous slave*. A Russian ambassador, D'Oubril, in negotiations after Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, was willing to agree to a supine peace.

38.—106. Fox's unwillingness to make peace with the triumphant Napoleon was all the more noteworthy since in the early days of the war he had been an advocate of a pacific policy.

38.—125. *Thessalian*. Thessaly was famed as a land of wizardry.

39.—153. *you deigned to praise*. Both Pitt and Fox admired *The Lay of The Last Minstrel*.

39.—WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST? Scott regarded this "wild and sad air" as characteristically Scotch, and introduced it as follows:

Such have I heard in Scottish land
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer
On Lowland plains the ripened ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listened and stood still
As it came softened up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men
Who languished for their native glen,
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles in the strain
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again!

(*Marmion*, iii, 132-147)

41.—LOCHINVAR. "The ballad of Lochinvar is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad called 'Katharine Janfarie'."—Scott. The usual title for it is *Katharine Jaffray*. Read it in Childs's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, and consider the purpose and the value of Scott's changes.

Observe the galloping metre,—later used by Browning in *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent To Aix*.

41.—7. *brake. thicket.*

42.—20. *like the Solway.* i. e., violently, the Firth of Solway being noted for its powerful tides. Scott later described them in *Redgauntlet*, chap. iv.

42.—32. *galliard.* A lively dance for two persons.

43.—41. *scaur. cliff.* 43.—43. *Grāmes.* Grahams.

43.—MARMION AND DOUGLAS. This scene of defiance between the English villain-hero Marmion and his turbulent host Douglas, Earl of Angus, is a passage typical of the spirited action of Scott's romances; and it may be sufficiently appreciated without a detailed knowledge of its context. The main point in the situation is that Douglas has received Marmion into his castle because Marmion is on an official mission, but Douglas will not countenance any suggestion of personal friendship between them.

The following annotations by Scott are characteristic illustrations of his scholarship and of his desire to be true to historical facts.

45.—79. *the flush of rage.* "This ebullition of violence in the potent Earl of Angus is not without its examples in the real history of the house of Douglas, whose chieftains possessed the ferocity with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Maclellan, tutor of Pomby, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbright-shire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the tutor of Bomby, and obtained from the King 'a sweet letter of supplication,' praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honor due to a favorite servant of the King's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; 'and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner, and said, "Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head: take his body, and do with it what you will." Sir Patrick answered again with a sore heart, and said, "My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispone upon the body as ye please": and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback,

he said to the Earl on this manner, "My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labors, that you have used at this time, according to your demerits." At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him: and had it not been his lead horse was so tried and good, he had been taken' (Pit-scottie's *History*)."—Scott.

46.—106. *A letter forged.* "Lest the reader should partake of the Earl's astonishment, and consider the crime as inconsistent with the manners of the period, I have to remind him of the numerous forgeries (partly executed by a female assistant) devised by Robert of Artois, to forward his suit against the Countess Matilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward IV to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs."—Scott.

Despite this plea, the introduction of a forgery into this kind of tale has been almost universally deemed a blemish. Byron, in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, 166 ff., scoffed at

The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight. •

47.—THE LADY OF THE LAKE. "The scene of the following poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire."—Scott.

"The ancient manners, the habits, and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds, and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an

honorable foe. The poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

"I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollection, was a labor of love; and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced."—Scott.

The interspersed lyrics, perhaps even more than the narrative parts of *The Lady of the Lake*, express the spirit of the Highlands.

47.—2. *witch-elm*. Elm with broad leaves.

47.—10. *Caledon*. Scotland.

51.—138. *whinyard*. huntsman's sword or dagger.

52.—166. *Woe worth*. Of poor value.

53.—202. *pagod*. pagoda, oriental tower.

59.—440. *ptarmigan and heath-cock*. game birds.

59.—441. *mere*. lake.

59.—443. *by the rood*. by the Cross.

62.—525. *Idaean vine*. Whortleberry, associated with Mt. Ida, in Crete.

63.—573. *Ferragus or Oscabart*. Gigantic heroes of old.

65.—638. *pibroch*. music played on the bagpipe, especially before going into battle.

65.—641. *fallow*. pasture, or other uncultivated land.

65.—657. *reveillé*. the awakening summons.

68.—HAIL TO THE CHIEF. Sung by boatmen who are rowing their chieftain. "The song itself is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams*, or boat songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honor of a favorite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars, and it is easy to distinguish between those intended to be sung to the oars of a galley, where the stroke is lengthened and doubled, as it were, and those which were timed to the rowers of an ordinary boat."—Scott.

68.—10. *Roderigh Vich, etc.* Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.

68.—12. *Beltane*. May-day.

69.—28 ff. "The Lennox, as the district is called which encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond, was pe-

cularly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the lake, and the neighboring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity."—Scott.

69.—CORONACH. Sung by the women, lamenting the death of the chieftain. "The *Coronach* of the highlanders, like the *Ululatus* of the Romans, and the *Ululoo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death."—Scott.

Observe that the imagery is "in character,"—i. e., drawn from such objects and experiences as are familiar to the Highlanders.

70.—17. *correi*. A hollow in a hillside, where game hides.

70.—18. *cumber*. trouble (Cf. "encumbered").

70.—HYMN TO THE VIRGIN. 1. *Ave*. Hail.

71.—THE VIOLET. The "false love" was Williamina Stuart, whose fickleness had caused young Walter Scott, as he put it, "three years of dreaming and two years of wakening." Although written in 1797, the poem was not published until after her death in 1810.

72.—BRIGNALL BANKS. "The banks of the Greta [a river in Yorkshire], below Rutherford Bridge, abound in seams of grayish slate, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the seam has been exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti."—Scott. In the dialogue between the maiden and her lover, it is gradually disclosed to her that he is an outlaw.

74.—THE ROVER'S FAREWELL. 4. *the rue*. Signifying the wine of bitterness.

75.—ALLEN-A-DALE. The minstrel of Robin Hood's outlaw-band contrasted with a noble, Lord Dacre, Baron of Ravensworth.

75.—9. *mere*. pond, pool. 17. *vail*. take off.

76.—FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG. A link between Scott the poet and Scott the author of *Waverley*, in chap. xxii, of which novel the Highland heroine sings this song. She expresses her enthusiasm for the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745 in favor of the young Stuart Pretender and against the

"stranger" (l. 3), the Hanoverian King George II. Many Highland clans supported the Pretender's cause, as they had done in the previous rebellion of 1715.

76.—6. *claymore*. a great sword.

76.—17. *Moray*. The Pretender. The Stuarts were Earls of Moray.

77.—36. *Remember, etc.* Scenes of former battles.

78.—50. *frith*. firth, narrow inlet from the sea.

78.—JOCK OF HAZELDEAN. The first stanza is from an old ballad, which in Child's *Ballads* is entitled *John of Hazel-green*.

78.—13. *ha'*. hall. 79.—19. *managed*. trained.

79.—PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU. "This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:—

Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhuidh, piobaireachd Dhonuil;
Piob agus bratach air faiche Inverlochi.

The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The pipe-summons of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-
place at Inverlochy."—Scott.

79.—11. *pennon*. pennant. 80.—24. *targes*. shields.

80.—WHY SIT'ST THOU. From *The Antiquary*, chap. x, where a woman sings it. The Deep Voice (l. 5) is that of Time, and the poem is sometimes entitled *Time*.

81.—AND WHAT THOUGH WINTER. From *Old Mortality*, chap. xix. Expresses the spirit of the seventeenth-century cavaliers,—cheerful in adversity.

81.—4. *sack*. A dry Spanish wine, like sherry.

81.—7. *starkly*. strongly.

81.—THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL. Lockhart (*Life of Scott*, chap. xxxix) comments upon this pathetic poem as follows: "It was while struggling with such languor, on one lovely evening of this autumn [1817], that he composed the following beautiful verses. They mark the very spot of their birth,—namely, the then naked height overhang-

ing the northern side of the Cauldshields Loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the eastward, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are now visible over a wide range of rich woodland,—all the work of the poet's hand."

82.—PROUD MAISIE. This ballad (from *The Heart of Midlothian*, chap. xlv) is sung by the crazed Madge Wild-fire upon her death-bed.

83.—THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR. Sung by the jolly friar in *Ivanhoe* (chap. xvii).

84.—REBECCA'S HYMN. From *Ivanhoe*, chap. xxxix. Sung in a time of great adversity by the lovely Jewess at her evening devotions.

84.—4. *flame*. Alluding to *Exodus*, chap. xiii.

84.—10. *trump and timbrel*. trumpet and a kind of drum.

85.—COUNTY GUY. From *Quentin Durward*, chap. iv. Supposed to be sung by a maiden in the days of chivalry. "The words," says Scott, "had neither so much sense, wit, and fancy, as to withdraw the attention from the music, nor the music so much of art as to drown all feeling of the words. The one seemed fitted to the other; and if the song had been recited without the notes, or the air played without the words, neither would have been worth noting. It is, therefore, scarcely fair to put upon record lines intended not to be said or read, but only to be sung."

County. Count, earl, or lord.

86.—GLEE FOR KING CHARLES. From *Woodstock*, chap. xx. Like *And What Though Winter Will Pinch Severe* (p. 81) expresses the cavaliers' defiance of misfortune and danger. At the time when they are supposed to be singing it, their king was defeated and in deadly peril.

86.—6. *carles*. churls.

87.—BONNY DUNDEE. From Scott's forgotten play, *The Doom of Devorgoil*.

Dundee is John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, gallant soldier and supporter of a lost cause, much admired by Scott, who had depicted his character in *Old Mortality*. During the reigns of the Stuart kings Charles II and James II, Dundee persecuted the rebellious Scotch Dissenters. When the Stuart cause was lost, and James II fled to France, Dundee remained loyal, as described in the poem. Defying the "Lords of Convention," i. e., the Scottish Parliament, he left Edinburgh with a small escort, vainly attempted to persuade the Duke of Gordon to hold Edinburgh Castle for King James, raised an army in the Highlands, and led it to victory at Killiecrankie, in which battle he was mortally wounded. His exit from Edinburgh was not quite so dra-

matic as Scott imagined, but the poem is in general harmony with the temper and staunchness of Dundee.

87.—10. *backwards*. in sign of alarm.

87.—11. *douce*. prudent (somewhat sarcastically).

87.—14. *sanctified*. So called because the Bow was a street mainly occupied by Dissenters or Covenanters, whom their opponents thought ostentatiously and hypocritically devout.

87.—15. *Ilk carline*, etc. Every old woman was scolding and wagging her head.

87.—16. *young plants*, etc. The young Covenanters looked not unsympathetically.

87.—19. *crammed*. Mr. Stewart A. Robertson and Mr. S. M. Ellis have recently established the fact that in the first publication of the poem (in *The Christmas Box*, 1828) the reading was *pang'd*, i.e., "stuffed full." See *Times Lit. Suppl.*, Feb. 28, Mar. 7, Mar. 14, and Apr. 4, 1929. An obviously better rhyme, and almost certainly the correct reading.

88.—24. *cowls of Kilmarnock*. wearers of hooded garments, made in Kilmarnock, a town west of Edinburgh.

88.—25. *lang-hafted gullies*. long-handled knives.

88.—26. *close-heads*. The innermost ends of the blind alleys leading out of the causeway or main street.

88.—31. *Mons Meg*. Dundee is asking Gordon, commander of the castle, to turn the huge cannon called Meg, and supposed to have been made in Mons, Belgium, against the Covenanters.

88.—31. *marrows*. mates.

88.—35. *Where'er shall direct me*, etc. Wherever loyalty and bravery in the Stuart cause may require, for the Marquis of Montrose had been a valiant royalist leader, who was finally captured and executed by the Covenanters.

88.—41. *Dunierwassals*. Highland gentlemen in the service of the chiefs.

88.—44. *barkened*. tanned with bark.

89.—GUY MANNERING. Mr. Bertram, laird (i. e., squire) of Ellangowan, having recently been appointed a magistrate, feels that he must enforce the law forbidding the harboring of gypsies.

89.—7. *lea ground and dingle*. pasture and wooded ravine.

89.—9. *baulks*. sloping uncultivated places.

90.—17. *pressgang*. Those who drafted men into the army.

90.—29. *aik*. oak. 34. *sovereign*, etc. cure for fever.

- 91.—52. *Adam Smith*. The famous economist.
- 91.—66. *potato bogle*. potato-scarecrow.
- 91.—72. *Maroons*. The gypsies.
- 91.—76. *Ne moveas, etc.* A pedant's way of saying: "Let sleeping dogs lie."
- 91.—85. *Martinmas*. The feast of St. Martin, November 11.
- 92.—101. *of the quorum, etc.* Alluding to Mr. Bertram's having been made one of the magistrates and the custodian of their records.
- 93.—143. *nae mair*. no more. 144. *cuddies*. donkeys.
- 95.—212. *elf-locks*. Entangled locks.
- 95.—224. *blyther*. more cheerfully.
- 95.—224. *riven the thack, etc.* torn the thatch from seven cottages.
- 95.—226. *stirks in the shealings*. heifers in the gypsy-shelters.
- 95.—231. *sunkets*. delicacies. 96.—235. *bielts*. shelters.
- 96.—236. *tod and blackcock, etc.* fox and grouse upon the moors.
- 96.—245. *reise*. sapling.
- 96.—248. *Margaret of Anjou*. The unfortunate queen of Henry VI. Scott probably had in mind her denunciations of her enemies in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, I, v, 5.
- 96.—THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN. From chap. xxxvii. Jeanie Deans, whose sister Effie lies in Edinburgh under sentence of death for child-murder, has tramped on foot to London to pray for a pardon from Queen Caroline, and the Duke of Argyll has brought her before Her Majesty. The difficulty of Jeanie's bold effort is increased by the circumstance that the Queen has lately been angered by the unruliness of the Scotch, manifested in the Porteous riots. Capt. Porteous had ordered his troops to fire upon a crowd which had become excited at a public execution. More than a dozen persons having been killed and wounded, he was found guilty of murder; and when the Government respited him, a mob dragged him out of prison and lynched him.
- 98.—41. *cutty-stool*. A low but conspicuous stool in Scottish churches, upon which offenders against morality were condemned to sit. Lady Suffolk's reputation was none too good.
- 98.—49. *his hand at his chin*. The Duke and Jeanie had previously agreed that whenever she seemed to be saying the wrong things he should raise his hand to his chin.
- 99.—86. *hae sae*. have so. 91. *haill*. whole.
- 99.—92. *whiles the cast*. sometimes a lift.

100.—128. *that unhappy man*. Capt. Porteous (see above).
 101.—154. *puir*. poor. 162. *kend*. knew. 164. *ca'd*.
 called.

101.—177. *dune for oursellis*. done for ourselves. 178.
maist. most.

101.—182. *ae tow*. one rope.

102.—IVANHOE. The previous passages from the Waverley novels have illustrated Scott's power in discerning and depicting the noble and beautiful in characters drawn from humble life (Meg Merrilies and Jeanie Deans). The present selection illustrates his command over the grand style in historical fiction,—his successful mingling of the sublime and the human.

The hero Ivanhoe is a wounded prisoner in the castle of his enemy Front-de-Boeuf, and the beautiful Jewess Rebecca is nursing him, when the mysterious Black Knight attacks the castle.

108.—205. *En avant, etc.* Forward, De Bracy! . . .
 Front-de-Boeuf to the rescue!

113.—387. *assoilzie*. shrive, forgive.

114.—422. *Moloch*. A heathen god, craving human sacrifices.

116.—471. *Gideon . . . Maccabeus*. Jewish patriots and liberators.

117.—WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE. From *Redgauntlet*, chap. xi. An illustration of Scott's sense of humor, and one of the most famous short stories of the world's literature.

Glossary

<i>a'</i>	all
<i>abune</i>	above
<i>ae</i>	a, one
<i>aff</i>	off
<i>ain</i>	own
<i>aneath</i>	beneath
<i>anes</i>	once
<i>aneugh</i>	enough
<i>arles</i>	earnest-money
<i>a' thegether</i>	altogether
<i>auld</i>	old
<i>baith</i>	both
<i>banes</i>	bones
<i>bauld</i>	bold

<i>birling</i>	drinking
<i>blaud</i>	ballad
<i>blude</i>	blood
<i>bogle</i>	bogy, ghost
<i>borrel</i>	rough, common
<i>braid</i>	broad
<i>brash</i>	outburst of anger
<i>by ordinar</i>	out of the ordinary
<i>ca'</i>	call
<i>ca'd</i>	called
<i>callerer</i>	cooler
<i>carles</i>	fellows
<i>cauld</i>	cold
<i>chanter</i>	finger-pipe of a bagpipe
<i>chiel, chield</i>	child, fellow
<i>cowped</i>	fell
<i>crawing</i>	crowing
<i>dang</i>	knocked over
<i>daur</i>	dare
<i>dargle</i>	dell
<i>deedie</i>	mischievous
<i>deil</i>	devil
<i>delate</i>	accuse
<i>deray</i>	mirthful noise
<i>dinna</i>	don't
<i>dirdum</i>	disturbance
<i>door-cheek</i>	door-post
<i>douce</i>	sensible
<i>dour</i>	stubborn
<i>dylvour</i>	bankrupt
<i>een</i>	eyes
<i>e'en</i>	evening
<i>fand</i>	found
<i>fash</i>	trouble
<i>fasherie</i>	nonsense
<i>faulding</i>	folding
<i>flit</i>	move
<i>fou</i>	full
<i>fund</i>	found
<i>frae</i>	from
<i>gaed</i>	went

<i>ganging</i>	going
<i>garred</i>	forced, jarred
<i>gash</i>	shrewd, calm
<i>gat</i>	got
<i>gear</i>	property
<i>gied</i>	gave
<i>gien</i>	given
<i>girmed</i>	grimaced
<i>ghaist</i>	ghost
<i>graned</i>	groaned
<i>grat</i>	wept
<i>gree'd</i>	agreed
<i>grit</i>	great
<i>grue</i>	creep, shiver
<i>grund</i>	ground
<i>gude</i>	good
<i>gudesire</i>	grandfather
<i>hae</i>	have
<i>haill</i>	whole
<i>happed</i>	hopped
<i>hauld</i>	hold
<i>hesp</i>	hank of yarn
<i>Hielandmen</i>	Highlanders
<i>hoddled</i>	waddled
<i>hosting</i>	mustering
<i>howlets</i>	small owls
<i>ill-faur'd</i>	ill-favored
<i>ilk</i>	same ; place of the same name
<i>ilka</i>	each
<i>ken</i>	know
<i>kcepit</i>	kept
<i>laith</i>	loath
<i>lang</i>	long
<i>lap</i>	leaped
<i>lcal</i>	loyal, honest
<i>leasing</i>	lying
<i>leesome lane</i>	all alone
<i>Lonon</i>	London
<i>loup</i>	leaped
<i>lum</i>	chimney
<i>mails</i>	rents

<i>mair</i>	more
<i>maist</i>	most
<i>maister</i>	master
<i>maun</i>	must
<i>mear</i>	mare
<i>merks</i>	marks
<i>mony</i>	many
<i>misca'd</i>	miscalled
<i>muckle</i>	much
<i>muils</i>	slippers
<i>na</i>	not
<i>nae</i>	no
<i>needcessity</i>	necessity
<i>neist</i>	next
<i>ony</i>	any
<i>orra</i>	other
<i>o't</i>	of it
<i>otten</i>	often
<i>ower</i>	over
<i>Pace</i>	Easter
<i>parochine</i>	parish
<i>pock</i>	bag
<i>precesse</i>	precise
<i>puir</i>	poor
<i>quean</i>	woman
<i>raid</i>	rode
<i>rin</i>	run
<i>riped</i>	searched
<i>rug</i>	a good share
<i>sack-doudling</i>	bagpiping
<i>sac</i>	so
<i>saftest</i>	softest
<i>sair</i>	very much
<i>saunt</i>	saint
<i>scowp</i>	take
<i>sculduddery</i>	ribald
<i>shoon</i>	shoes
<i>sic</i>	such
<i>siller</i>	silver, money
<i>skelloch</i>	screech
<i>sleekit</i>	smooth

<i>sough</i>	tune
<i>speerings</i>	tidings
<i>spule-blade</i>	shoulder-blade
<i>stend</i>	stride
<i>suld</i>	should

<i>tass</i>	glass
<i>tauld</i>	told
<i>tippenny</i>	twopenny ale
<i>thick</i>	hard
<i>threap</i>	hint
<i>tod</i>	fox
<i>toom</i>	empty
<i>twa</i>	two

<i>unco</i>	uncommon
<i>usquebaugh</i>	whiskey

<i>wad</i>	would
<i>wame</i>	belly
<i>wanchancy</i>	unlucky
<i>ward</i>	wished
<i>warding</i>	awarding
<i>wark</i>	work
<i>warld</i>	world
<i>warlock</i>	magician
<i>warst</i>	worst
<i>waur</i>	worse
<i>weel</i>	well
<i>weel-freended</i>	well-befriended
<i>wha</i>	who
<i>whilk</i>	which
<i>wuss</i>	wish

<i>yelloch</i>	yell
<i>yetts</i>	gates

117.—2. *the dear years.* the hard times.

117.—5 ff. Sir Robert, in other words, was a cavalier, fighting under Montrose and Glencairn against the Puritans, and therefore rewarded when the Stuarts were restored.

118.—11. *prelatist.* He supported the Church of England (prelates instead of presbyters), and persecuted the dissenting Covenanters, who politically were Whigs.

118.—25. *tak the test.* take the oath of loyalty to king and church.

118.—27. *recusant*. refuser.

119.—45. *riding days*. wartimes.

119.—54. *Hoopers and Girders*. Like *Jockie Lattin*, the name of a country dance, which Steenie could skilfully play upon the bagpipe.

119.—64. *hunting, etc.* Referring to the persecuting of Whigs and Covenanters.

120.—89. *finés, etc.* i. e., formerly he got fines from Covenanters, with which money he could purchase food and drink more plentifully than now.

121.—112. *a professor, etc.* He pretended to be religious.

121.—129. *jackanape*. monkey.— Observe the cautious introduction of the uncanny.

123.—214. *last Scots Parliament*. It passed the Act of Union, uniting the kingdoms of England and Scotland, in 1706; and the intimation is that Sir John was bribed to cast his vote in favor of it.

125.—255. *a bland of Davie Lindsay*. If the Bible had been read, no diabolic whistle could have sounded; but there were unsanctified lines enough in the poems of Sir David Lyndesay (c. 1490-1555),—e. g., in *Kitty's Confession*.

125.—283. *weepers*. a white band around the sleeve, in token of mourning. Everything about Sir John, including the little rapier, suggests, in contrast to his rough father, the sleek and dapper.

125.—286. *chape*. the loop by which the scabbard is attached.

127.—329. *talis qualis*. such as it is; passably acceptable.

128.—392. *horse's shoe*. This horseshoe frown is a curious instance of artistic economy. Scott originally ran across it in the accounts of the villainous wizard Major Weir (after whom the rascally monkey was named), whose sister was said to have such a frown. By transferring it to the Red-gauntlets, Scott enhanced the impression of them that he wished to give.

129.—433. *change-house*. a public house, an inn.

129.—436. *a mutchin*. An imperial pint, i. e., about a pint and a quarter. Taken as Steenie took it, rapidly, and upon an empty stomach, this quantity of brandy might muddle the perceptions of even as hardy a drinker as the Scotch bag-piper. No doubt Scott purposely stressed these circumstances because it permitted the sceptical reader of Steenie's subsequent adventures to regard them as a drunkard's fantasy. Observe here, as throughout, the careful skill in rendering plausible the apparently supernatural.

130.—444. This profane toast placed Steenie in the power of the Devil.

132.—531. If Steenie had disregarded this warning, he would have had to remain in Hell.

132.—543. *ghastly revellers*. The names that follow are those of notorious persecutors of the Covenanters, including Sir George Mackenzie. Scott's partiality for Claverhouse (Bonny Dundee) is shown.

134.—602. *Weel hoddler, etc.* A dance-tune of supposedly diabolic origin.

135.—650. The mention of the sacred name looses the spell.

139.—791. *away it flew, etc.* Here again Scott puts in a touch which will seem supernatural to some, and realistically explicable to others.

139.—803. *lang forswore*. To Steenie, total abstinence for an entire year would seem long indeed.

Do you see any points of resemblance between Scott's *Wandering Willie's Tale* and his friend Washington Irving's *Rip van Winkle*? Irving's tale was published (in *The Sketch-Book*) in 1819, five years before Scott's.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

143.—THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM. Old Kaspar lives at Blenheim, in Bavaria, Germany; where, in 1704, under the leadership of the Duke of Marlborough and the Austrian Prince Eugene, an allied army of English, Germans, Dutch, and Danes, defeated a numerically superior French and Bavarian force. Southey's poem is one of the best-known attacks upon the futility of war. In selecting the battle of Blenheim as an instance, he made a shrewd choice; for although the victory was a brilliant exhibition of military skill, the ultimate outcome of the war was that the defeated French achieved their purpose,—viz. the recognition of Philip of Anjou as King of Spain. A devil's advocate might retort to Southey, however, that although the immediate results of Marlborough's victories seemed disappointing, their ultimate consequences in enhancing the prestige and influence of Great Britain were fully worth the sacrifice. By way of contrast, Addison's poem in glorification of Blenheim, *The Campaign* (1704), should be read. The style is typical of what the young Romantics were practicing at this time (1798),—the expression of idealistic conceptions in a simple, an almost naive, manner.

146.—MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PASSED: Southey was a great lover of books and lived mostly in his library, which finally contained 14,000 volumes. De Quincey said that in conversation Southey's heart was "continually reverting to his wife, viz. his library. . . . The library . . . was in all senses a good one. The books were chiefly English, Spanish, and Portuguese; well selected, being the great cardinal classics of the three literatures; fine copies, and decorated externally with a reasonable elegance, so as to make them in harmony with the other embellishments of the room. This effect was aided by the horizontal arrangement upon brackets of many rare manuscripts, Spanish and Portuguese." (De Quincey, *Literary and Lake Reminiscences*, 1839, chap. v.). "His dearly prized books," says his son, "indeed were a pleasure to him almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library, looking at them and taking them down mechanically" (Cuthbert Southey, *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, 1849, chap. xxxviii.).

147.—THE LIFE OF WESLEY. Sectarian and literary conservatives had despised and derided the Methodists during the eighteenth century, largely because of their emotionally enthusiastic methods of popularizing their faith. Although Southey by 1820, the date of the *Life of Wesley*, was a devout member of the Church of England, he was broad-minded enough to write the first sympathetic biography of Wesley composed by one who was not a Methodist. Another staunch Churchman, Coleridge, called it "the favorite of my library, the book I can read for the twentieth time, when I can read nothing else."

149.—78. *clerical cap*. This seems to be one of the surprisingly few mistakes in the *Life*; for an eye-witness asserts that there was no cap, nor any handkerchief. (Moore's *Life of Wesley*; 1825, ii. 394, n.).

150.—THE HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. From 1808 to 1814, the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula was the scene of a war against Napoleon to regain the national independence of Spain and Portugal, a war in which the native forces were aided by the British. A victory in the first year of that war had resulted in the disappointing Convention of Cintra, concerning which Wordsworth wrote the pamphlet from which a selection is given in Volume iii, 198-202. Southey's *History* was soon to be superseded, especially in military matters, by one written by a participant, Sir William Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula* (1828-1840); but it remains a noteworthy illustration of his sympathy

with the national achievements of his time as well as one of the best specimens of his admirable prose.

In 1808-09, the first year of the war, the Spanish city Zaragoza (better known to us as Saragossa) was twice besieged by the French, who captured it on the second attempt. The passage here given relates to the first siege.

151.—28. *Palafox*. The Spanish commander.

151.—34. *Aragonese*. Saragossa is the capital of the district of Aragon.

152.—58. *Junta*. A legislative assembly.

152.—88-89. *obtained . . . nothing more*. Alluding to the fact that the city was taken in the second siege. Can you reconcile the sentiments concluding this passage with those of *The Battle of Blenheim*?

153.—THE LIFE OF NELSON. The best brief biography written in the romantic period. Nelson fell on October 21, 1805. Southey's *Life* appeared eight years later; but we should bear in mind that the overthrow of Napoleon had not yet been achieved at that time, and that Southey's purpose was to strengthen the courage and perseverance of British sailors and soldiers by recalling the sublime example of Nelson's character and prowess.

An admirable feature of Southey's style is that, unlike the "smart" biographical style fashionable today, it never directs attention to itself at the expense of the subject.

153.—12. *Sir Robert Calder*. Several weeks previously Calder had fought against the French fleet in a battle which was disappointingly indecisive. Note Nelson's unwillingness to criticize or to boast.

153.—15. *a lord*. If Nelson had been killed, since he had no son, his brother would have succeeded to his title.

153.—19. *upbraidings . . . displeasure*. Alluding to the tragic passion of Nelson's life. In 1798, when his fleet lay idle at Naples, he had become infatuated with the beautiful Lady Hamilton, the wife of the British envoy there. She was thirty-five years younger than her husband, and had led a loose life before her marriage. The liaison between her and Nelson, which lasted until his death, was notorious.

154.—46. *all his heart, etc.* From *St. Luke*, x, 27.

154.—60. *at daybreak*. i. e., on the morning of October 21, 1805, the day of the battle.

155.—70. *Tyrolese . . . Spaniards*. For Napoleon's attack upon the latter, see above, 153, the notes on the Peninsular War. The Tyrolese he ruthlessly subdued in 1809, and had their national hero, Andreas Hofer, shot (See the German Romantic, Julius Mosen's famous poem on Hofer).

155.—88. *lee-line*. The line furthest from the direction whence the wind blows. The weather-line is the opposite.

156.—111. *Trafalgar*. Correctly accented on the last syllable, as in Byron's

Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar.

But the modern accent is usually on the second syllable.

156.—112. *under the lee*. A coast on the leeward side, i.e., on the side the wind is blowing towards, is always dangerous.

156.—116. *Villeneuve*. Commander of the French fleet.

157.—137. *England expects*. As first drafted, the signal read: "Nelson expects . . ." Who suggested the more superb "England expects . . ." seems to be unknown; but when Nelson heard it he said, "Certainly, certainly." This immortal sentence is often misquoted as "England expects every man to do his duty."

157.—155. *Mr. Beatty*. Southey had before him Beatty's account of Nelson's death, and in the first edition acknowledged his indebtedness thereto.

158.—176. *last infirmity*. the love of fame,—alluding to Milton's lines in *Lycidas*, 70-72:

Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

158.—192. *Spithead*. A sketch of water affording good anchorage near the British naval base of Portsmouth.

159.—219. *two points*. i. e., slightly; there being 32 points in the complete circle of a compass.

160.—253. *to strike*. to lower, in sign of surrender.

160.—254. *old acquaintance*. He had fought her in the Battle of the Nile.

160.—272. *forbrace bits*. Frames to which the ropes of the foresail were fastened.

160.—279. *not yet returned*. Because she was not wasting her ammunition by firing before she was close to the enemy.

161.—298. *filled with riflemen*. Southey may be mistaken here. The French deny the charge, and Beatty says that Nelson was killed, not by a rifle-ball, but by a musket-ball.

162.—328. *struck*. surrendered.

162.—348. *rove*. passed through the holes, so that the ship could be steered. These details are significant as showing that Nelson did his duty to the last.

168.—548. The Greek quotation is from Hesiod's *Works and Days*, and may be translated as follows: "There are some whom we may call pure spirits dwelling on the earth; they are kindly, they deliver from harm, and they are guardians of mortal men."

168.—THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS. This nursery-tale, from Southey's hodge-podge of a novel entitled *The Doctor*, illustrates the Romantics' sympathetic comprehension of the minds of children, and their creation of a new literature for them.

The motto is humorously quoted from the sixteenth-century author George Gascoigne.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

175.—THE PLEASURES OF HOPE. Observe the contrast between the spirit of this poem and its metre. In an almost neo-classically strict kind of heroic couplet, it expressed sympathy with the French Revolution, scorn for the oppressors of Poland, and opposition to negro-slavery. What style of heroic couplet, or what other metres, can you suggest as more suitable?

176.—4. *Guinea . . . Sibir*. The Guinea, Africa, of the slave-trade, and the Siberia of the Russian exiles and prisoners.

176.—13. *leagued Oppression*. Alluding to the conquest and partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria in the 1790's,—a wrong not righted until the World War of our own times.

176.—14. *pandoors*. An Austrian regiment well known for its bravery and ferocity.

177.—19. *Warsaw's last champion*. Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who fought in the American Revolution, and who was the chief of the Polish insurrection in 1794. He "fell" (l. 44) only in the sense that he was wounded and captured. After two years' imprisonment, he spent the rest of his life in exile.

177.—38. *Sarmatia*. Poland.

179.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND. This should be compared with the following seventeenth-century ballad, by Martyn Parker, which is in part its source:

Ye gentlemen of England
 That live at home in ease
 Ah! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 All the cares and all the fears
 When the stormy winds do blow
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at war
 With any foreign nation,
 We fear not wound nor scar;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valor for to know
 Whilst they reel on the keel,
 And the stormy winds do blow
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners,
 And never be dismayed;
 While we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade:
 Our merchants will employ us
 To fetch them wealth we know;
 Then be bold—work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow
 When the stormy winds do blow.

By what changes in the contents and in the diction has Campbell elevated the tone of the poem?

The poem was written in the early years of the conflict against Napoleon, when, as always, the retention of sea-power was Great Britain's crucial need.

180.—31. *meteor flag*. See, in any large dictionary, a colored picture of the British flag,—its design and hue suggesting a meteor.

180.—32. *terrific*. Meteors were regarded with dread.

180.—HOHENLINDEN. In December, 1800, at Hohenlinden, near the Iser River, the French defeated the Austro-Hungarians. The battle was extremely bloody, a fourth of the combatants being killed or badly wounded.

Contrast the spirit of the poem with young Southey's *Blenheim* (p. 143).

"In the genuine success of *Hohenlinden* every line is a separate emphasis, but all the emphasis is required by the subject, is in its place. The thud and brief monotony of the metre give the very sound of cannonading; each line is like a crackle of musketry. What is obvious in it, even, comes well into a poem which depends on elements so simple for its success; indeed, its very existence" (Arthur Symonds).

182.—THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC. The Danes, who had the only fleet that in alliance with the French would be very dangerous to Great Britain, had entered into an armed league of neutrality, directed against the British. Nelson was sent to destroy or capture the Danish fleet, which was protected by land-batteries in the harbor of Copenhagen. The victory was won on April 2, 1801, the defeated being treated generously. Nelson was wounded, and Captain Edward Riou was killed.

"It is an attempt," says Campbell, "to write an English ballad on the battle of Copenhagen, as much as possible in that plain, strong style peculiar to our old ballads, which tell us the when, where, and how the event happened—without gaud or ornament but what the subject essentially and easily affords" (Letter to Dr. Currie, April 24, 1805).

184.—63. *Elsinore*. A seaport near the scene of the action. Immortal in English literature as the name of Hamlet's castle.

184.—THE LAST MAN. Campbell had mentioned this subject to Lord Byron, who subsequently treated it in a poem called *Darkness* (see below p. 277). Campbell feared that the public would think *The Last Man* unoriginal. More significant than the question of priority is the fact that Byron's poem expresses only the desolation and misery of the last man, whereas Campbell emphasizes his dauntless faith, his superiority over material conditions.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

189.—ROSE AYLMER. The friend of Landor's youth. This unforgettable elegy Charles Lamb loved to quote.

189.—1. *sceptered*. Her father was a baron.

189.—A FIESOLAN IDYL. Fiesole, where Landor had dwelt some years, is a beautiful old town near Florence, Italy.

192.—MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL. Hannibal, the famous Carthaginian general who in the third century B. C. almost conquered Rome, regarded Marcellus as his most dangerous opponent. Marcellus had made a brilliant campaign against

the Gauls, whose king he slew in single combat; and he had taken Syracuse after a most difficult siege. He was ambushed while attended by only a small force, near Venusia. "Marcellus," says Plutarch (*Life of Marcellus*, 30) "was pierced through the side with a lance. Then even the few survivors of the Fregellans left him lying there, and snatching up his son, who was wounded, made their way back to camp. . . . Hannibal heard of the fate of all the rest with indifference, but when he was told that Marcellus had fallen he himself hastened to the place and stood for a long time beside the corpse, admiring his strength and beauty. He made no boastful speech, and showed no joy in his countenance, as a man who had slain a troublesome and dangerous enemy; but, wondering at the strangeness of his ending, he drew the ring from the dead man's finger, and had the corpse decently attired and burned. The relics he gathered into a silver urn, upon which he placed a golden crown, and sent it to Marcellus's son." Observe that Landor modified the incidents freely, but was faithful in his characterization of the magnanimous Hannibal and the resolute Marcellus.

192.—1. *a Numidian horseman*. One of Hannibal's cavalry, perhaps with orders to take Marcellus alive.

192.—25. *Islands of the Blessed*. Where heroes approved by the gods dwell in eternal bliss.

194.—91. *Minos*. Judge in the next world.

196.—166. *Tuscans*. The Tuscans or Etrurians in Marcellus' troops had become panic-stricken.

197.—180. The Roman father rejoices that his son tried to die in the battle, yet also that he survived.

197.—METELLUS AND MARIUS. In 132 B. C., Scipio Africanus besieged Numantia, a fortified city in Spain. After enduring dreadful privations, the surviving citizens agreed to surrender after three days' delay, during which those who preferred death to captivity might make an end to themselves. "Many," says Appian (*History*, vi, 97), "directly after the surrender, killed themselves in whatever way they chose, some in one way and some in another. The remainder congregated on the third day at the appointed place, a strange and shocking spectacle. Their bodies were foul, their hair and nails long, and they were smeared with dirt. They smelt most horribly, and the clothes they wore were likewise squalid and emitted an equally foul odour. For these reasons they appeared pitiable even to their enemies. At the same time there was something fearful to the beholders in the expression of their eyes—an expression of anger, grief, toil, and the consciousness of having eaten human flesh." Upon

this basis Landor invented the consuming sacrificial fire and the ghastly famished sentinel.

He also imagined that Scipio had directed one of his tribunes, Metellus, a haughty aristocrat whom Scipio once termed asinine, to have a centurion spy upon the city; and that he picked for the task Marius, who was later to become famous as a leader of the popular party in the civil wars. Landor's sympathy is of course on the side of Marius.

198.—30. The slow-witted Metellus rebukes Marius for not withdrawing before the citizens see him.

201.—161 ff. These hopes of Marius came true.

Compare this selection with Scott's account of the siege of Torquilstone, p. 102, noticing both similarities and dissimilarities in the methods and styles.

202.—LEOFRIC AND GODIVA. The annals of the city of Coventry contained the legend that about the middle of the eleventh century, the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, had begged him to relieve the city of a burdensome tax. He refused unless she should ride naked through the market-place. She did so, veiled only by her long hair. To this day Coventry celebrates her festival. Tennyson's *Godiva* appeared thirteen years after Landor's and was highly praised by him.

202.—9. *hinds*. peasants.

204.—87 ff. Note the characteristic preference for the festival of benevolence over the festival of gayety and ostentation.

205.—144. *holy rood*. the cross of Christ.

207.—188. *adds to the city's crime*. How?

208.—PERICLES AND ASPASIA. Not one of the *Imaginary Conversations*, but a prose fiction in the form of letters supposed to be written by the celebrated Greek statesman Pericles (fifth century B. C.), his mistress Aspasia, and their friends. The letters here selected are Nos. 69, 70, 173, 192, 194, 231, 234, and 235. Observe particularly the ideals of conduct animating these noble lovers, and the relative place of love and duty in their scale of values.

210.—60. The plague has broken out in Athens.

211.—110 ff. Compare the spirit of fortitude in this letter with that of Wordsworth's *Laodamia*, iii, 209.

212.—130. *Reviewing the course of my life*. Pericles proceeds to name those whom he remembers,—viz., the greatest men of the greatest age of Greece: soldiers like Aristides and Miltiades; historians like Herodotus and Thucydides; philosophers like Empedocles, Protagoras, and Hippocrates; a

sculptor like Phidias; and poets and dramatists like Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

214.—THE PENTAMERON. At Fiesole (see note on 189 above) Landor lived at the villa of Boccaccio, the fourteenth-century poet and author of the *Decameron*, a celebrated collection of one hundred stories. The *Pentameron* consists of five conversations between Boccaccio and his equally famous contemporary Petrarch. This selection, from the fifth day, gives Boccaccio's vision of his beloved Fiametta, daughter of the King of Naples. Noteworthy is the sympathetic understanding of a type of love (sometimes termed Petrarchan) consisting less of passion than of veneration and adoration.

214.—5. *Laura*. Petrarch's ideal beloved.

219.—THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA. From *Pericles and Aspasia*, letter 85. The dying Artemidora is betrothed to Elpenor. In later editions Landor omitted the last three lines, about Charon's ferry to the land of the dead.

221.—8. *Ianthe*. Sophia Jane Swift, beloved by Landor.

THOMAS MOORE

226.—OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME. Robert Emmet, Irish patriot, executed in 1803 because of treasonable correspondence with Napoleon and rebellion against Great Britain.

226.—THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS. Tara, north-west of Dublin, was a stronghold of the ancient Irish kings.

227.—LET ERIN REMEMBER. 3. *Malachi*. A tenth-century Irish King who bested a Danish invader, and took from his neck a collar of gold.

227.—5. *Red-Branch Knights*. Legendary Irish knights.

227.—9. *Lough Neagh*. Originally a fountain, supposed to have flooded an entire region.

Like Campbell's hopes for the national independence of Poland, Moore's for that of Ireland were not realized until our own day.

228.—AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT. "It is impossible not to regret that Moore has written so little in this sweet and genuinely national style" (F. T. Palgrave, *The Golden Treasury*).

229.—13. *the Sprite*. There is an Irish fairy which is in your power only so long as you keep your gaze fixed upon him.

230.—DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY. In connection with

this poem, we think of the brilliant Irish literary renaissance of the late nineteenth century.

232.—LALLA ROOKH. The Indian princess Lalla Rookh is journeying to her betrothed, who dwells in the Vale of Cashmere; and these passages are recited for her entertainment on the way. Some of the local color is drawn from reports of travelers like Bernier and Ouseley.

234.—11. *minaret*. A lofty slender tower, with balconies from which to chant prayers.

234.—12. *Magian*. priest.

236.—94. *ziraleet*. chorus of women.

241.—LACHIN Y GAIR. A poem which links Lord Byron with Ossian and Sir Walter Scott.—Loch na Garr is a snow-capped mountain in northern Scotland.

241.—5. *Caledonia*. Scotland.

241.—27. *Culloden*. A Moor in Scotland where the Highlanders who supported the young Stuart Pretender were defeated in 1746.

242.—1. Ζώη μου, οας αγαπῶ. (Greek) My life, I love you.

LORD BYRON

243.—SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY. Inspired by his meeting for the first time his cousin, the beautiful Mrs. Wilmot, at an evening party. "When we returned, he desired Fletcher to give him a tumbler of brandy, which he drank at once to Mrs. Wilmot's health. . . . The next day he wrote some charming lines upon her" (Wedderburn Webster; see B's Letters (1899) iii. 92, n.).

244.—ANNOUNCING HIS ENGAGEMENT. 10. *mother of the Gracchi*. Alluding to the Roman matron Cornelia, wife of Gracchus, and the two sons who were her jewels.

244.—12-14. Quoted from *Macbeth*, I, vii; and *Othello*, II, i.

247.—46. *He who of old, etc.* The Greek athlete Milo who, after being caught in the cleft of the oak, was devoured by wolves.

247.—55. *The Roman*. Sulla who, after seizing supreme power, resigned.

248.—64. *The Spaniard*. The Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire who became a monk.

249.—109. *And she*. Maria Louisa, Princess of Austria.

250.—127. *Timour*. Tamerlane, a Mongolian world

conqueror who carried a vanquished enemy in his train in an iron cage.

250.—131. *he of Babylon*. Nebuchadnezzar, who went insane.

250.—136. *the thief of fire*. Prometheus.

250.—150. *Marengo*. A village in northern Italy near which Napoleon won one of his most brilliant victories.

251.—160. *the string*. a chain of eagles.

251.—170. *Washington*. See the *Guide* p. 293.

252.—SONG OF SAUL. Saul and his three sons were defeated by the Philistines and he fell upon his sword (See I *Samuel*, 31).

253.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB. See 2 *Kings*, xix, especially verse 35. What does Byron add that is not found in the Biblical account?

254.—21. *Ashur*. Assyria. 22. *Baal*. The Assyrian god.

254.—STANZAS FOR MUSIC. "An event—the death of poor Dorset," says Byron, "and the recollection of what I had once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not, set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands." To Moore he wrote: "I pique myself on these lines as being the *truest*, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote." (*Letters*; March 8, 1816.)

256.—THE PRISONER OF CHILLON. Shelley and Byron visited the Castle of Chillon c. June 26, 1816. Since 1820 visitors to the dungeon have been shown Byron's name carved on the third column, but its authenticity is questionable. Byron began his poem within a day or two after his visit, while staying at Ouchy on Lake Geneva.

The historic prisoner of Chillon, François Bonivard (1493-1570), was a prelate in Geneva, then under the rule of Duke Charles III of Savoy. An ardent reformer and controversialist, he strove to make Geneva an independent republic. The Duke twice cast him into prison, the second time in violation of a promise of safe conduct. The second imprisonment, the subject of the poem, lasted from 1530 to 1535. To later ages Bonivard became a hero and martyr of liberty; and several traits in his actual character, which was morally far from perfect, were obscured in a legendary sanctification. In the eighteenth century Rousseau contributed much to his fame by laying the catastrophe of his famous novel, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, near the castle of Chillon, and by remarking:

It was there that François Bonivard was kept a prisoner for six years, . . . a man of rare merit, whose righteousness and fortitude sustained every test,—a friend

of liberty, although a Savoyard; and tolerant, although a priest (Part vi, Letter 8, note).

Byron, as he himself later admitted, was imperfectly acquainted with the historical facts in the case. No brothers suffered with Bonivard (he had but two). Although his dungeon was foul enough, his assertion that it was "lower than the lake," was unwarranted, it being some six feet higher. Finally, upon his release, he cannot realistically be described as one who "had learned to love despair" and who "regained freedom with a sigh," his subsequent career being turbulent and strenuous.

See A. van Amstel, "The True Story of the Prisoner of Chillon," *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1900, pp. 821-829.

The poem, therefore, is best regarded not as an historical account of the particular sufferer to whose name Byron attached it, but rather as an imaginative interpretation of what the martyrs of liberty have in general endured. And such is the history of human cruelty that, thus regarded, the poem contains no exaggerations.

256.—10. *banned*. An example of B's bold use of language. When he wrote, "banned" was exclusively used in the sense of "laid a curse upon." He here introduced the new sense, "prohibited."

257.—35. *meteor lamp*. will-o'-the-wisp.

259.—107. *Leman*. Geneva.

263.—236. *stood a stone*. Probably influenced by Dante's famous line, "I wept not; so all stone I felt within" (*Inferno*, xxxiii). This canto of the *Inferno*, with its horrible picture of the prisoner seeing his beloved sons die before his eyes, should be compared with Byron's poem. Are there not other borrowed features besides the present one?

264.—294. *solitary cloud*. Cf. Wordsworth's "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

265.—331. *quiet of a loving eye*. Another Wordsworthian reminiscence; cf. W's "the harvest of a quiet eye."

267.—FAREWELL. Written upon Lady Byron's separation from him. The propriety of permitting these lines to be published in the then circumstances was much questioned at the time. Wordsworth thought the publicity pitiable, the sentiments disgusting, and the style contemptible. Mme. de Stael, on the other hand, is credited with remarking that "if her husband had bade her such a farewell she could not have avoided running into his arms, and being reconciled immediately."

270.—STANZAS TO AUGUSTA. To his sister, who remained loyal to him when the world turned against him.

274.—16. *no rest at sea*. It was said of John Byron ("Foulweather Jack"), eighteenth-century admiral, that whenever he put to sea, he met with a storm.

275.—63. *a lake*. Lake Lemán.

277.—112. *Before its fourth in time, etc.* Before my twenty-fifth year was finished.

277.—DARKNESS. See Campbell's *Last man*, above, p. 184, and the note thereon.

280.—PROMETHEUS. Compare Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, our volume v, p. 239. Prometheus who knew the secret of Jupiter's ultimate downfall, refused to disclose it.

282.—SONNET TO LAKE LEMÁN. The authors named in the first line had dwelt near this beautiful Swiss lake.

282.—HIS LIFE IN VENICE. An example of B's brilliant letters.

282.—8. *virginals*. A musical instrument, like a small piano.

282.—9. *conceits*. Things and doings thought up for amusement.

283.—20. *Livy*. Book viii, chap. 18.

283.—31. *horrenda strage*. awful downfall.

284.—49. *beat a Venetian*. *Othello*, V, ii.

285.—CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. *Childe*. A kind of title prefixed to the name of the oldest son of a noble family until he became knighted or inherited his father's title.

Knowing that the public would assume that Childe Harold was Byron himself, the author protested in the preface (1811) of the first and second cantos as follows: "A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece, which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, Childe Harold, I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, their might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever."

This declaration has not been taken very seriously, Childe Harold obviously being the mouthpiece of his creator. In the later cantos (from which the selections are taken) the allusions to B's own life are obvious; and much of the power of the poem arises from intimately personal feelings and experiences.

285.—1. *my fair child*. His daughter Augusta Ada, who was only five weeks old when B. saw her for the last time.

286.—19. *my youth's summer*. When he began to write *Childe Harold*, he was c. twenty-one years old.

286.—46. *in creating live a being more intense*. A passage of some importance as expressing B's conception of the purpose of poetry. The idealistic influence of Shelley has been seen here, and of "Wordsworth, as preached by Shelley." As Ernest Hartley Coleridge interprets this stanza (B's *Works*, ii. 219) B. "'got religion', went over for a while to the Church of the mystics." On careful reading of the Stanza, this interpretation will seem mistaken. What B. characteristically values in poetry is its intensifying and exalting his own ego; and since he says nothing here of its also bringing him into communion with a higher truth (as the other great Romantics believed), we cannot justly term this a "religious" aesthetics. His view is not absolutely contradictory of Shelley's and Wordsworth's, but in comparison with theirs it is incomplete.

287.—64. He will endeavor to cease speaking of himself.

287.—74. *wormwood*. a plant of very bitter taste.

288.—91. *nor*. and not. See note on 256, 10.

288.—100. *the most unfit of men to herd with man*. A typical passage. Cf. *Manfred*, II, ii, 50-58:

From my youth upwards
My spirit walked not with the souls of men
Nor looked upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh.

289.—123. *clay will sink*. flesh will cause to burn low.

289.—131. *Then came his fit again*. His mood returned. When Macbeth learns that Fleance has escaped, his fears return, and he says: "Then comes my fit again" (III, iv, 21).

290.—WATERLOO. Wellington and Bluecher's decisive victory over Napoleon, June 18, 1815. Byron visited the battle-scene (south of Brussels, Belgium) a year later. Like Hazlitt, B. admired Napoleon. One of the notable features of this passage is that it raises doubts as to whether anything good was actually achieved by the famous victory: "is Earth more free?" B. tauntingly asks; was it not a "king-

making Victory," because in several nations it settled the sovereigns more firmly on their tyrannous thrones? (ll. 153, 164). Compare in our own day the poems, novels, and plays which interpret the victory of the Allies in the World War as entirely futile, of which shell-shocked literature this passage is a precursor. Contrast Wordsworth's lines (*Ode: Hail, Orient Conqueror*, viii-ix):

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,
 If one there be
 Of all thy progeny
 Who can forget thy prowess, never more
 Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.
 As springs the lion from his den,
 As from a forest-brake
 Upstarts a glistening snake,
 The bold Arch-despot re-appeared;—again
 Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,
 With all her armed Powers,
 On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thousand shores.
 The trumpet blew a universal blast!
 But Thou art foremost in the field:—there stand:
 Receive the triumph destined to thy hand!
 All States have glorified themselves;—their claims
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even;
 And now, in preference to the mightiest names,
 To thee the exterminating sword is given.
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained!
 Exalted office, worthily sustained!

Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,
 When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,
 And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive
 With lip and heart to tell their gratitude
 For thy protecting care,
 Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord
 For tyranny subdued,
 And for the sway of equity renewed,
 For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

Of the ball at Brussels on the eve of the battle, which is also the theme of a well-known passage in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (ch. xxx), an authentic description may be found in Mrs. J. R. Swinton's *Life of Georgiana, Lady de Ros* (1893), 122 ff.

290.—158. *pride of place*. Napoleon reached his height here.

291.—180. *Harmodius*. The assassin of a tyrant.

292.—200. *Brunswick's fated chieftain*. Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick (Braunschweig), Germany. His father (l. 205) had been killed in the battle of Auerstädt in 1806.

293.—226. *Cameron's Gathering*. Battle-music; cf. Scott's *Pibroch of Donuil Dhu*, p. 79. This stanza celebrates the gallant Camerons, of whom Evan fought against Cromwell in the seventeenth century; and Donald, celebrated by Thomas Campbell in *Lochiel's Warning*, was wounded in the battle of Culloden in 1746.—Remember B's Scottish ancestry.

293.—235. *Ardennes*. B. in his note on this word made the mistake of confusing the forest near Waterloo with Shakspeare's Forest of Arden ("connected," as he remarks, "with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter").

296.—316. *the greatest*. Napoleon.

297.—366. Philip's son. Alexander the Great.

299.—429. *What want these outlaws, etc.* What do conquerors have that these outlaws did not have, except history's purchased page?

302.—DRACHENFELS. German for the Dragons Rock, the dragon being the one slain by Siegfried, the mythical Teutonic hero. The castle is on the right bank of the Rhine, near Bonn. The poem, written near it, is addressed to B's half-sister.

303.—LAKE LEMAN. Lake Geneva. Observe that the passage is not mere description. The general train of thought is that Childe Harold, having found the life of mankind sordid and senseless, seeks solitude and Nature,—Nature because her suggestions of the harmonious and divine are beautiful, and because her forces (such as lightning) are more expressive of his feelings than words can be.

303.—541. *Marceau*. François Marceau (1769-96), a French general.

305.—601. *Morat*. The small Swiss village whose citizens defeated in 1476 the invading Duke of Burgundy.

305.—608. *Cannæ*. The site of Hannibal's bloody victory over the Romans 216 B. C.

306.—627. *Julia*. An inscription, subsequently shown to have been a forgery, suggested to Byron that this heroine after trying in vain to save her father's life was buried in this spot.

307.—666. *The race of life*. Instead of running a suc-

cessful course to a noble goal, human beings, their minds darkened by ignorance of the real purpose of life, are fleeing hopelessly they know not where.

307.—668. *The boldest steer*. Instead of making life an enterprising exploration, even the boldest seek nothing but a harbor with a safe anchorage.

307.—669. *wanderers o'er Eternity*. Five years later, Shelley (*Adonais*, xxx), in an immortal phrase, styled Byron "the Pilgrim of Eternity." Hence the title of Mr. John Drinkwater's biography of B.

308.—682. *High mountains are a feeling*. As Ernest Hartley Coleridge remarks, the sentiment is Wordsworthian (*Tintern Abbey*, 78-85) so far as it goes; but with Wordsworth the love of nature regardless of humanity was only a youthful phase. (B's *Works*, II, 261 n.).

309.—725. *Rousseau*. Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712-78, famous for his novels *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Emile* as well as for his *Confessions*.

310.—743. *Julie*. Heroine of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*.

310.—745. *the memorable kiss*. See *The Confessions* Ch. IX.

314.—851 ff. *the early Persian*. Two years earlier, Wordsworth (*Excursion*, iv) had admired the Persian priests who performed their rites not in temples and at altars but on "loftiest heights."

"The most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity," says B. in his lengthy note on this stanza, "were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*." After giving many other instances of the superiority of out-of-doors worship and oratory, he quotes a passage from Rousseau's *Confessions*, II, xi, of which the following is a translation:

I cannot find a worthier homage to God than the mute admiration evoked by contemplation of his works and not expressed by definite actions. I understand how it is that dwellers in cities, who see only walls, streets, and crimes, have little faith; but I cannot understand how country-folk, and especially those who live there alone, can fail to have it. Why are their souls not uplifted with ecstasy a hundred times daily to the Creator of the wonders which strike them? . . . Within my chamber I pray more rarely and less fervently; but at the sight of a beautiful landscape I feel myself moved by something I cannot express.

314.—859. *fond*. With a suggestion of "foolish" as well as "cherished."

316.—906. *could I wreak my thoughts.* Could I furiously throw my thoughts completely into expression, and thus rid myself of them.

316.—923. *Clarens.* Scene of La Nouvelle Héloïse.

318.—977. *Loussanne.* In Switzerland on Lake Geneva. Here Gibbon lived from 1753-58 and from 1783 to his death.

318.—977. *Ferney.* Four miles from Geneva. Voltaire's residence from 1758-78.—Both Gibbon and Voltaire were sceptics and hostile to Christianity.

318.—986. *The one.* Voltaire.

319.—995. *The other.* Gibbon.

320.—1024. *the fierce Carthaginian.* Hannibal.

322.—1085. *though dull hate, etc.* Lady Byron indignantly denied the truth of this insinuation.

322.—VENICE. 323.—8. *wingèd Lion.* On the top of a pillar near the palace stands the wingèd lion, the city's emblem.

323.—10. *Cybele.* A goddess who wore a mural crown.

323.—13. *ruler of the waters.* Compare Wordsworth's *On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic*, iii and the note thereon.

323.—19. *Tasso's echoes.* In former days the gondoliers used alternately to sing stanzas of the sixteenth-century poet Tasso's epic, *Jerusalem Delivered*. Thirty years before Byron's visit, the custom was dying: Goethe had to bespeak a special performance of such singing (see his *Letters from Italy*, October 6, 1786).

323.—27. *masque.* the favorite place of entertainment.

323.—33. *Rialto.* the chief place of commerce and exchange.

323.—33. *Shylock and the Moor.* Shakspeare's Shylock and Othello.

324.—34. *Pierre.* A tragic character in Otway's *Venice Preserved*, formerly almost as well known as the Shakspearean personages.

324.—37. *The beings of the mind.* See the note on 286.—45, above.

324.—109. *Steeds of brass.* The Genoese general Doria, in 1379, boasted that he would bridle these celebrated bronze horses.

324.—120. *Planter of the Lion.* A wingèd lion was the emblem of Venice.

324.—124. *Candia.....Le Panto.* The Venetians defended Candia (Crete) for twenty-four years against the Turks.—In the Gulf of Le Panto (west of Greece) the

Venetians participated in a decisive naval victory over the Turks.

325.—136 ff. *When Athens' armies, etc.* The Athenians in the fifth century B. C. besieged Syracuse, Sicily, but were defeated and captured. It was related that those who could recite passages from Euripides were released.

325.—148. *Tasso.* Torquato Tasso (1544-95) celebrated poet, some of whose work was published at Venice.

325.—158. *Radcliffe.* Mrs. Radcliffe (1764-1823), the scenes of several of whose novels are laid in Italy.—Schiller's *Ghost-Seer* is the story alluded to.

327.—ROME. The theme is that of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, to which B. alludes in his notes. The first stanza is characteristic: who but Byron would associate his personal woes with the imperial woes of Rome?

328.—703. *Niobe.* The ultimate in sorrow; in Greek myth, the queen-mother whose twelve children were slain before her eyes.

328.—707. *contain no ashes.* The remains had been removed in 1780. There was much rifling of tombs and sepulchres.

329.—853. *him who humbled.* Napoleon.

329.—861. *Nourished in the wild.* On this conception of Washington in particular, and the Americans in general, see Thomas Day's *Desolation of America*, vol. ii, and the *Guide*.

329.—868. *deadly days, etc.* A swift and bilious review of recent history: first, the Reign of Terror; next, the imperial ambitions of France; and finally, the peace which strengthened despotic power. See the note on *Waterloo*, 290.

329.—874-875. *Freedom's banner . . . against the wind.* One of the sublimest metaphors in Byron, true to nature and to history, and prophetic also.

329.—881. *the North.* Great Britain.

330.—1147. *Coliseum . . . moonlight.* Before Byron, Goethe (*Letters from Italy*, February 2, 1787) had observed: "Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight it is impossible to form a conception . . . Peculiarly beautiful at such a time is the Coliseum." After Byron, another great Romantic, Mme. De Stael, in *Corinne*, expressed the same enthusiasm.

331.—1184. *Orestes.* He slew his mother and her lover, who had murdered Agamemnon, his father.

332.—1221. *Janus glance.* A god represented with two faces, seeing the past and the future simultaneously. Here equivalent to double-faced.

333.—1250. *listed spot.* arena.

333.—1252. *Gladiator.* The beautiful statue of the Dying Gaul, in the Capitoline Museum, Rome.

333.—1269. *Arise, ye Goths.* The wish was fulfilled when the Goths under Alaric sacked Rome in 410 A. D.

334.—1293. *bald first Caesar's head.* "Suetonius," notes Byron, "informs us that Julius Caesar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald." This backstairs psychology is in the very manner of modern biography. See the note on *Waterloo*, 290; and bear in mind that Suetonius wrote a hundred years after Caesar's death.

335.—1297. B. takes this quotation from Gibbon, who quoted it from the Venerable Bede (8th century), who in turn probably obtained it from Anglo-Saxon pilgrims to Rome.

335.—1586. *one fair Spirit.* his sister?

336.—1620. *there let him lay.* A notoriously incorrect use of "lay." Attempts to regularize B's grammar by alleging that "lay" is the predicate of "The armaments" in the next line collapsed before the plain fact that B's manuscript shows a period after "lay."

336.—1629. B's note on this passage is characteristic: "The gale of wind which succeeded the battle of Trafalgar destroyed the greater part (if not all) of the prizes—nineteen sail of the line—taken on that memorable day. I should be ashamed to specify particulars which should be known to all, did we not know that in France the people were kept in ignorance of the event of this most glorious victory in modern times, and that in England it is the present fashion to talk of Waterloo as though it were entirely an English triumph, and a thing to be named with Blenheim and Agincourt, Trafalgar and Aboukir. Posterity will decide; but if it be remembered as a skilful or as a wonderful action, it will be like the battle of Zama, where we think of Hannibal more than of Scipio. For assuredly we dwell on this action, not because it was gained by Blücher or Wellington, but because it was lost by Buonaparte—a man who, with all his vices and his faults, never yet found an adversary with a tithe of his talents (as far as the expression can apply to a conqueror) or his good intentions, his clemency or his fortitude. Look at his successors throughout Europe, whose imitation of the worst parts of his policy is only limited by their comparative impotence, and their positive imbecility."

337.—1639 ff. One of the greatest and truest stanzas in the poem.

338.—MANFRED. The reviewers of *Manfred* discussed resemblances between it and such works as Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, Goethe's *Faust*, and Æschylus *Prometheus*. Writing to Murray, Oct. 12, 1817, Byron remarked: "Many thanks for *The Edinburgh Review*, which is very kind about *Manfred*, and defends its originality, which I did not know that anybody had attacked. I *never read*, and do not know that I ever saw, the *Faustus* of Marlowe, and had, and have, no dramatic works by me in English, except the recent things you sent me; but I heard Mr. Lewis translate verbally some scenes of Goethe's *Faust* (which were some good, and some bad) last summer;—which is all I know of the history of that magical personage; and as to the germs of *Manfred*, they may be found in the *Journal* which I sent to Mrs. Leigh . . . shortly before I left Switzerland. I have the whole scene of *Manfred* before me, as if it was but yesterday, and could point it out, spot by spot, torrent and all. Of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus I was passionately fond as a boy (it was one of the Greek plays we read thrice a year at Harrow) . . . As to the *Faustus* of Marlowe, I never read, never saw, nor heard of it—at least, thought of it, except that I think Mr. Gifford mentioned in a note of his which you sent me, something about the catastrophe, but not as having anything to do with mine, which may or may not resemble it, for anything I know. The *Prometheus*, if not exactly in my plan, has always been so much in my head that I can easily conceive its influence over all or anything that I have written;—but I deny Marlowe, and his progeny, and beg that you will do the same."

Goethe wrote a review of *Manfred* in June, 1820, saying: "Byron's tragedy, *Manfred*, was to me a wonderful phenomenon, and one that closely touched me. This singular intellectual poet has taken my *Faustus* to himself, and extracted from it the strangest nourishment for his hypochondriac humor. He has made use of the impelling principles in his own way, for his own purposes, so that no one of them remains the same; and it is particularly on this account that I cannot enough admire his genius. The whole is in this way so completely formed anew that it would be an interesting task for the critic to point out, not only the alterations he has made, but their degree of resemblance with, or dissimilarity to, the original; in the course of which I cannot deny that the gloomy heat of an unbounded and exuberant despair becomes at last oppressive to us. Yet is

the dissatisfaction we feel always connected with esteem and admiration."

Byron sent this to Murray, June 7, 1820, with the following comment: "Enclosed is something which will interest you, to-wit, the opinion of *the* Greatest man of Germany—perhaps of Europe—upon one of the great men of your advertisements, (all 'famous hands,' as Jacob Tonson used to say of his ragamuffins,)—in short, a critique of *Goethe's* upon *Manfred*. There is the original, Mr. Hoppner's translation, and an Italian one; keep them all in your archives,—for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favorable or not, are always interesting, and this is, moreover, favorable. His *Faust* I never read, for I don't know German; but Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *viva voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the *Staubach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else, much more than *Faustus*, that made me write *Manfred*. The first scene, however, and that of *Faustus* are very similar."

In recent times, the discovery of Byron's relations with his half-sister causes one to attach a deep significance to the apparently unimportant words "and something else." See the *Guide* pp. 297-98.

352.—40. *William Tell*. Celebrated Swiss patriot on whom Schiller wrote a play.

357.—92. *He who, etc.* The Neo-Platonic philosopher Jamblicus who called the two gods of love out of the Springs at Gadara in Syria.

360.—182. *Hag of Endor*. The witch of Endor who raised up Samuel from the dead, see I Samuel xxviii.

360.—183. *the Spartan monarch*. Pausanias who by mistake slew his beloved. When the priests (Evocators) summoned up her ghost and asked for a message of pardon, she darkly replied that he would soon be freed from his agony. He died soon thereafter. See Plutarch's *Life of Cimon*.

373.—88. *Rome's sixth emperor*. Nero.

385.—BEPP0. The passage is noteworthy for its sarcastic dispraise for B's native land.

385.—17. *becaficas*. A small bird, highly prized by Italian gourmets.

386.—48. *Canova*. A distinguished contemporary Italian sculptor,—mentioned to illustrate the continuous fame of Italian art.

387.—MAZEPPA. The foundation of this tale is a passage in Voltaire's *History of Charles XII*, which told

of a young Polish gentleman Mazeppa who made love to his master's wife, and was cruelly punished by being bound upon the back of a wild horse. After becoming a Cossack chieftain Mazeppa fought against the Russians under the great King of Sweden Charles XII, who was defeated at Poltava in 1709.

389.—56. *Hetman*. Chieftain of Cossacks.—Ukraine is a district in Russia.

390.—104. *Bucephalus*. Alexander's favorite horse.

411.—DON JUAN. The libertine Juan has taken passage on a ship from Spain to Italy, and is wrecked in a storm. Pedrillo is his tutor. Many of the realistic details are taken from *Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea* (1812).

412.—376. *puncheon*. barrel.

413.—392. *familiar*. attendant spirit.

419.—959. *Basquina and mantilla*. Petticoat and veil.

421.—1036. *vous*. sense.

428.—1624. *Castlereagh*. Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, the conservative Foreign Secretary from 1812-1822, who was detested by the Liberals.

429.—690. *Sappho*. The earliest celebrated poetess of Greece.

429.—701. *Marathon*. Scene of a victory which freed Greece from Persian domination.

430.—730. *Thermopylæ*. The pass where the Spartan Leonidas defeated the Persian king Xerxes.

431.—739. *Turkish*. When this was written, Greece was subject to Turkey.

431.—752. *Polycrate*. He ruled in the days of the poet Anacreon, but he was a Greek, not a foreign, tyrant.

432.—767. *the Franks*. Any foreign ruler.

434.—815. *Marlborough*. The eighteenth-century English general, famed for his brilliant victories.

434.—827. *Titus, etc.* The allusions are to amatory escapades.—Titus was emperor of Rome 79-81.—Currie's *Life of Burns* exaggerates the dissipation.—It was said that Cromwell as a lad was skilful in robbing orchards.

434.—834. *Pantisocracy*. See the *Guide* p. 55.

435.—852. Joanna Southcote. (1750-1814.) She was a religious fanatic who founded a sect, and prophesied that she would bear a second "Shiloh" or Messiah.

435.—865. *longueurs*. Tiresome passages.

436.—871. *épopée*. Epic.

436.—893. *Jack Cade*. He led an insurrection in the fifteenth century, and his name became a byword for ignorant rebelliousness.

- 436.—896. *him who drew.* Dryden.
 438.—29. *Lethe.* the spring of forgetfulness.
 438.—43. *Pulci.* Luigi Pulchi (1432-1487), an Italian poet, wrote a half-serious, half-comic epic, *Morgante Maggiore*.
 446.—276. *Lambro.* Her father.
 448.—360. *passions in their full growth.* One of the objects of this style of poetry.
 450.—414. *Bohea.* An inferior kind of tea.
 450.—417. *qualified with Cognac.* mixed with brandy.
 450.—418. *Phlegethontic.* fiery.
 450.—421. *rack.* a mixture of liquors, a punch; also a hangover.
 451.—456. *Simoom.* a hot wind from the desert.
 456.—DON JUAN IN ENGLAND. 427. *Banquo's glass.* In *Macbeth*, IV, Macbeth sees Banquo and his line as kings of Scotland.
 456.—441 ff. *Moscow . . . Leipsic . . Mont Saint Jean.* Scenes of Napoleon's defeats.
 457.—448. *Lowe.* Sir Hudson Lowe, governor of St. Helena during the captivity of Napoleon.
 457.—463. *Boeotian.* implies that Landor was dull.
 457.—465. Contrast the tone of this stanza with Shelley's *Adonais*.
 458.—508. *Centaur Nessus garb.* burning.
 459.—528. *Or Molu.* Brass made to look like gold.
 460.—564. *bogle.* ghost. 462.—673. *Carpe diem.* Snatch the day.
 464.—THE VISION OF JUDGMENT. When George III died, in 1820, the Poet Laureate, Robert Southey, in duty bound, praised his virtues in verses entitled *A Vision of Judgment*. In the preface thereof he unfortunately spoke ill of Byron's character. Byron's retort, one of the most incisive satires in our tongue, was published with the following preface:
 "It hath been wisely said, that 'One fool makes many'; and it hath been poetically observed—
 "That fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'—Pope.
 "If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegade intolerance, and impious cant, of the poem by the author of *Wat Tyler*, are something so stupendous as to form the

sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

“So much for his poem—a word on his Preface. In this Preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed ‘Satanic School,’ the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists anywhere, except in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have ‘talked’ of *him*; for they laughed consumedly.

“I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures, in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

“1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of *Wat Tyler*?

“2ndly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

“3rdly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, ‘a rancorous renegado’?

“4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

“And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare *he* call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

“I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding, its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the *Anti-Jacobin*, by his present patrons. Hence all this ‘skimble-scamble stuff’ about ‘Satanic,’ and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—*qualis ab incepto*.”

“If there is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written everything else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonize a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon

France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new *Vision*, his *public* career will not be more favorably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a man—the expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

“With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don’t think that there is much more to say at present.”

464.—5. *eighty-eight*. The last year of the old régime. The French Revolution broke out in 1789.

464.—WHO KILLED JOHN KEATS. See the note on Shelley’s *Adonais* in our vol. v, p. 519.

470.—142. *the last we saw here*. the guillotined Louis XVI.

479.—364. *Apicius*. A celebrated epicure of the days of Augustus.

480.—383. *Catholic participation*. Alluding to the fact that the Catholics still lay under some disabilities.

480.—*Guelph*. Anti-Catholic.

486.—520. *Jack Wilkes*. A leader of the extreme opposition to the king.

488.—564. *Bute and Grafton*. The king’s ministers.

489.—585. *Junius*. The most brilliant pamphleteer who opposed the government of George III, whose identity is still unknown.

490.—632. *Sir Philip Francis*. Believed to be Junius.

492.—667. *Nominis Umbra*. Merely the shadow of a name.

492.—670. *Tooke*. Another Republican.

494.—728. *Non Di, non homines*. Neither gods nor men.

495.—736. *Pye*. Henry James Pye, a wretched poet, who was Southey’s predecessor as poet laureate.

495.—745. *the varlet*. Southey.

499.—828. *Phaeton*. The son of the sun, who, trying to drive the sun’s chariot, fell from heaven.

499.—840. *Welborn*. A character in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, by the seventeenth-century playwright Mas-singer.

500.—ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR. Written a few weeks before his death.

500.—23. *The Spartan . . . was not more free.* Free from selfish considerations. The Spartan, having done his duty to his country, being dead or wounded, is borne away upon his shield.

500.—26. *Think through whom.* Another allusion to his warlike ancestry.

501.—3. *myrtle and ivy.* love and friendship.

END OF VOLUME FOUR

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